



# THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS  
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS  
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY

BY

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THE TEXT OF THE POEMS  
WITH APPENDIXES

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## PREFACE

THE present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, for the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which

I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make it impossible for a student, unprovided with all the old editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountain-head.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne's poems resting on a collation of the printed texts, that for all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes. In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633, the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion. Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year. I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and I included it in the number of those which I compared throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems which were issued only in the later editions was in general very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those

poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the *Satyres* in Harleian MS 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i.e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional,

manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the *Text and Canon of Donne's Poems* in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to

complete my original scheme, and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply *all the MSS*, occasionally just *MSS*. This last means generally that all the positive evidence before me was in favour of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr Chambers had already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over

the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint, but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in *all* the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the *first* edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of manuscripts only

is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these

In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the *Satyres*, *The Flea*, *The Curse*, *Elegy XI*, *The Bracelet*, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of *P* at p. 34, ll. 18-19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of *Q* in *The Storme*, l. 38,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

I, and the Sunne

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye'.

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the



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## Preface

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Introduction In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where the final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr Henry Bradley, Mr W A Craigie, Mr J C Smith, or Mr R W Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr Charles Forbes, of the Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript, Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum, and especially to my assistant, Mr Frederick Rose, M A, now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary

material In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603-1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654 At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669 At an early stage of my work Captain C Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne's use of the word 'Mucheron', and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, *P*, and the transcript which he had caused to be made By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the *Anatomy of the World* and *Funerall Elegie* While I was doing so, Mr Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne's poems (*B*), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridgewater House Mr Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611 To the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission

to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen, and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (*D*) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (*O'F*) in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS, containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr Gosse had already printed in his own delightful *Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (*G*) of the *Progresse of the Soule*, or *Metempsychosis*, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission to examine the manuscript *M*, to which a note of Sir John Simon's had called my attention, and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the *Hist MSS. Commission, Sixth Report*, p 312, No 118. With Mr Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully, and he has subsequently verified references. Another

interesting manuscript (JC) was lent me by Mr Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the *Lives* of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr Geoffrey Keynes, of St Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the *Anniversaries*, for which I had asked in vain in *Notes and Queries*. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr Edward Huth and the Messrs Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians, and Dr Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr W Barclay Squire and Professor C Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

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DINNET, ABERDEENSHIRE  
July 15, 1912

## NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v', and of long 'f', which is avoided in certain combinations, e.g. 'sk' (but P 12, l 27 'askes' 1633) and frequently 'sb', nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided, but there are one or two exceptions to this.

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to '&' owing to the length of the line.

Page 12, l 4 & whō, P 15, l 40 & drove, P 65, l 8 & nought, P 153, l 105 & almes, P 158, l 101 & name, do, l 107 & rockes, &, P 159, l 30 & black, P 171, l 83 & lawes, P 183, l 18 & Courts, P 184, l 29 & God, P 205, l 2 & pleasure, P 240, l 288 & finke, P 254, l 107 & thinke, do, l 113 & think, P 280, l 24 & Mines, P 297, l 56 & lands, do, l 62 & brow, P 306, l 290 & lents, P 327 (xii), l 8 & feed, P 337, l 35 & thou, P 360, l 188 & turn'd, P 384, l 78 & face

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full. Page 12, l 4 Her whō, do & whō, P 37, l 17 whē (*his*), P 82, l 46 thē, P 90, l 2 frō, P 128, l 28 Valētine, P 141, l 8 whē, P 150, l 16 thē, P 159, l 30 strāge, P 169, l 31 whō, P 257, l 210 successiō, P 266, l 513 anciēt, P 305, l 255 thē, P 336, l 10 whē, P 343, l 126 Frō, P 345, l 169 thē, P 387, l 71 Pēbrooke

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Basse's *An Epitaph upon Shakespeare* (1633 p 149 i.e. 165) has been here reprinted.

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1633 304-5		A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last going into Germany	352
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## APPENDIX B

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS  
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John Donne, from the frontispiece to <i>Death's Duel</i> , 1632	face page 369

## LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED IN NOTES

*1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669*

Contractions —

*1633-54* i e All editions between and including these dates

*1633-69* i e All the editions

Etc

## EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED

*1649*, in lists of editions and MSS appended to poems first published  
in that edition Textually it is identical with *1650-54*

*1719*, Tonson's edition

*1855*, The Boston edition of that year—cited once

*Grosart*, A B Grosart's edition of 1872-3

*Grolier*, The Grolier Club edition of Professor Norton and Mrs Bunnett,  
1895

*Chambers*, Mr E K Chambers' edition of 1896

## LIST OF MS SIGLA

<i>A10</i>	Additional MS	10,309, British Museum
<i>A11</i>	, ,	11,811, ,
<i>A18</i>	, ,	18,646, ,
<i>A23</i>	, ,	23,229, ,
<i>A25</i>	, ,	25,707, ,
<i>A34</i>	, ,	34,744, ,
<i>Ash 38</i>	Ashmole MS	38, Bodleian Library
<i>B</i>	Bridgewater MS	, Bridgewater House
<i>Bur</i>	Burley MS	, formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland
<i>C</i>	Cambridge University Library MS	
<i>Cy</i>	Carnaby MS	, Harvard College
<i>D</i>	Dowden MS	, belonging to Professor Edward Dowden
<i>E20</i>	Egerton MS	2013, British Museum
<i>E22</i>	, ,	2230, ,
<i>G</i>	Gosse MS of <i>Metempsychosis</i>	, belonging to Mr Edmund Gosse
<i>H39</i>	Harleian MS	3910, British Museum
<i>H40</i>	, ,	4064, ,
<i>H49</i>	, ,	4944, ,
<i>H51</i>	, ,	5110, ,
<i>HN</i>	Hawthornden MS	, Library of Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh
<i>JC</i>	John Cave MS	, belonging to Mr Elkin Mathews
<i>L74</i>	Lansdowne MS	740, British Museum
<i>L77</i>	, ,	777, ,
<i>Lec</i>	Leconfield MS	, at Petworth House
<i>M</i>	Monckton-Milnes MS	, belonging to the Marquis of Crewe
<i>N</i>	Norton MS	, Harvard College
<i>O'F</i>	O'Flaherty MS	, Harvard College
<i>P</i>	Phillipps MS	, belonging to Captain C Shirley Harris
<i>Q</i>	Queen's College MS	, Queen's College, Oxford
<i>RP31</i>	Rawlinson Poetical MS	31, Bodleian Library, Oxford
<i>RP61</i>	, ,	61, , , , ,
<i>S</i>	Stephens MS	, Harvard College
<i>S96</i>	Stowe MS	961, British Museum
<i>TCC</i>	Trinity College	, Cambridge, MS
<i>TCD</i>	Trinity College	, Dublin, MS G 2 21
<i>TCD (II)</i>	A second collection of poems	in the same MS
<i>W</i>	Westmoreland MS	, belonging to Mr Edmund Gosse

The following groups are important —

*D, H49, Lec,*

and

*A18, N, TC*, where *TC* represents *TCC* and *TCD*

T H E  
P R I N T E R  
T O T H E  
U N D E R S T A N D E R S



Or this time I must speake only to you at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turne, and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am fory that I must deceive you, but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seene, he that would doubt of it must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endeare it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on, that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas, (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this But these

The Printer &c 1633-49 om 1650-69, which substitute Dedication  
To the &c (p 4) 2 you 1635-49 you, 1633



things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it, A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, with a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiablenesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other ; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

*In the  
Stoome*

—*A hand, or eye,*

*By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history*

*By a worse Painter made,—*

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good common

Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now, onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stuffe as follows after,) you shall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest so farre, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose, yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it

*Farewell*

The Printer to the Vnderstanders 1635-69    The Printer to the  
Reader 1633    See note    28 here 1635-69    om 1633

*Hexastichon*

## *Hexastichon Bibliopolae*

I See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,  
His Picture in a sheet, in *Pauls* I looke,  
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,  
And sure his body in the grave hath one  
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,  
You have him living to Eternity

JO MAR

---

## Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam

Incerti

IN thy Impression of *Donnes Poems rare*,  
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care  
'Twas well, and pious, And for ever may  
He live Yet shew I thee a better way,  
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,  
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity

Hexastichon Bibliopolae 1633-69  
Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam 1635-69

To the Right Honourable  
*William Lord Craven* Baron of  
*Hamsted-Marsham*

*My Lord,*



Any of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation, neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader, the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey shew Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into *Minervaes* Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell

w<sup>ch</sup> thunder cannot hurt In this sad condition these learned sisters are fled over to beg your L<sup>ps</sup> protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject

My Lord,

*Your most humble servant*

JOHN DONNE

---

TO JOHN DONNE

**D**onne, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,  
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse,  
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,  
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet  
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live,  
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!  
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,  
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife,  
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would,  
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B JONS

To John Donne 1650-69, following the Hexastichon ad Bibliopolim

To

TO LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD,  
with M. D O N N E S Satyres.

**L***Ucy*, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are  
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Starre!  
If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look  
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?  
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends  
Crown with their own Rare Poems ask rare friends  
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee  
Their unavoided subject, fewest see  
For none ere took that pleasure in sins sense,  
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence  
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,  
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,  
And like them too, must needfully, though few,  
Be of the best and 'mongst those best are you,  
*Lucy*, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are  
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-Starre

B JON

---

TO J O H N D O N N E

**W**H O shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* bee,  
When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?  
That so alone canst judge, so'alone dost make  
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take  
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,  
As thou hast best authority, t'allow  
Read all I send and, if I finde but one  
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,  
My title's seal'd Those that for claps doe write,  
Let punees, porters, players praise delight,  
And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load  
A man should seek great glory, and not broad

B JON

To *Lucy* &c To John Donne &c 1650-69, in sheets added 1650  
See Text and Canon &c

SONGS





# SONGS

AND

# SONETS.

## *The good-morrow*

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the heaven sleepers den?  
 T'was so, But this, all pleasures fancies bee 5  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee

And now good morrow to our waking foules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare,  
 For love, all love of other sights controules, 10  
 And makes one little roome, an every where  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,  
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares, 15  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces reft,  
 Where can we finde two better hemispheres  
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?

SONGS AND SONETS 1635-69 no division into sections, 1633

The good morrow 1633-69, *Ar8, L74, N, TCC, TCD* notitle, *A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S* Elegie *S96* 2 lov'd? 1639-69 lov'd, 1633-35 3 countrey pleasures, childishly? 1633-54, *D, H40, H49, Lec* childish pleasures feelily? 1669, *Ar8, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 4 snorted 1633-54, *D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, S96* slumbled 1669, *Ar8, A25, JC, L74, N, P, TC* heaven sleepers 1633 seven-sleepers 1635-69 5 this,] as 1669 10 For 1633-69, *D, H40, H49, Lec* But rest of MSS 13 to other, worlds on 1633-54 to other worlds our 1669 to others, worlds on *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS* 14 one world 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* our world rest of MSS 17 better 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec* tter 1635-69, and rest of MSS

What



What ever dyes, was not mixt equally,  
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20  
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die

*Song*

GOe, and catche a falling starre,  
 Get with child a mandrake roote,  
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,  
 Or who cleft the Diuels foot,  
 Teach me to heare Mermaides finging, 5  
 Or to keep off envies finging,  
 And finde  
 What winde  
 Serves to advance an honest minde  
 If thou bee't borne to strange sights, 10  
 Things invifible to fee,  
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,  
 Till age fnow white haire on thee,  
 Thou, when thou return'ft, wilt tell mee  
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 15  
 And fwear  
 No where  
 Lives a woman true, and faire

19 was not] is not 1669 20-1 or, thou and I can die 1633,  
*D, H40, H49, Lec* or, thou and I can slacken, can die *Chambers*  
 both thou and I  
 Love juft alike in all, none of thefe loves can die 1635-69, *JC, O'F, P*  
 or thou and I

Love juft alike in all, none of thefe loves can die  
*A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC* As thou and I &c *H40* And thou  
 and I &c *S*

Song 1633-69 Song, A Songe, or no tile, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D,*  
*H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* 3 past yeares]  
 times past 1669 past times *P* 11 to fee] go fee 1669, *S, S96* fee  
 most other *MSS*

If

If thou findst one, let mee know,  
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet, 20  
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,  
 Though at next doore wee might meet,  
 Though shee were true, when you met her,  
 And laft, till you write your letter,  
 Yet shee 25  
 Will bee  
 Falfe, ere I come, to two, or three

*Womans constancy*

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,  
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?  
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?  
 Or say that now  
 We are not juft those persons, which we were? 5  
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare  
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forfwear?  
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,  
 So lovers contracts, images of those,  
 Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose? 10  
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,  
 For having purpos'd change, and falsehood, you  
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?  
 Vaine lunatique, againft these scapes I could  
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would, 15  
 Which I abstaine to doe,  
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too

20 sweet, 1669 sweet, 1633-54 24 laft, till] laft fo till O'F, S, S96  
 27 Falfe, three] Falfe, ere she come to two or three 1669  
 Womans constancy 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TCC, TCD go title,  
 B, D, H40, H49, Lec, P, S 8 Or, 1633, 1669 For, 1635-54  
 (ll 8-10 in brackets)

*The undertaking*

**I** Have done one braver thing  
 Then all the *Worthies* did,  
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
 Which is, to keepe that hid  
 It were but madnes now t'impart 5  
 The skill of specular stone,  
 When he which can have learn'd the art  
 To cut it, can finde none  
 So, if I now should utter this,  
 Others (because no more 10  
 Such stufte to worke upon, there is,)  
 Would love but as before  
 But he who lovelinesse within  
 Hath found, all outward loathes,  
 For he who colour loves, and skinne, 15  
 Loves but then oldeft clothes  
 If, as I have, you also doe  
 Vertue'attir'd in woman see,  
 And dare love that, and say so too,  
 And forget the Hee and Shee, 20  
 And if this love, though placed so,  
 From prophane men you hide,  
 Which will no faith on this bestow,  
 Or, if they doe, deride  
 Then you have done a braver thing 25  
 Then all the *Worthies* did,  
 And a braver thence will spring,  
 Which is, to keepe that hid

The undertaking 1635-69 no title, 1633, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,  
 O'F, P, S Platonique Love A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 *Worthies*] *worthies*  
 1633 3 And yet] Yet B, D, H49, Lec 7-8 ut it, 1669  
 art, ^ it 1633-54 16 their] her B 18 Vertue'attir'd in 1633, A18,  
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC Vertue in 1635-69, O'F, Chambers  
 26 did, Ed did 1633-39 did, 1650-69 27 spring,] spring 1633-39  
 The

**B**Ufie old foole, unruly Sunne,  
Why doft thou thus,

Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide 5

Late ſchoole boyes, and fowre prentices,

Goe tell Court-huntfmen, that the King will ride,

Call countrey ants to harvest offices,

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clyme,

Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time

Thy beames, fo reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou thinke?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,

But that I would not lose her fight so long

If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15

Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,

Whether both the India's of spice and Myne

Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee

Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay 20

She's all States, and all Princes, I,

Nothing else is

Princes doe but play us, compar'd to this,

All honor's mimique, All wealth alchimie

The Sunne Rising 1633-69      Sunne Rising 118, L74, N, TCC, TCD  
Ad Solem 125, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96      To the Sunne Cy, Lec, O'F  
(as a second title) no title, B      3 call] look 1669      6 and] or 1669  
fowre] slowe B, Cy, P      8 offices, ] offices, 1633      11-14 Thy  
beames,      to long 1633 and all MSS

Thy beames fo reverend, and strong

Doſt thou not thinke

I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,

But that I would not lose her fight so long? 1635-69

17 spice] fpace 1650-54      18 leftst 1633    left 1635-69      23 us,]

us, 1633      24 wealth] wealth's *A25, C, P* alchimie *Ed* alchimie,

1633-69

Thou

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25  
 In that the world's contracted thus,  
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee  
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us  
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where,  
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare 30

*The Indifferent*

I Can love both faire and browne,  
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,  
 Her who loves loneneffe best, and her who maskes and plaies,  
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,  
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5  
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,  
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries,  
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,  
 I can love any, so she be not true

Will no other vice content you ? 10  
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers ?  
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out  
 others ?  
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you ?  
 Oh we are not, be not you so,  
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know 15  
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe  
 Muft I, who came to travaile thorow you,  
 Grow your fixt subiect, because you are true ?

26 thus, *Ed* thus 1633-69  
 The Indifferent 1633-69, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD* A Songe, Songe, or no  
*title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96* Sonnet P 3 loneneffe]  
 lovers 4669 maskes] sports 1669, S and 1669 & 1633-39 om  
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633 me, 1635-69  
 17 travaile] *spell* travell, travel 1635-69

*Venus*

Venus heard me figh this fong,  
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she fwore, 20  
 She heard not this till now, and that it should be fo no more  
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,  
 And said, alas, Some two or three  
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,  
 Which thinke to stablsh dangerous constancie 25  
 But I have told them, since you will be true,  
 You shall be true to them, who'are false to you

*Loves Vsfury*

FOR every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,  
 I will allow,  
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,  
 When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee,  
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5  
 Mee travell, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,  
 Resume my last yeares relict thinke that yet  
 We'had never met  
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,  
 And at next nine 10  
 Keepe midnights promise, mistake by the way  
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay,  
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport,  
 From country graffe, to comfitures of Court,  
 Or cities quelque choses, let report 15  
 My minde transport

19 figh] figh 1669 20 sweetest Part,] sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S  
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S it 1635-69, H40, P and it A18,  
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vsfury 1633-69, L74 no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,  
 P, S Elegie S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,  
 P, S range, 1635-69, O'F, S96 See note 6 snatch, 1633, 1669  
 match, 1635-54 7 relict] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13  
 sport, 1669 sport 1633-54 sport, most MSS 15 let report 1633,  
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S let not report 1635-54, O'F,  
 S96, Chambers See note

This

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25  
 In that the world's contracted thus,  
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee  
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us  
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where,  
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare 30

*The Indifferent*

I Can love both faire and browne,  
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,  
 Her who loves loneneffe best, and her who maskes and plaies,  
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,  
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5  
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,  
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries,  
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,  
 I can love any, so she be not true

Will no other vice content you ? 10  
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers ?  
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out  
 others ?  
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you ?  
 Oh we are not, be not you so,  
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know 15  
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe  
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,  
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

26 thus, *Ed* thus 1633-69

The Indifferent 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* A Sonnet, Sonnet, or no  
 title, *B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96* Sonnet *P* 3 loneneffe]  
 lovers 1669 maskes] sports 1669, *S* and 1669 & 1633-39 om  
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633 me, 1635-69  
 17 travaile] spelt travell, travel 1635-69

*Venus*

*Venus* heard me figh this fong,  
 And by Loves fweeteft Part, Variety, ſhe ſwore, 20  
 She heard not this till now, and that it ſhould be fo no more  
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,  
 And ſaid, alas, Some two or three  
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,  
 Which thinke to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancie 25  
 But I have told them, ſince you will be true,  
 You ſhall be true to them, who'are falſe to you

*Loves Vſury*

FOR every houre that thou wilt ſpare mee now,  
 I will allow,  
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,  
 When with my browne, my gray haire equal bee,  
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5  
 Mee travell, ſojourne, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,  
 Refume my laſt yeares reliet thinke that yet  
 We had never met  
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,  
 And at next nine 10  
 Keepe midnights promiſe, miſtake by the way  
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay,  
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the ſport,  
 From country graſſe, to comfitures of Court,  
 Or cities quelque choſes, let report 15  
 My minde tranſport

19 figh] ſing 1669 20 fweeteft Part,] fweeteft fweet, 1669, P, S  
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S it 1635-69, H40, P and it A18,  
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vſury 1633-69, L74 no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,  
 P, S Elegie S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,  
 P, S range, 1635-69, O'F, S96 See note 6 ſnatch, 1633, 1669  
 match, 1635-54 7 reliet] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13  
 ſport, 1669 ſport 1633-54 ſport, moſt MSS 15 let report 1633,  
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S let not report 1635-54, O'F,  
 S96, Chambers See note

This



This bargaine's good, if when I'am old, I bee  
 Inflam'd by thee,  
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,  
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine 20  
 Doe thy will, then, then subject and degree,  
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,  
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee  
 One that loves mee

### The Canonization

For Godsfake hold your tongue, and let me love,  
 Or chide my palfie, or my gout, *paralyse*  
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,  
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,  
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5  
 Observe his honour, or his grace,  
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face  
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,  
 So you will let me love 7  
 Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 16  
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?  
 Who <sup>saies</sup> saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?  
 When did my colds a forward spring remove? -  
 When did the heats which my veines fill  
 Adde one more to the plague Bill? 15  
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still  
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,  
 Though she and I do love

19 or paine 1633, 1669, and most MSS and paine 1635-54, O'F 22  
 fruit] frutes B, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 24 loves 1633, 1669 and all the  
 MSS love 1635-54

The Canonization 1633-39, A18, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TCC, TCD  
 Canonization 1650-69, S Canonizatio S96 no title, B, H40, JC 3  
 five 1633, 1669 true 1635-54 fortune] fortunes 1669 4 improve,  
 1650-69 improve 1633-39 7 reall] Roiall Lec 14 veines] reynes  
 1669 15 more, 1633-54, Lec man 1669, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,  
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 which] whom 1669 18 Though]  
 While 1669

Call

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love,  
    Call her one, mee another flye, 20  
We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,  
    And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove  
    The Phoenix ridle hath more wit  
    By us, we two being one, are it  
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit, 25  
    Wee dye and rife the fame, and prove  
    Mysterious by this love

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,  
    And if unfit for tombes and hearse  
Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse, 30  
    And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,  
    We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes,  
    As well a well wrought urne becomes  
The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,  
    And by these hymnes, all shall approve 35  
    Us *Canoniz'd* for Love

And thus invoke us, You whom reverend love  
    Made one anothers hermitage,  
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage,  
    Who did the whole worlds foule contract, and drove 40  
    Into the glasses of your eyes  
    (So made such mirrors, and such spies,  
That they did all to you epitomize,  
    Countries, Townes, Courts Beg from above  
    A patterne of your love! 45

*The triple Foole*

**I** Am two tooles, I know,  
 For loving, and for faying fo  
 In whining Poetry,  
 But where's that wifeman, that would not be I,  
 If he would not deny? 5  
 Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes  
 Do purge sea waters fretfull falt away,  
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,  
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,  
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be fo fierce, 10  
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verfe

But when I have done fo,  
 Some man, his art and voice to show,  
 Doth Set and sing my paine,  
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15  
 Griefe, which verfe did restraine  
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verfe belongs,  
 But not of fuch as pleases when'tis read,  
 Both are increased by fuch songs  
 For both their triumphs fo are published, 20  
 And I, which was two fooles, do fo grow three,  
 Who are a little wife, the best fooles bee

The triple Foole 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TGD Song or no title,  
 B, Cy, D, H40, H49, HN, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 4 the wifer  
 man, 1669 5 If he should not deny? P 6 narrow om P  
 crooked om B lanes] vaines Cy, P 9 allay, 1633-39 allay 1650-69,  
 Chambers 10 numbers] number 1669 11 For, he tames it] He  
 tames it much B 13 and] or 1669

*Lovers infinitenesse*

IF yet I have not all thy love,  
 Deare, I shall never have it all,  
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,  
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,  
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5  
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent  
 Yet no more can be due to mee,  
 Then at the bargaine made was ment,  
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,  
 That some to mee, some should to others fall, 10  
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All

Or if then thou gavest mee all,  
 All was but All, which thou hadst then,  
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,  
 New love created bee, by other men, 15  
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,  
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,  
 This new love may beget new feares,  
 For, this love was not vowed by thee  
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20  
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall  
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all

Yet I would not have all yet,  
 Hee that hath all can have no more,  
 And since my love doth every day admit 25  
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store,

Lovers infinitenesse 1633-69 Mon Tout *A25, C* no title, *B, D, H40, H49, JG, Lec, O'F, P, S* Elegie *S96* Query Loves infinitenesse  
 3 move, *Ed* move, 1633-69 4 fall, *Ed* fall 1633 fall, 1635-69  
 6 teares,] teares 1633 spent *Ed* spent, 1633-69 and *Grolier* spent,  
*Chambers* 8 Then 1633-35, 1669 That 1639-54 9 were] was  
 1669 partiall] generall *A25, C* 11 Thee 1633 It 1635-69  
 (it 1669) 12 gavest] givest 1669 13 then, 1635-54 then, 1633  
 17 and letters 1633 in letters 1635-69 19 thee 1639-69 thee,  
 1633-35 20 it] is 1633 21 is 1633, 1669 was 1635-54 25-6  
 And since my heart doth every day beget New love, &c *A25*

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it  
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,  
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing favest it 30  
 But wee will have a way more liberall,  
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall  
 Be one, and one anothers All

## Song

Sweetest love, I do not goe,  
 For wearinesse of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter Love for mee,  
 But since that I 5  
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,  
 To use my selfe in jest  
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye,

29-30 Except mine come when thine doth part  
 And in such giving it, thou favest it *A25, C*  
 Perchance mine comes, when thine doth part,  
 And by such losing it, *C<sup>c</sup> JC*  
 31 have] love 1669 find *A25, C* 32 them] us 1669  
 Song 1633-69 Song or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC,*  
*Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* in *A18, N, ICC, TGD*, this with Send  
 home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which  
 were made to certain ayres which were made before 1-4 In most  
*MSS* these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll 9-12, 17-20,  
 25-28, 33-36 4 mee, 1650-69 mee, 1633-39 5-8 But since  
 dye, 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC*  
 At the last must part 'tis best,  
 Thus to use my selfe in jest  
 By fained deaths to dye, 1635-54, *O'F*  
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,  
 Thus to use my self in jest  
 By fained death to dye, 1669

Yesternight

Yeffernight the Sunne went hence,  
 And yet is here to day, 10  
 He hath no desire nor fenfe,  
 Nor halfe fo fhort a way  
 Then feare not mee,  
 But beleeeve that I fhall make  
 Speedier journeyes, fince I take 15  
 More wings and fpurres then hee  
  
 O how feeble is mans power,  
 That if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot adde another houre,  
 Nor a loft houre recall ! 20  
 But come bad chance,  
 And wee joyne to't our ftrengh,  
 And wee teach it art and length,  
 It felfe o'r us to'advance  
  
 When thou figh't, thou figh't hot winde, 25  
 But figh't my foule away,  
 When thou weep't, unkindly kinde,  
 My lifes blood doth decay  
 It cannot bee  
 That thou lov't mee, as thou fay't, 30  
 If in thine my life thou wafte,  
 Thou art the beft of mee  
  
 Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethinke me any ill,  
 Deftiny may take thy part, 35  
 And may thy feares fulfill ,  
 But thinke that wee  
 Are but turn'd afide to fleepe ,  
 They who one another keepe  
 Alive, ne'r parted bee 40

15 Speedier] Haftier 1669    20 recall ' Ed recall ' 1633-69    25 not  
 wind 1633 no wind 1635-69    32 Thou 1633 and MSS generally  
 That 1635-54 Which 1669    beft 1633-54 life 1669    36 may  
 1633-35, 1669 make 1639-54    fulfill, Ed fulfill, 1633-69  
 38 turn'd] la'id 1669

*The Legacie*

**W**hen I dyed laft, and, Deare, I dye  
 As often as from thee I goe,  
 Though it be but an houre agoe,  
 And Lovers houres be full eternity,  
 I can remember yet, that I  
 Something did fay, and fomethyng did beftow,  
 Though I be dead, which fent mee, I fhould be  
 Mine owne executor and Legacie  
 I heard mee fay, Tell her anon,  
 That my felfe, (that is you, not I,)  
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,  
 I bid mee fend my heart, when I was gone,  
 But I alas could there finde none,  
 When I had ripp'd me, and fearch'd where hearts did lye,  
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who ftill was true,  
 In life, in my laft Will fhould cozen you  
 Yet I found fomethyng like a heart,  
 But colours it, and corners had,  
 It was not good, it was not bad,  
 It was intire to none, and few had part  
 As good as could be made by art  
 It feem'd, and therefore for our loffes fad,  
 I meant to fend this heart in ftead of mine,  
 But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine

The Legacie 1633-69 Legacie L74 Song or no title, A25, B, Cy,  
 D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 Elegie A18, N, TCC, TCD  
 When I dyed laft,] When laft I dyed, 1669 1-4 (and deare  
 eternity) Grolier 7 fent 1633, 1669 meant 1635-54 fhould be]  
 might be 1669 10 that is 1635-69 that's 1633 brackets from A18,  
 N, TC 13 none, 1633-69 none Chambers and Grolier 14 When  
 did 1633, A25 (doe), D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96 When I had ripp'd, and  
 fearch'd where hearts fhould 1635-69, A18, L74, N, TC lye, Ed lye,  
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier See note 18 But] For 1650-69  
 part 1633-39 part 1650-69 22 feem'd, Ed feem'd, 1633-69,  
 Grolier, and Chambers our loffes fad, 1633-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F,  
 P, S96, TC our lofs be fad, 1669 our lofs be ye fad B, Cy, D, H40,  
 H49, Lec, S our losses fad, Grolier our loss be fad Chambers  
 meant] thought A18, L74, N, O'F, TC this 1633 that 1635-69

*A Feaver*

OH doe not die, for I fhall hate  
 All women fo, when thou art gone,  
 That thee I fhall not celebrate,  
 When I remember, thou waft one  
 But yet thou canft not die, I know, 5  
 To leave this world behinde, is death,  
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,  
 The whole world vapors with thy breath  
 Or if, when thou, the worlds foule, goeft,  
 It ftay, tis but thy carkaffe then, 10  
 The faireft woman, but thy ghofte,  
 But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men  
 O wrangling fchooles, that fearch what fire  
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit  
 Unto this knowledge to afpire, 15  
 That this her feaver might be it ?  
 And yet ſhe cannot waft by this,  
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,  
 For much corruption needfull is  
 To fuell fuch a feaver long 20  
 Theſe burning fits but meteors bee,  
 Whoſe matter in thee is foone ſpent  
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,  
 Are unchangeable firmament  
 Yet 'twas of my minde, ſeiſing thee, 25  
 Though it in thee cannot perſever  
 For I had rather owner bee  
 Of thee one houre, then all elſe ever

A Feaver 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec, S96 Of a fever L74 The  
 Fever B, Cy, O'F, P Fever A18, N, TCC, ICD no title, JC 5  
 know, Ed know, 1633-69 8 with] in 1669 16 might] muſt TCC  
 18 beare] endure 1669 torturing] tormenting JC, O'F (corr from  
 torturing) 19 For much 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,  
 N, S, S96, TC For more 1635-69, O'F Far more Cy, P 22 is  
 ſoon] ſoon is 1669 24 Are] Are an 1669, P, S96 25 Yet  
 'twas of 1633-54 And here as 1669 27 For] Yet 1669

*Ane*



*Aire and Angels*

**T**Wice or thrice had I loved thee,  
 Before I knew thy face or name,  
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,  
*Angells* affect us oft, and worship'd bee,  
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5  
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see  
 But since my soule, whose child love is,  
 Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,  
 More subtile then the parent is,  
 Love must not be, but take a body too, 10  
 And therefore what thou wert, and who,  
 I bid Love aske, and now  
 That it assume thy body, I allow,  
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow  
  
 Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15  
 And so more steddily to have gone,  
 With wares which would sinke admiration,  
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,  
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon  
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought, 20  
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things  
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere,  
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings  
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,  
 So thy love may be my loves spheare, 25  
 Just such disparitie  
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,  
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee

Aire and Angels 1633-69, A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,  
 TCC, 1CD no title, B, H40 4 bee, Ed bee, 1633-69 5 came,  
 came 1633 6 I did] did I 1669 see Ed see, 1633-69 7 since  
 Ed since, 1633-69 11 who, Ed who 1633-69 14 lip, eye,  
 lips, eyes, 1669, Chambers 19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39, A18, B(Even), D,  
 H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S(Ever), S96, 1C Thy every 1650-69 22  
 scatt'ring Ed scutt'ring 1633-35 scattering 1639-69 27 Aire 1633-54  
 and all MSS A18 1669, Chambers

*Breake*

*Breake of day*

'T Is true, 'tis day, what though it be?  
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me?  
 Why should we rise, because 'tis light?  
 Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?  
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether, 5  
 Should in despight of light keepe us together

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,  
 If it could speake as well as spie,  
 This were the worst, that it could say,  
 That being well, I faine would stay, 10  
 And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,  
 That I would not from him, that had them, goe

Must businesse thee from hence remove?  
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love,  
 The poore, the foule, the false, love can 15  
 Admit, but not the busied man  
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe  
 Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe

Breake of day 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD no title or Sonnet,  
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 A Songe A25 1 day, ] day,  
 1633 5 in spight 1633-39, 1669, A25, JC, S96 in despight 1650-54,  
 A18, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, TC 6 in despight 1633, 1650-69 in  
 spight 1635-39 keepe] holde A18, L74, N, S96, TC 9 were]  
 is A18, L74, N, O'F, S, TC 11 I lov'd] I love JC, N, O'F, TC 12  
 him, that had them, 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, S him that hath them (or it)  
 A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC her, that had them, 1669 her that hath  
 them B, JC (it), S96 15 foule,] foole, H40 18 as when doth  
 1633, 1669, A25, C, D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96 as if should A18,  
 B, JC, L74, N, O'F, TC as when should 1635-54

*The*

*The Anniversarie*

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,  
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,  
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,  
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was  
 When thou and I first one another saw 5  
 All other things, to their destruction draw,  
 Only our love hath no decay,  
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,  
 Running it never runs from us away,  
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarfe,  
 If one might, death were no divorce  
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,  
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,) 15  
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,  
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares,  
 But soules where nothing dwells but love  
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove  
 This, or a love increased there above,  
 When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves  
 remove 20

The Anniversarie 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, Cy, D,  
 H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S Ad Liviam S96 3 times, as they  
 passe, 1633, 1669 (*which brackets which* pass), MSS times, as these  
 pass, 1635-54 time, as they pass, Chambers, who attributes to 1633, 1669  
 12 divorce Ed divorce, 1633-69 17 love Ed love, 1633-69 20  
 to their graves] to their grave 1635-39

And

And then wee shall be throughly bleft,  
 But wee no more, then all the rest,  
 Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee  
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee  
 Who is so safe as wee ? where none can doe 25  
 Treason to us, except one of us two  
 True and false feares let us refraine,  
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe  
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine  
 To write threescore this is the second of our raigne 30

*A Valediction of my name, in the window*

I  
**M**Y name engrav'd herein,  
 Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,  
 Which, ever since that charme, hath beene  
 As hard, as that which grav'd it, was,  
 Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock 5  
 The diamonds of either rock

22 wee *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* now  
*1633-69 See note* rest, *Ed* rest *1633-69* 23 none *om*  
*1669, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96* 24 None are such Kings, *1669,*  
*D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96* nor] and *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96*  
 bee *Ed* bee, *1633-69* 27 refraine,] refraine *1669* 30 threescore  
*Grolier* threescore, *1633-69*

A Valediction Of *Sc D, H49* A Valediction of *Sc 1633-69, H40,*  
*Lec* Valediction of *Sc A18, N, TCC, TCD* A Valediction of my  
 name in the Glasse Window *Cy* A Valediction to *Sc B* Valediction  
 4 of Glasse *O'F* Valediction in Glasse *P* The Diamond and Glasse *S*  
 Vpon the ingravinge of his name with a Drimonde in his mistris windowe  
 when he was to travel *S96* (*This is added to the title in O'F*) similarly, *JC*  
 4 was, *Ed* was, *1633-69* 5 eye] eyes *A18, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S,*  
*S96, TC*

## II

'Tis much that Glasse should bee  
 As all confeffing, and through-shine as I,  
 'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,  
 And cleare reflects thee to thine eye 10  
 But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,  
 Here you see mee, and I am you

## III

As no one point, nor dash, &  
 Which are but accessaries to this name,  
 The showers and tempests can outwash, 15  
 So shall all times finde mee the same,  
 You this intirenesse better may fulfill,  
 Who have the patterne with you still

## IIII

Or, if too hard and deepe  
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach, 20  
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,  
 Lovers mortalitie to preach,  
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee  
 My ruinous Anatomie

## V

Then, as all my foules bee, 25  
 Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone  
 I understand, and grow and see,)  
 The rafters of my body, bone  
 Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,  
 Which tile this house, will come againe 30

8 I, 1633-54 I 1669 12 am you ] see you 1669 14  
 accessaries 1633-69, O'F, S accessary A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, I et, N,  
 P, S96, TC 15 tempests 1633, 1669 tempest 1635-54 19 Or, Ed  
 O1 1633-69

## VI

Till my returne, repaire  
 And recompact my scattered body so  
 As all the vertuous powers which are  
 Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow  
 Into such characters, as graved bee 35  
 When these starres have supremacie

## VII

So, since this name was cut  
 When love and griefe, their exaltation had,  
 No doore 'gainst this names influence shut,  
 As much more loving, as more sad, 40  
 'Twill make thee, and thou shouldst, till I returne,  
 Since I die daily, daily mourne

## VIII

When thy inconsiderate hand\*  
 Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,  
 To looke on one, whose wit or land, 45  
 New battry to thy heart may frame,  
 Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus  
 In it offendst my Genius

## IX

And when thy melted maid,  
 Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page, 50  
 His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,  
 Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,  
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,  
 May my name step in, and hide his

32 so 1633-35 so, 1639-69, Chambers See note 34 flow Ed  
 flow, 1633-69 36 these 1633 those 1635-69 have] had 1669  
 supremacie 1633-39 supremacie 1650-69 See note 37 So, Ed So  
 1633-69 39 shut, Ed shut, 1633-69 44 ope 1633-69, O'F,  
 S96 out A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC 48 offendst]  
 offends 1669 50 and] or 1669, JC, O'F, S96  
 52-3 Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage  
 If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, 1669

## X

And if this treafon goe 55  
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe ,  
 In superscribing, this name flow  
 Into thy fancy, from the pane  
 So, in forgetting thou remembreft right,  
 And unaware to mee shalt write 60

## XI

But glasse, and lines must bee,  
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe ,  
 Neere death inflicts this lethargie,  
 And this I murmur in my sleepe ,  
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, 65  
 For dying men talke often so

*Twicknam garden*

**B**lasted with sighs, and furrounded with teares,  
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,  
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,  
 Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing ,  
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5  
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,  
 And can convert Manna to gall,  
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought  
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought

55 goe] growe *JC, O'F, S* 56 againe, 1633 againe 1635-69 57  
 this] my 1669 58 pane 1633 Pen, 1635-69, *O'F, S* 60 unaware]  
 unawares *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 64 this] thus 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96*  
 Twicknam garden 1633-69 do or Twitnam Garden *A18, L74* (in  
 margin), *N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* In a Gaiden *B* no tile, *A25,*  
*Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, P* 3 eares] years 1669 4 balms  
 cure 1633, *A25, D, H49* balm cures 1635-69, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N,*  
*O'F, P, S, S96, TC* thing, *Ed* thing, 1633 thing 1635-69 6  
 spider] spiders 1669 8 thoroughly 1633-39 thoroughly 1650-69

'Twere

'Twere wholfomer for mee, that winter did 10  
 Benight the glory of this place,  
 And that a grave frost did forbid  
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face,  
 But that I may not this disgrace  
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee 15  
 Some fenlesse peece of this place bee,  
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,  
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,  
 And take my teares, which are loves wine, 20  
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,  
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine,  
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,  
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,  
 Then by her shadow, what she weares 25  
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,  
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee

*A Valediction of the booke*

I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe  
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,  
 How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus  
 And how posterity shall know it too,

12 did] would *Ar8, A25, N, TC* 13 laugh,] laugh 1633 14 that  
 I may not] since I cannot 1669 15 nor yet leave loving, 1633 *om D,*  
*H40, H49, Lec* nor leave this garden, 1635-69, *Ar8, A25, Cy, JC, L74, N,*  
*O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 17 groane *Ar8, D, H40, H49, N, TC* grow  
 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 my yeare, 1633, 1669, *D, H40,*  
*H49, Lec* the yeare 1635-54, *Ar8, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC* 20 loves]  
 loves 1639 24 womans *Ar8, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC* womens  
 1633-69, *Lec, P, S96*

A Valediction of *Ec Ed* A Valediction of the Booke *Ar8, N, TCC,*  
*1CD* Valediction of the booke *D, H49, Lec* Valediction 3 .Of the  
 Booke *O'F* The Booke *Cy, P* Valediction to his booke 1633-69, *S*  
 A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe *JC*

How



How thine may out-endure 5  
 Sybills glory, and obscure  
 Her who from Pindar could allure,  
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,  
 And her, whose booke (they say) *Homer* did finde, and name  
  
 Study our manuscripts, those Myriades 10  
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,  
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee  
 To all whom loves subliming fire invades,  
 Rule and example found,  
 There, the faith of any ground 15  
 No schismaticke will dare to wound,  
 That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,  
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records  
  
 This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,  
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome 20  
 In cypher writ, or new made Idioms,  
 Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments  
 When this booke is made thus,  
 Should againe the ravenous  
 Vandals and Goths inundate us, 25  
 Learning were safe, in this our Univerſe  
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels  
 Verſe  
  
 Here Loves Divines, (ſince all Divinity  
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they ſeeke,  
 Whether abſtraſt ſpiritual love they like, 30  
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not ſee,

18 Records, 1633-69 records, Grolier 20 tome 1633-35 to me  
 1639-54 Tomb 1669, A18, Cy, Lec, N, S 21 Idioms, Ed Idioms,  
 1633-69 22 instruments Ed instruments, 1633-69 See note 25  
 and Goths inundate us, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, I C and the  
 Goths invade us, 1633-54, S and Goths invade us, 1669, H40, J C (or), O'F,  
 P 26 were safe, 1633 rest omit semicolon Univerſe 1633-39  
 Univerſe, 1650-69 30 abſtraſt] abſtracted 1669

Or,

Or, loth so to amuze  
 Faiths infirmitie, they chuse  
 Something which they may see and use,  
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit, 35  
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it

Here more then in their booke may Lawyers finde,  
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,  
 And how prerogative these states devours,  
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind, 40  
 Who though from heart, and eyes,  
 They exact great subsidies,  
 Forsake him who on them relies,  
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,  
 Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)  
 May of their occupation finde the grounds  
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,  
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,  
 In both they doe excell 50  
 Who the present governe well,  
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell,  
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,  
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy

Thus vent thy thoughts, abroad I'll studie thee, 55  
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes,  
 How great love is, prefence best tryall makes,  
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee,

32 Or, amuze *Ed* Or amuze, 1633-69 33 infirmitie,]  
 infirmities, 1669, *D, H49, Lec* 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these states]  
 those rites *A18, N, TC* 40 womankind, *Ed* womankind 1633-54  
 womankind 1669 43 relies, *Ed* relies 1633 relies, 1635-69 44  
 give,] give, 1635-69 46 Statesmen] Tradesmen *Cy, P* 47 grounds  
*Ed* grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing  
 1635-54, *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC* (nothings), *Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* (*but*  
*the MSS waver between their and there*) there something 1633, 1669, *P*  
 55 vent 1633, 1669 went 1635-54 thoughts, abroad] thoughts abroad  
 1669 56 great heights] shadows *O'F*

To take a latitude  
 Sun, or starres, are fitlieft view'd 60  
 At their brightest, but to conclude  
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,  
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee ?

*Communitie*

GOOD wee must love, and must hate ill,  
 For ill is ill, and good good still,  
 But there are things indifferent,  
 Which wee may neither hate, nor love,  
 But one, and then another prove, 5  
 As wee shall finde our fancy bent

If then at first wise Nature had  
 Made women either good or bad,  
 Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,  
 But since shee did them so create, 10  
 That we may neither love, nor hate,  
 Onely this rests, All, all may use

If they were good it would be seene,  
 Good is as visible as greene,  
 And to all eyes it selfe betrayes 15  
 If they were bad, they could not last,  
 Bad doth it selfe, and others waite,  
 So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise

63 1669 omits darke  
 Communitie 1635-69 no title, 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,  
 L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICC, ICD 3 there 1635-69, A18, B, N,  
 O'F, S, I C, &c these 1633, D, Cy, H49, Lec 7 had Ed had, 1633-39  
 12 All, all 1633-54 All men 1669 15 betrays 1650-69 betrays,  
 1633-39

But they are ours as fruits are ours,  
 He that but tafts, he that devours, 20  
 And he that leaves all, doth as well  
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,  
 And when hee hath the kernell eate,  
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

*Loves growth*

I Scarce beleeeve my love to be so pure  
 As I had thought it was,  
 Because it doth endure  
 Vicissitude, and season, as the graffe,  
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I fwore, 5  
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more

But if this medicine, love, which cures all forrow  
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,  
 But mixt of all stufes, paining soule, or fense,  
 And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, 10  
 Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use  
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,  
 But as all else, being elemented too,  
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15  
 Love by the spring is growne,  
 As, in the firmament,

21 well *Ed* well, 1633-69  
 Loves growth 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* The Spring or Spring *B,*  
*Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96* no title, *JC* 9 paining 1633, *A18, B,*  
*D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC* vexing 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S* 10 working  
 1633 and *MSS* as above active 1635-69 and *MSS* as above 11 pure,  
 and] pure an 1669, *O'F* 14 do] do 1633

Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne  
 Gentle love deeds, as bloffomes on a bough,  
 From loves awakened root do bud out now 20  
 If, as in water stir'd more circles bee  
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,  
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,  
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee  
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heate, 25  
 As princes doe in times of action get  
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,  
 No winter shall abate the springs encrease

*Loves exchange*

**L**ove, any devill else but you,  
 Would for a given Soule give something too  
 At Court your fellowes every day,  
 Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,  
 For them which were their owne before, 5  
 Onely I have nothing which gave more,  
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower  
 I aske no dispensation now  
 To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,  
 I do not fue from thee to draw 10  
 A *non obstante* on natures law,  
 These are prerogatives, they inhere  
 In thee and thine, none should forfwear  
 Except that hee *Loves* minion were

18-19 Starres showne Gentle love *Ed* Staïres showne,  
 Gentle love 1633-69

Stars are not by the sunne enlaig'd, but showne  
 Greater, Loves deeds *P* See note

24 thee *Ed* thee, 1633-69 28 the 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*  
*N, S96, TC* this 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S*

Loves exchange 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* no title, *B, D, H40, H49,*  
*JC, Lec, O'F, P* 4 or] and most *MSS* Play *D* play 1633-69 9  
 or sigh, or vow, 1633-54 a sigh, a vow, 1669

Give

Give mee thy weaknesse, make mee blinde, 15  
 Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde,  
 Love, let me never know that this  
 Is love, or, that love childish is,  
 Let me not know that others know  
 That she knowes my paines, leaft that fo 20  
 A tender shame make me mine owne new woe

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art iust,  
 Because I would not thy first motions trust,  
 Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot  
 Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not 25  
 Such in loves warfare is my case,  
 I may not article for grace,  
 Having put Love at last to shew this face

This face, by which he could command  
 And change the Idolatrie of any land, 30  
 This face, which wherefoe'r it comes,  
 Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,  
 And melt both Poles at once, and store  
 Deserts with cities, and make more  
 Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before 35

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,  
 Yet kills not If I muft example bee  
 To future Rebels, If th'unborne  
 Muft learne, by my being cut up, and torne  
 Kill, and dissect me, Love, for this 40  
 Torture againft thine owne end is,  
 Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies

18 is, *Ed* is 1633-69 20 paines] paine *A18, B, D, H40, H49,*  
*JG, Lec, O'F, P, TC* 21 1669 omits new 28 Love *D* love 1633-69  
 this] his 1669 36 For this, *Ed* For, this 1633-69 Love *D*• love  
 1633-69 37 not If *Ed* not, if 1633-39 not if 1650-69

## Confined Love

Some man unworthy to be possessor  
 Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,  
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,  
 If on womankind he might his anger wreake,  
 And thence a law did grow, 5  
 One might but one man know,  
 But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,  
 To smile where they list, or lend away their light?  
 Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden 10  
 If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?  
 Beasts doe no joyntures lose  
 Though they new lovers choose,  
 But we are made worse then those

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors, 15  
 And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?  
 Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,  
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?  
 Good is not good, unlesse  
 A thousand it possesse, 20  
 But doth waite with greedinesse

Confined Love 1635-69 no title, 1633, Ar8, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec,  
 N, O'F, TCC, TCD To the worthiest of all my lovers Cy To the  
 of all my loves my virtuous mistress P 3 his] this 1669 lesser]  
 the lesser Ar8, Cy, JC, P 6 might 1633-69 should B, Cy, D, H49,  
 JC, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC 9 lend] bend 1669 11 mate, 1633-39  
 meate, 1650 meat, 1669 a night (i e a-night) 1633-54 all night 1669  
 12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers whose no'e  
 new lands 1633-35 and MSS seeke lands 1639-69, Chambers, whose no'e  
 is incorrect withall 1633 with all 1635-69 17 built 1633-35  
 build 1639-69

The

*The Dreame*

D Eare love, for nothing lesse then thee  
 Would I have broke this happy dreame,  
     It was a theame  
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,  
 Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely, yet 5  
 My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,  
 Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,  
 To make dreames truths, and fables histories,  
 Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,  
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,  
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee,  
     Yet I thought thee  
 (For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,  
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart, 15  
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,  
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when  
 Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee  
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee 20

Commung and staying shew'd thee, thee,  
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,  
     Thou art not thou  
 That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee,

The Dreame 1633-69 do or similarly, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74,  
 Lec, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCC, TCD 6 brok'st continued'st]  
 breakest continuest 1669, A25, C, P, S 7 so truth, 1633, A18, D,  
 H49, L74, Lec, N, TC 10 true, 1635-69, A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S See note  
 10 act] doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 14 an  
 Angell,] but an Angell, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC 16 thoughts,]  
 om comma Grolier and Chambers See note 17 then thou knew'st when  
 1669 19 must] doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC 20  
 Prophane,] Profane's A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, TC 24 feare's  
 as strong 1633-54, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC feares are strong 1669,  
 B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 feare is strong N, TCD

'Tis



Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play  
 That loving wretch that sweares,  
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,  
 Which he in her Angelique findes,  
 Would sweare as justly, that he heares,  
 In that dayes rude hoarse minftralsey, the spheares  
 Hope not for minde in women, at their best  
 Sweetnesse and wit, they're but *Mummy*, posselt

20

### The Flea

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,  
 How little that which thou deny'st me is,  
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,  
 And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee,  
 Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
 A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,  
 Yet this enjoys before it wooe,  
 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,  
 And this, alas, is more then wee would doe

5

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
 Where wee almost, yea more then maryed are  
 This flea is you and I, and this  
 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is,

10

23-4 *punctuation from MSS*

at their best,

Sweetnesse, and wit they're, but, *Mummy*, posselt 1633-54

1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition 1635-69 place it at beginning  
 of Songs and Sonets The Flea or no title, *Ar8, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40*  
*H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* 3 It suckt mee first,  
 1633-54, *D, H49 Lec, S96* Mee it suck'd first, 1669, *Ar8, A25, B, C, Cy,*  
*L74, N, P, S, TC* and now sucks] and now it sucks 1669 5 Thou  
 know'st that 1633-54, *D, H49, Lec* Confels it. This cannot be said 1669,  
*Ar8, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 6 nor shame, nor  
 losse 1633-54 (shame 1633), *D, H49, Lec* or shame, or losf 1669, *Ar8,*  
*A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, IC* 9 would] could 1669 11 yea,  
 1633-54, *D, H49, Lec* nay, 1669 *Ar8, A25, B, C, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, IC*  
 Though

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,  
 And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet 15  
 Though use make you apt to kill mee,  
 Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,  
 And sacrilege, three finnes in killing three

Cruell and fodaine, haft thou since  
 Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence? 20  
 Wherein could this flea guilty bee,  
 Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?  
 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou  
 Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now,  
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee, 25  
 Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,  
 Will waft, as this flea's death tooke life from thee

### The Curse

Who ever guesse, thinks, or dreames he knowes  
 Who is my mistris, wither by this curse,  
 His only, and only his purse  
 May some dull heart to love dispose,  
 And thee yeeld then to all that are his foes, 5  
 May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,  
 Forfwere to others, what to her he'hath sworne,  
 With feare of missing, shame of getting, torne

16 you] thee *Ar8, Cy, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* 21 Wherein] In what  
*Ar8, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* 22 drop] blood 1669  
 The Curse 1633-69 A Curse or The Curse *Ar8, A25, B, C, D,*  
*H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD* Dirae P, Q 2 curse]  
 course 1669 3 His only, and only his purse 1633-54, *Ar8, A25, B,*  
*C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* Him, only for his purse  
 1669, *Chambers* His one and his onely purse P 4 heart 1633-54  
 and *MSS* whose 1669 and *Chambers* 5 And she yeeld then to  
 1633-54 and *MSS* And then yield unto 1669, *Chambers* 8 getting,  
 Ed getting 1633-69 torne Ed torne, 1633-54 torne 1669 Compare  
 16 and 24

Madneffe

Madnesse his forrow, gout his cramp, may hee  
 Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such 10  
 And may he feele no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and bee  
 Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas shee  
 In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,  
 For land which had been his, if he had not 15  
 Himselfe incestuously an heire begot

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee  
 Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,  
 And no record tell why  
 His sonnes, which none of his may bee, 20  
 Inheite nothing but his infamie  
 Or may he so long Parasites have fed,  
 That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,  
 And at the last be circumcis'd for bread

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, 25  
 What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish,  
 What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,  
 Can contribute, all ill which all  
 Prophets, or Poets spake, And all which shall  
 Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, 30  
 Fall on that man, For if it be a shee  
 Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee

9 cramp,] cramps, 1669, *Chambers*, and most MSS 10 him 1633-54  
 and MSS them 1669, *Chambers* 12 fame,] shame, *A18, A25, N, P, TC*  
 14-16 In early and long scarcenesse an heire begot 1633, *B, D, H40,*  
*H49, Lec, O'F* (which gives alternate version in margin), *S*

Or may he for her vertue reverence  
 One that hates him onely for impotence,  
 And equall Traitors be she and his sense

1635-69, *A18, A25, C, JC, N, P, Q, S, TC*  
 18 Meant] Went *A18, N, TC* 26 Tyrans, 1633-35 Tyrants, 1639  
 tyrants, 1650-69 27 Mynes, *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O'F,*  
*P, Q, S, TC* Myne, 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 28 ill 1669 ill, 1633-54

*The Message*

SEnd home my long strayd eyes to mee,  
 Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee,  
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,  
     Such forc'd fashions,  
     And false passions, 5  
         That they be  
         Made by thee  
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,  
 Which no unworthy thought could staine, 10  
 But if it be taught by thine  
     To make jestings  
     Of protestings,  
         And crosse both  
         Word and oath, 15  
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,  
 And may laugh and joy, when thou  
     Art in anguish 20  
     And dost languish  
         For some one  
         That will none,  
 Or prove as false as thou art now

The Message 1635-69 no title, 1633 Song or no title, A25, B, Cy, D,  
 H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96 Sonnet P Songes w<sup>ch</sup> were made to o<sup>c</sup>  
 (vid sup p 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 thee, Ed thee, 1633-69 3  
 But if they there 1669, S 10 staine, ] staine, 1633-69 11 But  
 1635-69 Which 1633, A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC 14 crosse A18,  
 A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC breake 1633-69 16  
 Keep it still 'tis 1669 19 And may laugh, when that Thou D, H49, Lec  
 24 art now ] dost now 1669

*A noc-*

*A nocturnall upon S Lucies day,  
Being the shortest day*

**T**Is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,  
*Lucies*, who scarce feaven houres herself unmaskes,  
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks  
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes,  
 The worlds whole sap is funke 5  
 The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,  
 Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,  
 Dead and enterr'd, yet all these seeme to laugh,  
 Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph  
  
 Study me then, you who shall lovers bee 10  
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring  
 For I am every dead thing,  
 In whom love wrought new Alchimie  
 For his art did expresse  
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 15  
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse  
 He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot  
 Of absence, darknesse, death, things which are not  
  
 All others, from all things, draw all that's good,  
 Life, foule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have, 20  
 I, by loves limbecke, am the grave  
 Of all, that's nothing Oft a flood  
 Have wee two wept, and so  
 Drownd the whole world, us two, oft did we grow  
 To be two Chaoffes, when we did shew 25  
 Care to ought else, and often absences  
 Withdrew our foules, and made us carcasses

A nocturnal &c 1633-69, *Ar8, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 7 beds-  
 feet,] bds feet 1633-69 12 every 1633, *Ar8, N, O'F* (altered to a very),  
*IC* a very 1635-69 16 emptinesse 1719 emptinesse, *Chambers*  
*and Grolier* emptinesse 1633-54 emptinesse, 1669 See note 20  
 have, *Ed* have, 1633-69

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)  
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown,  
     Were I a man, that I were one, 30  
     I needs must know, I should preferre,  
     If I were any beaft,  
 Some ends, some means, Yea plants, yea stoncs detest,  
 And love, All, all some properties invest,  
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35  
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here

But I am None, nor will my Sunne renew  
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne  
     At this time to the Goat is runne  
     To fetch new lust, and give it you, 40  
     Enjoy your summer all,  
 Since thee enjoys her long nights festivall,  
 Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call  
 This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this  
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is 45

*Witchcraft by a picture*

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there  
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,  
 My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,  
     When I looke lower I espie,  
     Hadst thou the wicked skill 5  
 By pictures made and mard, to kill,  
 How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

31 know,] know, 1633      32 beaft,] beast, *Grolier*      34 love,  
 All, all *Ed* love, all, all 1633-69 invest, *Ed* invest, 1633 invest  
 1635-69      37 renew 1633 renew, 1635-69      41 all, *Ed* all,  
 1633-69 and *Chambers*, who places a full stop after festivall      44 Eve,  
 1650-69 eve, 1633-39  
 Witchcraft &c 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD The Picture or Picture  
 Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96 A Songe B      4 espie, *Ed* espie, 1633-69  
 6 to kill, *Ed* to kill? 1633-39 to kill, 1650-69

But

But now I have drunke thy sweet falt teares,  
 And though thou poure more I'll depart,  
 My picture vaniſh'd, vaniſh feares, 10  
 That I can be endamag'd by that art,  
 Though thou retaine of mee  
 One picture more, yet that will bee,  
 Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free

### The Baite

Come live with mee, and bee my love,  
 And wee will ſome new pleaſures prove  
 Of golden ſands, and chriſtall brookes,  
 With filken lines, and ſilver hookes

There will the river whiſpering runne 5  
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne  
 And there the inamor'd fiſh will ſtay,  
 Begging themſelves they may betray

When thou wilt ſwimme in that live bath,  
 Each fiſh, which every channell hath, 10  
 Will amorouſly to thee ſwimme,  
 Gladder to catch thee, then thou him

9 And though] Although 1669 And though thou therefore poure more  
 will depart, *B, H40* 10 vaniſh'd, vaniſh feares, 1633, *A18, B, Cy, H40,*  
*JC, N, P, S96, TC* vaniſhed, vaniſh all feares 1635-54, *O'F* vaniſh, vaniſh  
 feares, 1669 11 that] thy *JC, O'F, S96* 14 all] thy *B, H40, S96*  
 The Baite 1635-69 no title, 1633 Song or no title, *D, H49, JC, Lec,*  
*O'F, P, S96, Walton's* Compleate Angler Fourth Day Chap XII  
 Songs that were made &c (*vid sup p 18*) *A18, N, TCC, TCD* 2 ſome  
 new] all the *P* 3 brookes, *Ed* brookes 1633-69 5 whiſpering  
 1633 whiſpring 1635-69 6 thy] thine 1669, *A18, N, TC* 7  
 inamor'd] enamelled *Walton* ſtay] play 1669 11 to] unto *JC, O'F,*  
*P* to ſee *N* Moſt amorouſly to thee will ſwim *Walton*

If

If thou, to be so feene, beeſt loath,  
 By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,  
 And if my ſelfe have leave to fee,  
 I need not their light, having thee 15

Let others freeze with angling reeds,  
 And cut their legges, with ſhells and weeds,  
 Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,  
 With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowie net 20

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt  
 The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,  
 Or curious traitors, ſleavesilke flies  
 Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,  
 For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne bait,  
 That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,  
 Alas, is wiſer farre then I 25

### *The Apparition*

WHEN by thy ſcorne, O murthereſſe, I am dead,  
 And that thou thinkſt thee free  
 From all ſolicitation from mee,  
 Then ſhall my ghooſt come to thy bed,  
 And thee, fain'd veſtall, in worſe armes ſhall ſee, 5

15 my ſelfe] mine eyes *Walton* my heart *A18, N, TC* 18 with]  
 which 1633 20 ſnare,] ſnares, *Walton* windowie] winding 1669 *See*  
*note* 23 Or 1633-69 Let *Walton* ſleavesilke 1635 ſleave filke  
 1639-69 and *Walton* ſleavesilke 1633 24 To witch poor wandring  
 fiſhes eyes *Walton* 25 thou needſt] there needs *D, H49, Lec, S96*  
 26 bait, *Ed* bait, 1633-69 27 catch'd 1633-69 catch't *Walton*  
 caught *P* 28 Is wiſer far, alas *Walton*

The Apparition 1633-69 do or An Apparition *A18, A25, B, Cy,*  
*D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* 2 that thou thinkſt]  
 thou ſhalt think 1669 3 ſolicitation] ſolicitations *JC, O'F* 5 thee,  
 veſtall, *Ed* thee veſtall 1633-39 thee Veſtall 1650-69  
 Then



Then thy ficke taper will begin to winke,  
 And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,  
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke  
     Thou call'st for more,  
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrink, 10  
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou  
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye  
     A veryer ghost then I,  
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
 Left that preserve thee', and since my love is spent, 15  
 I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,  
 Then by my threatnings rest still innocent

*The broken heart*

HE is starke mad, who ever sayes,  
 That he hath beene in love an houre,  
 Yet not that love so soone decays,  
     But that it can tenne in lesse space devour,  
 Who will beleewe mee, if I sweare 5  
 That I have had the plague a yeare?  
     Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,  
     I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?  
 Ah, what a trifle is a heart,  
     If once into loves hands it come! 10  
 All other griefes allow a part  
     To other griefes, and aske themselves but some,

7 then] 1669 omits 10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49,  
 Lec, S in false sleepe from 1635-54 in a false sleepe even from 1669  
 in a false sleepe from A25, P in a false sleepe will from A18, N, TC  
 13 I,] I, 1633, some copies 17 rest still] keep thee A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P  
 The broken heart 1633-69 Broken Heart L74 Song or no title, A18,  
 A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD Elegie P, S96 8  
 flaske 1633, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, Lec, O'F (corrected from flash), P, S  
 flash 1635-69, A18, H49, N, TC 10 come! Ed come? 1633-69  
 12 some, Ed some, 1633-69

They

They come to us, but us Love draws,  
 Hee swallows us, and never chawes  
     By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye, 15  
     He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye  
 If 'twere not so, what did become  
     Of my heart, when I first saw thee ?  
 I brought a heart into the roome,  
     But from the roome, I carried none with mee 20  
 If it had gone to thee, I know  
 Mine would have taught thine heart to shew  
     More pittie unto mee but Love, alas,  
     At one first blow did shiver it as glasse  
 Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25  
     Nor any place be empty quite,  
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all  
     Those peeces still, though they be not unite,  
 And now as broken glasses shew  
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30  
     My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,  
     But after one such love, can love no more

*A Valediction forbidding mourning*

**A**S virtuous men passe mildly away,  
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,  
     The breath goes now, and some say, no

15 chain'd shot] chain-shott *A18, A25, N, TC* 16 tyran] Tyrant  
 1669 our hearts] and we 1669 17 did] could *A18, A25, B, C, L74,*  
*O'F, N, TC* would *B, Cy, M, S* 20 mee 1650-69 mee, 1633-39  
 23 alas,] alas 1633 24 first] fierce *A18, B, N, TC* 30 hundred]  
 thousand *A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC*

A Valediction forbidding &c *Ed* A Valediction forbidding &c  
 1633-69 Valediction forbidding &c *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Valediction  
 agaynst &c *A25, C* A Valediction *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec* Vpon  
 the partunge from his Mistris *O'F, S96* To his love upon his departure  
 from her *JC Elegie L74, P* also in *Walton's Life of Donne (1675)*  
 4 The breath goes now, 1633-54, and all the MSS Now his breath  
 goes, 1669 *Chambers* no *Ed* no 1633-54 No, 1669

So let us melt, and make no noife,  
 No teare-floods, nor figh-tempefts move,  
 T'were prophanation of our joyes  
 To tell the layetie our love 5

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,  
 Men reckon what it did and meant,  
 But trepidation of the fpheares,  
 Though greater farre, is innocent 10

Dull fublunary lovers love 1  
 (Whofe foule is fenfe) cannot admit  
 Abfence, becaufe it doth remove  
 Thofe things which elemented it 15

But we by a love, fo much refin'd,  
 That our felves know not what it is,  
 Inter-affured of the mind,  
 Care leffe, eyes, lips, and hands to miffe 20

Our two foules therefore, which are one,  
 Though I muft goe, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to avery thinneffe beate

If they be two, they are two fo 25  
 As fiffe twin compaffes are two,  
 Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no fhow  
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe

6 No wind-fighs or tear-floods us move, *Walton* 8 layetie our love  
*1633-69 (love 1633), A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S* layetie of our love *A18, B,*  
*Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC* 9 Moving brings] Movings  
 caufe *Walton, O'F* 10 it] they *Walton* 15 Abfence, becaufe  
*1633-54 and MSS* Of abfence, caufe *1669* 16 Thofe things  
*1633-54 and all MSS* The thing *1669, Chambers* See note 17  
 much] fir *1669* 18 our felves] our fouls *Walton* 20 Care leffe,  
*1633-35, 1669* Carelefse, *1639-54* lips, and hands *1669 and all*  
*MSS* lips, hands *1633*

And

And though it in the center fit,  
 Yet when the other far doth come, 30  
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,  
 And growes erect, as that comes home  
 Such wilt thou be to mee, who must  
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne,  
 Thy firmnes makes my circle iust, 35  
 And makes me end, where I begunne

*The Extasie*

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,  
 A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest  
 The violets reclining head,  
 Sat we two, one anothers best  
 Our hands were firmly cimented 5  
 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,  
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred  
 Our eyes, upon one double string,  
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet  
 Was all the meanes to make us one, 10  
 And pictures in our eyes to get  
 Was all our propagation  
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate  
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,  
 Our foules, (which to advance their state, 15  
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee

30 the other] my other *Walton* 31 It] Thine *Walton* 32 that]  
 mine *Walton* 34 runne, *Ed* runne 1633-69 35 circle] circles  
 1639-54 36 makes me] me to *Walton*  
 The Extasie 1633-69 do or Extasie *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49,*  
*JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* 3 reclining 1633-54 de-  
 clining 1669 4 best *Ed* best, 1633-54 Sate we on  
 anothers breasts 1669 6 With 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*  
*P, S, TC* By 1635-69, *Chambers* 8 string, *Ed* string, 1633-69  
 9 to'entergraft 1633, *A18, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, P, S, TC* to engraft 1635-  
 69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chambers* 11 in 1633-69, *P* on *A18, A25, B, D,*  
*H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* 15 their 1633 and most *MSS*  
 our 1635-69, *O'F, P*

And whil't our foules negotiate there,  
 Wee like sepulchrall statues lay,  
 All day, the same our postures were,  
 And wee said nothing, all the day 20  
 If any, so by love refin'd,  
 That he foules language understood,  
 And by good love were growen all minde,  
 Within convenient distance stood,  
 He (though he knew not which foule spake, 25  
 Because both meant, both spake the same)  
 Might thence a new concoction take,  
 And part farre purer then he came  
 This Extasie doth unperplex  
 (We said) and tell us what we love, 30  
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,  
 Wee see, we saw not what did move  
 But as all severall foules containe  
 Mixture of things, they know not what,  
 Love, these mixt foules, doth mixe againe, 35  
 And makes both one, each this and that  
 A single violet transplant,  
 The strength, the colour, and the size,  
 (All which before was poore, and scant,)  
 Redoubles still, and multiplies 40  
 When love, with one another so  
 Interinanimates two foules,  
 That abler foule, which thence doth flow,  
 Defects of loneliness controules  
 Wee then, who are this new foule, know, 45  
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,  
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,  
 Are foules, whom no change can invade

18 lay, *Ed* lay, 1633-69      25 knew 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, P, TC* knows 1633, *D, Lec*    29 doth] do 1669    31 sexe, 1669    sexe 1633-54      42 Interinanimates *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC*    Interinanimates 1633-69, *D, Lec*      44 loneliness] loveliness 1669    46 made, 1633-39    made 1650-69      47 Atomies 1633-54    Atomies 1669      48 are foules, 1633, 1669    are foule, 1635-54  
 But

But O alas, so long, so farre  
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear<sup>e</sup>? 50  
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are  
 The intelligences, they the spheare  
 We owe them thanks, because they thus,  
 Did us, to us, at first convey,  
 Yelded their forces, sense, to us, 55  
 Nor are droffe to us, but allay  
 On man heavens influence workes not so,  
 But that it first imprints the ayre,  
 Soe soule into the soule may flow,  
 Though it to body first repaire 60  
 As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtil knot, which makes us man  
 So must pure lovers soules descend 65  
 T'affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great Prince in prison lies  
 To'our bodies turne wee then, that so  
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke, 70  
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,  
 But yet the body is his booke  
 And if some lover, such as wee,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still marke us, he shall see 75  
 Small change, when we're to bodies gone

51 though they are not *Ar8, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* though not 1633-69 52 spheare *Ar8, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* spheares 1633-69 55 forces, sense, *Ar8, A25, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* senses force 1633-69  
 59 Soe *Ar8, A25, B, H40, JC, N, P, S, S96, TC* For 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 64 makes] make 1635-39 72 his] the 1669 76 gone 1633, *Ar8, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, TC* growne 1635-69, *P, S96*

## Loves Deitie

**I** Long to talke with some old lovers ghof, 5  
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne  
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd moft,  
 Sunke fo low, as to love one which did fcorne  
 But fince this god produc'd a deftime,  
 And that vice-nature, cuftome, lets it be ,  
 I muft love her, that loves not mee  
 Sure, they which made him god, meant not fo much,  
 Nor he, in his young godhead-practis'd it,  
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10  
 His office was indulgently to fit  
 Actives to paffives Correſpondencie  
 Only his ſubject was, It cannot bee  
 Love, till I love her, that loves mee  
 But every moderne god will now extend 15  
 His vaſt prerogative, as far as Jove  
 To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,  
 All is the purlewe of the God of Love  
 Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie  
 To ungod this child againe, it could not bee 20  
 I ſhould love her, who loves not mee  
 Rebell and Atheiſt too, why murmure I,  
 As though I felt the worſt that love could doe ?  
 Love might make me leave loving, or might trie  
 A deeper plague, to make her love mee too, 25  
 Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I'am loth to ſee,  
 Falſhood is worſe then hate, and that muſt bee,  
 If ſhee whom I love, ſhould love mee

Loves Deitie 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,  
 N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD Elegye P 8 much, 1639-69 much  
 1633 much? 1635 9 it, Ed it 1633-69 13 ſubjeſt] Subjeſt  
 1669 14 Love, mee 1633, 1669, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40 (who),  
 H49, JC, L74, N, P, S (lov'd), TCD Love, if I love, who loves not me  
 1635-54, O'F 19 Oh wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669  
 21 That I ſhould love, who loves not me A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49,  
 JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC O'F reads as theſe but alters to as in  
 printed edd 24 might make A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74,  
 N, P, S, S96, TC may make 1633-69, Lec 26 Which,] Which 1633  
 Loves

*Loves diet*

TO what a comberfome unwieldineffe  
 And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,  
 But that I did, to make it leffe,  
 And keepe it in proportion,  
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon 5  
 That which love worft endures, *discretion*

Above one figh a day I allow'd him not,  
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part,  
 And if fometimes by ftealth he got  
 A fhe figh from my miftrefle heart, 10  
 And thought to feaft on that, I let him fee  
 'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee

If he wroung from mee'a teare, I brin'd it fo  
 With fcorne or fhame, that him it nourifh'd not,  
 If he fuck'd hers, I let him know 15  
 'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,  
 His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat,  
 For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but fweat

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,  
 But burnt my letters, When fhe writ to me, 20  
 And that that favour made him fat,  
 I faid, if any title bee  
 Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,  
 To be the fortieth name in an entaile<sup>3</sup>

Loves diet 1633-69, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC* (torn out of *TCD*) *Amoris Dieta* *S96* 12 mee  
*Ed* mee, 1633-35 mee 1639-69 18 For,] Her 1669 19  
 Whatever that, 1633-39, 1669 Whate'er might him diftaft I ftill  
 wnt that, 1650-54 Whatfoever hee would diftaft I writt that, *A18, N, TC*  
 20 But burnt my letters, When fhe writ to me, 1633 But burnt her  
 letters when fhe writ to me, 1635 But burnt her letters when fhe writ to  
 me, 1639-54, *Chambers* But burnt my letters which fhe writ to me, 1669  
 21 that that 1633 if that 1635-69 See note 24 name] man 1669  
 Thus ~.



Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye 25  
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse,  
 Now negligent of sport I lye,  
 And now as other Fawknere use,  
 I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, figh and weepe  
 And the game kill'd, or loft, goe talke, and sleepe 30

*The Will*

**B**Efore I figh my laft gaspe, let me breath,  
 Great love, some Legacies, Here I bequeath  
 Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,  
 If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee,  
 My tongue to Fame, to'Embassadours mine eares, 5  
 To women or the sea, my teares  
 Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore  
 By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,  
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too much  
 before  
 My constancie I to the planets give, 10  
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live,  
 Mine ingenuity and opennesse,  
 To Jesuites, to Buffones my pensivenesse,  
 My silence to'any, who abroad hath beene,  
 My mony to a Capuchin 15  
 Thou Love taught't me, by appointing mee  
 To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,  
 Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie

25 reclaim'd 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, TCC  
 redeem'd 1633, Lec 26 chuse] chose 1669 27 sport 1635-69, A18,  
 B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96, TCC sports 1633 30 and 1633  
 and most MSS or 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S

The Will 1633-69 do or A Will A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49  
 Lec, M, O'F, P Loves Will L74 Loves Legacies A18, N, TCC  
 (torn out of TCD), S Testamentum S96 His Last Will and Testament  
 JC 2 Here I 1633-54 I here 1669, Chambers 6 teares Ed  
 teares, 1633-69 8 serve her] love her 1669 10 give, Ed  
 give, 1633-69 10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669  
 14 hath] have 1669 18 an incapacitie] no good Capacity 1669

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques,  
 All my good works unto the Schismatics 20  
 Of Amsterdam, my best civility  
 And Courtship, to an Univerfitie,  
 My modesty I give to souldiers bare,  
 My patience let gamesters share  
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee 25  
 Love her that holds my love disparity,  
 Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity  
 I give my reputation to those  
 Which were my friends, Mine industrie to foes,  
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse, 30  
 My sicknesse to Physicians, or excesse,  
 To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ,  
 And to my company my wit  
 Thou Love, by making mee adore  
 Her, who begot this love in mee before, 35  
 Taughtst me to make, as though I gavẽ, when I did but  
 restore

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,  
 I give my physick bookes, my writen rowles  
 Of Morall counfels, I to Bedlam give,  
 My brazen medals, unto them which live 40  
 In want of bread, To them which passe among  
 All forrainers, mine English tongue  
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one  
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion  
 For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion 45  
 Therefore I'll give no more, But I'll undoe  
 The world by dying, because love dies too  
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth  
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth,

19-27 omitted, A18, A25, B, C3, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (added later),  
 Lec, M (added later), N, P, TCC given in O'F, S, and all editions 33  
 wit Ed wit, 1633-69 34 Love, 1650-69 love, 1633-39 36 did  
 1633 and MSS do 1635-69, O'F 45 gifts 1633-35, 1669 gift 1639-54  
 46 more, But 1633 more, but 1635-69 49-51 forth, grave  
 1669 forth grave, 1633-39 by interchange forth grave 1650-54  
 And

And all your graces no more use shall have  
 Then a Sun dyall in a grave  
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee  
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,  
 To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three

*The Funerall*

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme  
 Nor question much  
 That subtle wreath of haire, which crowns my arme,  
 The mystery, the signe you must not touch,  
 For 'tis my outward Soule,  
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,  
 Will leave this to controule,  
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution

For if the finewie thread my braine lets fall  
 Through every part,  
 Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all,  
 These haire which upward grew, and strength and art  
 Have from a better braine,  
 Can better do it, Except she meant that I  
 By this should know my pain,  
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemn'd  
 to die

54 all three 1633-39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635-39 all three 1650-54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it annihilate thee 1669

The Funerall 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O' F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 which arme, ] about mine arm, 1669 6 then to A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O' F, P, S, S96, TC unto 1633-69 12 These A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, S (The), S96, TC Those 1633-69, Lec, O' F grew, 1633-39 grow, 1650-69 16 condemn'd ] condemn'd 1633

What

What ere thee meant by't, bury it with me,  
 For since I am  
 Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,  
 If into others hands thefe Reliques came, 20  
 As'twas humility  
 To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,  
 So,'tis some bravery,  
 That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of  
 you

*The Bloſſome*

Little think'ft thou, poore flower,  
 L Whom I have watch'd fixe or feaven dayes,  
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre  
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough, 5  
 Little think'ft thou  
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all

Little think'ft thou poore heart  
 That labour'ft yet to neettle thee, 10  
 And think'ft by hovering here to get a part  
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,  
 And hop'ft her stiffeneſſe by long siege to bow  
 Little think'ft thou,  
 That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, 15  
 Muſt with this Sunne, and mee a journey take

17 with me, 1635-69 and MSS by me, 1633 24 save A18, B,  
 Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC have 1633-69, Lec, O'F, S96 om S  
 The Bloſſome 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,  
 TCD no title, A25 9-13 poore heart bow ] in brackets 1650-69  
 10 labour'ft A18, N, TC labourest 1635-69 labours 1633 15 that  
 Sunne 1633 the Sunne 1635-69

But

But thou which lov'ft to bee  
 Subtile to plague thy felfe, wilt fay,  
 Alas, if you muft goe, what's that to mee ?  
 Here lyes my bufineffe, and here I will ftay 20  
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes pient  
 Various content  
 To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part  
 If then your body goe, what need you a heart ?

Well then, ftay here, but know, 25  
 When thou haft ftayd and done thy moft,  
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,  
 Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghof, t  
 How fhall thee know my heart, or having none,  
 Know thee for one ? 30  
 Practife may make her know fome other part,  
 But take my word, thee doth not know a Heart

Meet mee at London, then,  
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou fhalt fee  
 Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men, 35  
 Then if I had ftaid full with her and thee  
 For Gods fake, if you can, be you fo too  
 I would give you  
 There, to another friend, whom wee fhall finde  
 As glad to have my body, as my minde 40

18 wilt] will 1669 23 tongue A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,  
 N, O'F, S96, TC om S taft 1633-69 24 need you a heart ? A25,  
 B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC need you have a heart ? IC need  
 your heart ? 1633-69 38 I would A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F,  
 S, S96, TC I will 1633-69, Lec

*The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the  
hill, on which it is situate*

V Pon this Primrose hill,  
Where, if Heav'n would distill  
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe  
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna fo,  
And where their forme, and their infinitie 5  
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,  
As the small starres doe in the skie  
I walke to finde a true Love, and I see  
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,  
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee 10

Yet know I not, which flower  
I wish, a fixe, or foure,  
For should my true-Love lesse then woman bee,  
She were scarce any thing, and then, should she  
Be more then woman, shee would get above 15  
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move  
My heart to study her, and not to love,  
Both these were monst'ers, Since there must reside  
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,  
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd 20

Live Primrose then, and thrive  
With thy true number five,  
And women, whom this flower doth represent,  
With this mysterious number be content,  
Ten is the farthest number, if halfe ten 25

The Primrose 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, ICC, TCD  
The Primrose, being at *Ec* 1635-69 16 sexe, 1633 sexe,  
1635-69 17 and not] and *om* 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC 23  
women] woman *Chambers* 25 number, *Ed* number, 1635-69  
Belonge

Belonge unto each woman, then  
 Each woman may take halfe us men ,  
 Or if this will not serue their turne, Since all  
 Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall  
 Firft into this, five, women may take us all

30

*The Relique*

W<sup>H</sup>en my grave is broke up againe  
 Some second gheft to entertaine,  
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head  
 To be to more then one a Bed)  
 And he that digs it, spies  
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,  
 Will he not let'us alone,  
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,  
 Who thought that this device might be some way  
 To make their foules, at the last busie day,  
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

5

10

If this fall in a time, or land,  
 Where mis-devotion doth command,  
 Then, he that digges us up, will bring  
 Us, to the Bishop, and the King,  
 To make us Reliques, then  
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I  
 A something else thereby,

15

26 Belonge all the MSS Belongs 1633-69 See note 27 men ,  
 Ed men, 1633-39 men 1650-69 28 their 1633-39 the  
 1650-69 29 and 1633 since 1635-69 30 this, Ed this 1633,  
 A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, S, S96, TC om 1635-69, O'F, Chambers  
 The Relique 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,  
 TCD no title, A25 13 mis devotion 1633-54, A18, A25, B, D, H49,  
 JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC mis-devotion 1669, Chambers 15 and  
 1633-54 and MSS or 1669, Chambers 17 Thou shalt be] You shal  
 be A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, S See note

All

All women shall adore us, and some men,  
 And since at such time, miracles are sought, 20  
 I would have that age by this paper taught  
 What miracles wee harmeleffe lovers wrought

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,  
 Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,  
 Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25  
 Then our Guardian Angells doe,  
 Comming and going, wee  
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales,  
 Our hands ne'r toucht the feales,  
 Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free 30  
 These miracles wee did, but now alas,  
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,  
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was

### The Dampe

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,  
 And my friends curiositie  
 Will have me cut up to survey each part,  
 When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,  
 You thinke a fodaine dampe of love 5  
 Will through all their senses move,  
 And worke on them as mee, and so preferre  
 Your murder, to the name of Maffacre

20 time] times JC, O'F 21 have that age] that age were A18,  
 N, IC 25-26 Difference doe, 1633, A18, N, TC

Difference of Sex we never knew,  
 No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635-69

Difference of Sex we never knew,

More then our Guardian Angells do A25, B, D, H49, JC,  
 Lec, S, S96 (No more then our &c B, S96)

26 doe, Ed doe, 1633-69 27 wee Ed wee, 1633-69 28 not]  
 yet 1669 meales, Ed meales 1633 meales 1635-69, following some  
 copies of 1633 30 sets] set 1669 free 1650-69 free, 1633-39

The Dampe 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,  
 TCC, TCD 4 When] And 1669 my 1633-39 mine 1650-69

Poore



Poore victories ! But if you dare be brave,  
     And pleasure in your conquest have, 10  
 Firft kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Difdaine*,  
 And let th'enchantrefse *Honor*, next be flaine,  
     And like a Goth and Vandall rize,  
     Deface Records, and Hiftories  
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men, 15  
 And without fuch advantage kill me then

For I could muffer up as well as you  
     My Gyants, and my Witches too,  
 Which are vaft *Conftancy*, and *Secretnesse*,  
 But thefe I neyther looke for, nor profefse, 20  
     Kill mee as Woman, let mee die  
     As a meere man, doe you but try  
 Your paffive valor, and you fhall finde than,  
 In that you'have odds enough of any man

### The Diffolution

SHee's dead, And all which die  
 To their firft Elements refolve,  
 And wee were mutuall Elements to us,  
     And made of one another  
 My body then doth hers involve, 5  
 And thofe things whereof I confift, hereby  
 In me abundant grow, and burdenous,  
     And nourifh not, but fmother

9 victories' 1650-69 victories, 1633-39 10 your] the 1669 con-  
 queft] conquests JC 13 and Vandall 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,  
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 01 Vandall 1669, Chambers 15 arts] acts 1669,  
 IC 20 professe, Ed professe, 1633-69 24 In that 1633, A18, N,  
 TC Naked 1635-69, B, D, H49, Lec, JC, O F, P, S  
 The Diffolution 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD

My

My fire of Paffion, fighes of ayre,  
 Water of teares, and earthly fad despaire, 10  
     Which my materialls bee,  
 But neere worne out by loves securitie,  
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,  
     And I might live long wretched so  
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow 15  
     Now as those Active Kings  
     Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,  
 Receive more, and spend more, and sooneft breake  
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)  
     This death, hath with my store 20  
     My use encreas'd  
 And so my foule more earnestly releas'd,  
 Will outftrip hers, As bullets flowen before  
 A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more

*A Jeat Ring sent*

THou art not so black, as my heart,  
 Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art,  
 What would'st thou say? shall both our properties by thee  
     bee spoke,  
 Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stufte, 5  
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough  
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,  
 I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away

10 earthy 1633, A18, N, 1 C earthy 1635-69 12 neere 1635-  
 69 (But securitie bracketed 1669) ne'r 1633 24 latter] later 1669  
 A Jeat Ring sent 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD To a Jeat Ring  
 sent to me W (among the Epigrams) 7 loves] love O'F say, Ed  
 say 1633-69

Yet stay with mee since thou art come,  
 Circle this fingers top, which did't her thombe 10  
 Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with  
 me,  
 She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee

*Negative love*

**I** Never stoop'd so low, as they  
 Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,  
 Seldome to them, which foare no higher  
 Then vertue or the minde to'admire,  
 For sense, and understanding may 5  
 Know, what gives fuell to their fire  
 My love, though filly, is more brave,  
 For may I misse, when ere I crave,  
 If I know yet, what I would have  
  
 If that be simply perfectest 10  
 Which can by no way be exprest  
 But *Negatives*, my love is so  
 To All, which all love, I say no  
 If any who deciphers best,  
 What we know not, our selves, can know, 15  
 Let him teach mee that nothing, This  
 As yet my ease, and comfort is,  
 Though I speed not, I cannot misse

Negative love 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Negative Love or the  
 Nothing *O'F* The Nothing *A25, C* 4 to'admire, 1633-39 to'admire,  
 1650-69 5 For] Both *A25, C* 11 way] means 1669, *O'F*  
 16 nothing, 1633 nothing 1635-69

*The Prohibition*

**T**ake heed of loving mee,  
 At leaft remember, I forbade it thee,  
 Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty waft  
 Of Breath and Blood, upon thy fighes, and teares,  
 By being to thee then what to me thou waft, 5  
 But, fo great Joy, our life at once outweares,  
 Then, leaft thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,  
 If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee

Take heed of hating mee,  
 Or too much triumph in the Victorie 10  
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,  
 And hate with hate againe retaliate,  
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,  
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate  
 Then, leaft my being nothing lessen thee, 15  
 If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee

Yet, love and hate mee too,  
 So, these extreames shall neithers office doe,  
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way,  
 Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee, 20  
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay,  
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee,

The Prohibition 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, Cy, D,  
 H40, H49, JC, O'F, S96 in B first two verses headed I D, last verse  
 T R in A18, N, S96, TCC, TCD the last stanza is omitted 3  
 repaire my'unthrifty waft] repay in unthrifty a waft, 1669 5 By  
 waft, Ed By waft, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P, RP31, S96 (mee  
 for thee B, P) By being to mee then that which thou waft, 1633 om  
 A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC 18 neithers Ed neythers D, H40, H49, JC  
 neyther O'F, RP31 neyther their Cy ne'r their 1633-69, B 20 thy  
 1635-69 my 1633 (thy in some copies) 22 I, live, Ed I live 1633-69  
 Stage, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F stay, 1633, JC staye, D, H49 not]  
 and H40

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,  
*To let mee live, O love and hate mee too*

*The Expiration*

SO, fo, breake off this last lamenting kisse,  
 Which sucks two foules, and vapors Both away,  
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,  
 And let our selves benight our happiest day,  
 We ask'd none leave to love, nor will we owe 5  
 Any, so cheape a death, as faying, Goe,

Goe, and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,  
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too  
 Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,  
 And a just office on a murderer doe 10  
 Except it be too late, to kill me fo,  
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe

23-4 Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe  
*To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too 1633, B*  
 Then left thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe  
*O let me live, yet love and hate me too 1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49,*  
*JC, O'F (MSS omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)*  
 Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,  
*O let me live, yet love and hate me too 1669*  
 The Expiration 1633-69 An Expiration A18, N, TCC, TCD  
 Valediction B Valedictio O'F Valedictio Amoris S Valedico P no  
 title, A25, C, JC 1 So, fo,] So, go 1669 5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C,  
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC aske 1633-69, P, S 9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC,  
 N, TC Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96

*The*

*The Computation*

**F**Or the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,  
 I scarce beleev'd, thou could'ft be gone away,  
 For forty more, I fed on favours past,  
 And forty'on hopes, that thou would'ft, they might last  
 Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two, 5  
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,  
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you,  
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too  
 Yet call not this long life, But thinke that I  
 Am, by being dead, Immortall, Can ghofts die ? 10

*The Paradox*

**N**O Lover faith, I love, nor any other  
 Can judge a perfect Lover,  
 Hee thinks that else none can, nor will agree  
 That any loves but hee  
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say 5  
 Hee was kill'd yesterday ?  
 Love with excesse of heat, more yong then old,  
 Death kills with too much cold,  
 Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die,  
 Hee that faith twice, doth lye 10  
 For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,  
 It doth the sence beguile

The Computation 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD no title, B, O'F, S  
 1 For 1633-54 From 1669 the 1633, A18, N, TC my 1635-69, B,  
 O'F, S, Chambers 3 For] And 1669 6 One thousand  
 I did think nothing nor doe, S, O F (nothing think) doe, 1635-69 doe 1633  
 7 divide, 1633, 1669 deem'd, 1635-54, O'F 8 a] one O'F, S line  
 dropped A18, N, TC forgot] forget 1669, A18, N, O'F, S, TC  
 The Paradox 1635-69 no title, 1633, A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, S96  
 1 CC, TCD 3 can, nor will agree A18, H40, N, O'F, S, TC can or  
 will agree, 1633-69 6 yesterday ?] yesterday 1633-39

Such

Along with us, which we our selves produc'd, 5  
 But, now the Sunne is juſt above our head,  
 We doe thoſe ſhadowes tread,  
 And to brave clearneſſe all things are reduc'd  
 So whiſt our infant loves did grow,  
 Diſguiſes did, and ſhadowes, flow, 10  
 From us, and our cares, but, now 'tis not ſo  
 That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,  
 Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee  
 Except our loves at this noone ſtay,  
 We ſhall new ſhadowes make the other way 15  
 As the firſt were made to blinde  
 Others, theſe which come behinde  
 Will worke upon our ſelves, and blind our eyes  
 If our loves faint, and weſtwardly decline,  
 To me thou, falſly, thine, 20  
 And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe  
 The morning ſhadowes weare away,  
 But theſe grow longer all the day,  
 But oh, loves day is ſhort, if love decay  
 Love is a growing, or full conſtant light, 25  
 And his firſt minute, after noone, is night

*Sonnet The Token*

SEND me ſome token, that my hope may live,  
 Or that my eaſeleſſe thoughts may ſleep and reſt,  
 Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,  
 That in my paſſion I may hope the beſt

9 loves 1635-54, A18, L74, N, TC love 1669, B, D, H40, H49, JC,  
 Lec, O'F, S 12 high'ſt] leaſt B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96  
 14 loves 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, N, TC love B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,  
 O'F, S, S96 19 If our loves faint 1635-69, A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love),  
 TC If once love faint B, D, H40, H49, JC, S 26 firſt A18, A25,  
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC ſhort 1635-69  
 Sonnet The Token 1649-69 (following Vpon Mr Thomas Coryats  
 Crudities at cloſe of Epicedes) Ad Leſbiam S96 no title, B, Cy  
 Sonnet O'F Elegie P 1 token B, O'F, S96 Tokens 1650-69, P  
 4 paſſion S96 paſſions 1650-69, B, P

I beg

I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands, 5  
 To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtraine  
 Of new-tought youth, nor Ring to ſhew the ſtands  
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,  
 So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity,  
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift inſold, 10  
 Lac'd up together in congruity,  
 To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold,  
 No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,  
 And moſt deſir'd, becauſe beſt like the beſt,  
 Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious, 15  
 Within the Writings which thou haſt addreſt  
 Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my ſtore,  
 But ſwear thou thinkſt I love thee, and no more

(Selfe Love)

HE that cannot chuſe but love,  
 And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,  
 Never ſhall my fancy move,  
 For he loves 'gaynſt his will,  
 Nor he which is all his own, 5  
 And can att pleaſure chuſe,  
 When I am caught he can be gone,  
 And when he liſt reſuſe  
 Nor he that loves none but faire,  
 For ſuch by all are fought, 10  
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,  
 For his Judgement then is nought

5 noe *B, O F, P, S96* nor 1650-69 9 ſimplicity, *Ed* ſimplicity  
 1650-69 11 in 1650-69 with *B, O F, S96* 12 hold, *Ed* hold  
 1650-69 14 deſir'd becauſe beſt, *B, O F, S96* deſired 'cauſe 'tis  
 like thee beſt, 1650-54 deſired 'cauſe 'tis like the beſt, 1669, *Chambers*  
 17 ſtore, *B, O F, P, S96* ſcore, 1650-69  
 (Selfe Love) title given by *Chambers* no title, 1650-69 (in appendix),  
*JC, O'F* 4 'gaynſt *JC, O'F* againſt 1650-69 6 And  
 can chuſe, *JC* And cannot pleaſure chuſe, 1650-69 And can all  
 pleaſures chuſe, *O'F* 11 foul ones] fouleneſs *O'F*

Nor



Nor he that hath wit, for he  
 Will make me his jest or slave ,  
 Nor a fool, for when others , 15  
 He can neither  
 Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,  
 For she is thrall'd therefore  
 Nor he that payes not, for he fayer  
 Within, shee's worth no more 20  
 Is there then no kinde of men  
 Whom I may freely prove ?  
 I will vent that humour then  
 In mine own selfe love

14 slave, 1719 slave 1650-69      15 fool, 1719 fool 1650-69  
 17 payes, JC, O'F prays, 1650-69      19 payes not, ] payes, not, 1650-69  
 20 Within, Ed Within 1650-69

*The end of the Songs and Sonets.*

# EPIGRAMS.

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## *Hero and Leander*

**B**Oth rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,  
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd

## *Pyramus and Thisbe*

**T**Wo, by themselves, each other, love and feare  
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joynd here

## *Niobe*

**B**Y childrens births, and death, I am become  
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe

## *A burnt ship*

**O**Ut of a fired ship, which, by no way  
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,  
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came  
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay,  
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,  
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship  
drown'd

Hero and Leander 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

Pyramus and Thisbe 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

i feare] feare, Chambers, and Grolier (which drops all the other commas)

Niobe 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

2 mine owne  
sad tombe 1633-69 mine owne tombe A18, N, TC made mine owne  
tombe HN, W

A burnt ship 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD Nave arla W De  
Nave arla O'F See note

*Fall*

*Fall of a wall*

**V**Nder an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall  
 A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,  
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,  
 That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide

*A lame begger*

**I** Am unable, yonder begger cries,  
 To stand, or move, if he say true, hee *lies*

*Cales and Guyana*

**I**F you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end  
 To the new world your kindled valors bend,  
 What brave examples then do prove it trew  
 That one things end doth still beginne a new

*Sir Iohn Wingefield*

**B**Eyond th'old Pillers many have travailed  
 Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed  
 A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow  
 In that late Island, for he well did know  
 Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe

*A selfe accuser*

**Y**Our mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you  
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though't  
 be true

Fall of a wall 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD Cafo d'un muro O'F,  
 W 4 towne 1633 and MSS towre 1635-69 bones 1633-69,  
 A18, N, TC corpe B, HN, O'F, W

A lame begger 1633-69, A18, N, TC A beggar HN no title, P  
 Zoppo O'F, W

Cales and Guyana O'F Calez 5c W first printed in Gosse's Life  
 and Letters of John Donne (1899)

Sir Iohn Wingefield Ed Il Cavallhere Gio Wingef W On Cvallero  
 Wingefield O'F first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne  
 (1899) 2 throne W grave O'F 4 late W I ady O'F

A selfe accuser 1633-69 A Mistrisse HN no title, B, O'F, W  
 2 that] om HN, O'F, W thus] om HN, O'F, W it] om HN, O'F  
 A licentious

*A licentious person*

THy finnes and haire may no man equall call,  
For, as thy finnes increafe, thy haire doe fall

*Antiquary*

IF in his Studie he hath so much care  
To'hang all old strange things, let his wife beware

*Disinherited*

THy father all from thee, by his last Will,  
Gave to the poore, Thou hast good title still

*Phryne*

THy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,  
Onely in this, that you both painted be

*An obscure writer*

*Philo*, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd  
To be understood, when will hee be beleev'd?

*Klockius*

*Klockius* so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come  
In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home

*A licentious person* 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Whore *HN* no title, *O'F, RP31, W* 1 Thy] His and so throughout, *RP31*

*Antiquary* 1633-69, *A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W* Hammon *HN* no title, *Bur, Cy, O'F* Epigram *S96* 1 he hath so much 1633-69 he have such *A18, N, TC* Hamon hath such *B, Cy, HN* (have), *O'F, S96, W* 2 strange om *B, HN, O'F* all om *Bur*

*Disinherited* 1633-69 One disinherited *HN* no title, *Cy, O'F, P, W* 1 Will, *Ed* Will 1633-69

*Phryne* 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* no title, *O'F* 1 like thee,] like to thee, 1650-69

*An obscure writer* 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD* no title, *O'F* 1 griev'd *Ed* griev'd, 1633-69 2 To be *Ed* To'be 1633-69 underflood, *Ed* understood, 1633-69 beleev'd?] beleev'd 1633

*Klockius* *HN* no title, 1633-69, *Bur, O'F* 1 *Klockius*] Rawlings *Bur* 2 In bawdie] In a bawdie *HN*

*Raderus*

Now I see many dangers , for that is 25  
 His realme, his castle, and his dioceffe  
 But if, as envious men, which would revile  
 Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile  
 Into another countrie, and doe it there,  
 Wee play' in another house, what should we feare ? 30  
 There we will scorne his household policies,  
 His feely plots, and pensionary spies,  
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side  
 Do Londons Major, or Germans, the Popes pride

## ELEGIE II

*The Anagram*

**M**arry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee  
 Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee,  
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,  
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,  
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, 5  
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough,  
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,  
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead  
 These things are beauties elements, where these  
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please 10

25 Now dangers,] Now do I see my dinger, 1669 that all  
 MSS it 1633-69 26 dioceffe] Diocys D Diocis W 27-29  
 (as envious do it there,) 1669 30 another] anothers 1669  
 We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S96 34 Major,  
 1650-54 Major, 1633-39 Mayor, 1669

Eleg II The Anagram 1635-54 Elegie II 1633, 1669 Elegie  
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P,  
 S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 4 they] then's 1669, S96 teeth be 1633-69, D,  
 H49, JC, Lec teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W 6  
 hair fall] hair's foul 1669 is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49,  
 JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chambers

If

If red and white and each good quality  
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye  
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske, if there  
 Be muske and amber in it, but not where  
 Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, 15  
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face  
 If we might put the letters but one way,  
 In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?  
 When by the Gamut some Musitions make  
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20  
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it  
 Things simply good, can never be unfit  
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,  
 And if none bee, then she is singular  
 All love is wonder, if wee justly doe 25  
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?  
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,  
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities  
 Women are all like Angels, the faire be  
 Like those which fell to worfe, but such as shee, 30  
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire  
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to'have beene faire  
 For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,  
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use  
 Beauty is barren oft, best husbands say, 35  
 There is best land, where there is foulest way  
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,  
 If thy past finnes have taught thee jealousye!  
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches, her commit  
 Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoset 40  
 When Belgiaes cities, the round countiees drowne,  
 That durty fouleneffe guards, and armes the towne

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669 18 the 1633 that 1635-69  
 words 1633-69, *A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC* letters *D, Cy, H49, W*  
 22 unfit *D* unfit, 1633-69 28 deformities ] deformities, 1633  
 29 faire] fairer *S, S96* 35 say,] say 1633 37 bec,] bec 1633  
 41-2 When Belgiaes towne 1633-54 Like Belgia's cities when the  
 917 3 G So

So doth her face guard her, and so, for thee,  
 Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee,  
 Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, 45  
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,  
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,  
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,  
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,  
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie, 50  
 Whom, if thee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse  
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,  
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse  
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was  
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55  
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

## ELEGIE III

## Change

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good workes too,  
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,  
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie  
 Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee  
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5  
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne

Country is drown'd, That towns, 1669 Like Belgia's cities the round  
 country drowns, That towns, Chambers MSS agree with 1633-54, but  
 before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec,  
 M, N, P, TC, W), lowe (B), foul (O F, S, S96, which read country drowns  
 towns) 49 childbeds 1633-54, Lec, W childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B,  
 Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 52 confesse, Ed confesse  
 1633-69 53-4 Whom Joseph was 1669 and all MSS [or a  
 Velvet 1669] om 1633-54

Eleg III Change 1635-54 Elegie III 1633, 1669 no title or Elegye  
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S,  
 S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 workes] word 1669 4 Confirme]  
 Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P 5 Women] Women, 1633 forc'd unto  
 none] forbid to none B

If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,  
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,  
 May catch the same bird, and, as these things bee,  
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee 10  
 Foxes and goats, all beafts change when they please,  
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,  
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then  
 Idly make them apter to endure then men?  
 They're our clogges, not their owne, if a man bee 15  
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free,  
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his feed corne there,  
 And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare,  
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,  
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po 20  
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty  
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?  
 Likeness glue love and if that thou so doe,  
 To make us like and love, must I change too?  
 More then thy hate, I hate it, rather let mee 25  
 Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,  
 And soe not teach, but force my opinion  
 To love not any one, nor every one  
 To live in one land, is captivitie,  
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery, 30  
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,  
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd  
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this  
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,  
 Then are they purest, Change's the nursery 35  
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity

8 these 1633-54, D, H49, Lec those 1669, A18, A25, B Cy, JC, L74, N, P, TC, W 11 Foxes and goats, all beafts 1633-54 Foxes, goats and all beafts 1669 13 did] bid 1669 17 a plow-land] plow lands P 18 corne] feed P 20 Rhene,] Rhine, 1669 Po 1633 Po, 1635-69 21 liberty 1633 libertie 1635-69 23 and doe,] then if so thou do, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49 JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W 24 like i e alike as in A18, N, TC 31 bide] abide 1669 32 more putrifi'd 1633-39 more purifi'd 1650-54 worse purifi'd 1669 worse putrifi'd A18, A25, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W worst putrifi'd B, H49, JC



## ELEGIE IV

*The Perfume*

ONce,\*and but once found in thy company,  
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee,  
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there  
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,  
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) 5  
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd  
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,  
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,  
 Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove  
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, 10  
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,  
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene  
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye  
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,  
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15  
 And watch thy entries, and returns all night,  
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,  
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,  
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,  
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace, 20  
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,  
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats,  
 And politiquely will to thee confesse  
 The finnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse,  
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25

Eleg IV The Perfume 1635-54 Elegie IV 1633, 1669 Elegie  
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,  
 ICC, ICD, W Discovered by a Perfume B no title, Cy, HN 2 sup-  
 pos'd escapes] supposed scapes 1669, P 4 By] For P 7-8 1635-69  
 and MSS generally om 1633, D, H49, Lec 9 hath] have A18, A25,  
 L74, N, P, TC, W 15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W 21  
 To trie &c 1633, D, H49, S (dost long) And to trie &c 1635-69, A18,  
 A25, L74, N, O'F, S96 (longest), TC meates, 1635-69 meates 1633  
 22 blushing 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, N, IC blushes 1669 blushings B, D,  
 H49, HN, L74, Lec, O F, P, W

Thee

Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love  
 Thy little brethren, which like Faery Sprights  
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,  
 And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee,  
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see 30  
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,  
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,  
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide  
 As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,  
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35  
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there  
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,  
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse  
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee  
 That, which betray'd mee to my enemy 40  
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed  
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied  
 When, like a tyran King, that in his bed  
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered  
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45  
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought  
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,  
 Where cattell onely, and diverse dogs are bred,  
 The pretious Vnicornes, strange monsters call,  
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all 50  
 I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbear,  
 Even my opprest shooes, dumbe and speechlesse were,  
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid  
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,  
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55  
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee  
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound

29 ingled] dandled 1669 30 see 1635-69 see 1633 31 grim  
 eight-foot-high iron bound Ed grim-eight-foot-high iron bound 1633-69  
 37 to 1633-69 for MSS 38 kisse ] kisse, 1633 40 my 1633  
 mine 1635-69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered A18, D, H49, L74,  
 N, TC, W shivered, 1633-69 shivered, Chambers and Grolier See note  
 46 that smell] the smell 1669 49 monsters Ed monsters, 1633-69  
 50 good,] sweet 1669 53 bitter sweet, 1633-39 bitter-sweet, 1650-69  
 Sense,

Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound,  
 By thee the feely Amorous sucks his death  
 By drawing in a leproous harlots breath, 60  
 By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate  
 Falls on<sup>e</sup>us, to be call'd effeminate,  
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,  
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall,  
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well, 65  
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell,  
 You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone,  
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?  
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay,  
 And you are rare, that takes the good away 70  
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly  
 To embalme thy fathers corse, What<sup>?</sup> will hee die?

## ELEGIE V

*His Picture*

**H**ERE take my Picture, though I bid farewell,  
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell  
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more  
 When wee are shadowes both, then'twas before  
 When weather-beaten I come backe, my hand, 5  
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,  
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head  
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,

60 breath, 1650-69 breath, 1633-39 64 substantiall, *Ed* sub-  
 stantiall 1633-69 66 you were] you'er 1669 smell, 1635-39  
 smell, 1633, 1669 smel 1650-54 71 All] And *Chambers*  
 Eleg V His Picture 1635-54 Elegie V 1633, 1669 Elegye  
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,  
 TCD, W The Picture P Travelling he leaves his Picture with his  
 mystris B 1 Picture, farewell, *Ed* Picture, farewell,  
 1633 rest semicolon or colon after each 8 With cares rash sodaine  
 stormes, being o'rspread, 1633, A18, N, TC With cares rash, cruel, sudden  
 stormes o'erspread P With cares rash-sudden cruel stormes o'erpreft B  
 My

My body'a sack of bones, broken within,  
 And powders blew flames scatter'd on my skinne, 10  
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,  
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,  
 This shall say what I was and thou shalt say,  
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?  
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15  
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?  
 That which in him was faire and delicate,  
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state  
 Did nurse it who now is growne strong enough  
 To feed on that, which to disused tafts seemes tough 20

ELEGIE VI

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve  
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve,  
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes,  
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes  
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5  
 Their Princes stiles, with many Realmes fulfill

With cares rash sudden storms o'erpressed *S, S96* With cares rash sudden  
 storms o'erspread *Cy, D, H49, Lec* With cares rash sodaine hornes o'er  
 spread *A25, JC, W* With cares harsh sodaine hornesse o'rsprea'd, 1635-  
 69, *O'F* 16 now love lesse, 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* like and love  
 less *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96, W* 19 nurse] nourish  
*A18, N, P, S, TC* strong] tough *P* 20 disused *Ed* disus'd  
 1633-39, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W* weake  
 1650-69 tough] rough *P*

Eleg VI 1635-69 Elegie VII 1633 (Elegie VI being Sorrow who  
 to this house &c See Epicedes &c, p 287) Elegie (numbered vari-  
 ously) *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC,*  
*ICD, W* 2 fatten] flatter 1669, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC* 3 or] and  
*A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC* 6 stiles, 1633-69, *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC,*  
*L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W* stile *A25, O'F, S, Chambers and Grosart*  
 with all MSS, *Chambers and Grosart* which (probably by confusion of w<sup>th</sup> and  
 w<sup>th</sup>) 1633-69 Realms] names 1669

Whence

Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway  
 Such services I offer as shall pay  
 Themselves, I hate dead names Oh then let mee  
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee 10  
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,  
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd  
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,  
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and Steele thy constancie  
 So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15  
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,  
 Yet drowne them, so, the tapers beaming eye  
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,  
 Yet burnes his wings, and such the devill is,  
 Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his 20  
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,  
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,  
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride  
 Her wedded channells bosome, and then chide  
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25  
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow,  
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne  
 The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in,  
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce  
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30  
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne,  
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,  
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie,  
 Then say I, that is shee, and this am I  
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget 35  
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet  
 My minde to scorne, and Oh, love dull'd with paine

7 where] bear 1669 14 constancie 1635-69 constancie 1633  
 24 then 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S, S96, W there 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC,  
 N, O'F, P, TC, Chambers 26 upmost 1633 and most MSS utmost  
 1635-69, O'F, Chambers brow, Ed brow 1633-39 brow 1650-69  
 28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W banks 1633-69, Lec, O'F 33  
 the 1633, D, H49, Lec her 1635-69, A18, N, TC who 1633, A18, A25,  
 B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC which 1635-69, O'F 37  
 Oh,] Ah, 1669

Was ne'r so wife, nor well arm'd as disdaine  
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, 'and spie  
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye 40  
 Though hope bred faith and love, thus taught, I shall  
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall  
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly  
 I will renounce thy dalliance and when I  
 Am the Recufant, in that resolute state, 45  
 What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,  
 And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove  
 Too subtle Foole, thou didst not understand  
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand  
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5  
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire  
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie  
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously  
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet  
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set 10  
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie  
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually

39 thee,'] *om* 1669 40 eye *Ed* eye, 1633-54 eye 1669  
 eye, *Chambers* 41 Though love, 1633 Though breed  
 love 1635-39 Though breed love 1650-69 (Through 1669) 42  
 fall 1633-35 fall 1639-69 43 outgrow] o'ergrow *Cy, P*  
 Elegie VII 1635-69 Elegie VIII 1633 Elegie (numbered variously)  
*A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W* 2  
 Oh, prove] Oh, how prove 1669 6 despaire 1635-69 despaire  
 1633 7 call 1633, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O' F* (*cor-*  
*rected from know*), *P, TC, W* know 1635-69 cast *S, Chambers and Grosart*  
 10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set *Cy, P* 12 arrands  
 1633 errands 1635-69 meet errands *B*

Remember

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee  
 To every sutor, *I, if my friends agree*,  
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, 15  
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach,  
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made  
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid  
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences  
 Thou art not by so many duties his, 20  
 That from the worlds Common having fever'd thee,  
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor fee,  
 As mine who have with amorous delicacies  
 Refin'd thee into a blif-full Paradise  
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee, 25  
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,  
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas  
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?  
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts foice  
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse? 30

## ELEGIE VIII

*The Comparison*

AS the sweet sweate of Roses in a Still,  
 As that which from chaf'd muskats poies doth trill,  
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,  
 Such are the sweet drops of my Mistris breast,  
 And on her (brow) her skin such lustre sets, 5  
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets

14 *agree*, *Ed agree* 1633-69 21-2 That nor see,] in brackets  
 1669 24 Paradise] paradise 1633 25 words 1633-54, *A25, B, Cy*,  
*JC, N, O'F, P, W* works 1669, *A18, D, H49, Lec, TC* bee, *Ed* bee,  
 1633-69 26 thee, 1633 thee 1635-69 28 Glasse? *Ed* glasse  
 1633-69

Eleg VIII The Comparison 1635-54 Elegie VIII 1669 Elegie  
 1633 Elegie (numbered variously) *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P*,  
*S, S96, TCC, ICD, W* 2 muskats] muskets 1669 4 breast, 1635-69  
 breast 1633 5 (brow) *Ed* necke 1633-69 and MSS See note 6  
 coronets 1633-69, *A18, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S96, IC* coronets *A25*,  
*C, JC, S, W* caiolettes *P*

Ranke

Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,  
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,  
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law  
 Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw 10  
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest  
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,  
 And like vile lying stones in saffronde tunne,  
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne  
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15  
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,  
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,  
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die  
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,  
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set, 20  
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face  
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace  
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,  
 Or Joues best fortunes urne, is her faire breſt  
 Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin, 25  
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within  
 And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands  
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands  
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin  
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for finne, 30  
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,  
 Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state  
 And like a bunch of ragged cariets stand  
 The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand  
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, 35  
 Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire  
 Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,

8 boiles, *Ed* boiles 1633-69 in MSS generally spelt as pronounced,  
 biles or byles 13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and MSS vile stones lying  
 1633, 1669 14 they hang *A18, B, JC, L74, M, N, O'F* (altered to it), *S,*  
*TC, W* it hangs 1633-69 19 a] om 1635-39 26 grave] grav'd 1669  
 dust 1633-69, *W* durt *A18, A25, JC, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC* 28 hands *W*  
 hands, 1633-69 34 thy gouty hand 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F,*  
*P, S96, TC, W* (hand, 1635-69) her gouty hand, 1633, *JC, S* thy  
 mistress hand, 1669 37 durt 1635-69 part 1633, from next line

Such



Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold  
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,  
 Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne 40  
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna  
 Where round about the graffe is burnt away  
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,  
 As a worme sucking an invenom'd fore?  
 Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45  
 As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?  
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,  
 As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?  
 So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice  
 Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, 50  
 And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is  
 As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse  
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,  
 She, and comparisons are odious

## ELEGIE IX

*The Autumnall*

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,  
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face  
 Yong *Beaunes* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,  
 This doth but *counsaille*, yet you cannot scape

46 feares] fear'd *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W* 48 when 1635-69 and  
*MSS* where 1633 50 Are Priests sacrifice,] A Priest is in his  
 handling Sacrifice, 1669 51 such *A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S,*  
*S96, TC, W* nice 1633-69  
 Elegie IX The Autumnall 1635-54 Elegie The Autumnall 1633  
 Elegie IX 1669 Elegie *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Elegie Autumnall *D*  
*H40, H49, JC, Lec* An autumnall face On the Ladie Sr Edward Herbert  
 mothers Ladie Danvers *B* On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers *O'F*  
 Widdow *M, P* A Paradox of anould Woman *S* Elegie Autumnall on  
 the Lady Shandoys *S96* no title, *L74* 1 Summer 1633 *Summes*  
*1635-69* 2 face *Ed* face, 1633-69 3 our love, 1633, *D, H49,*  
*I ec, S* our Loves, 1669 your love, 1635-54, *A18, A25, B, H40, I 74, M,*  
*N, O'F, P, S96, TC*

If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*, 5  
*Affection* here takes *Reverences* name  
Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*, That's true,  
But now shee's *gold* oft tried, and ever new  
That was her torrid and inflaming time,  
This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme* 10  
Faure eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,  
He in a fever wishes pestilence  
Call not these wrinkles, *graves*, If *graves* they were,  
They were *Loves graves*, for else he is no where  
Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth fit 15  
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorist*  
And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,  
He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*  
Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,  
In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here 20  
Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noone*, nor *night*,  
Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*  
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,  
You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, fit  
This is loves timber, youth his under-wood, 25  
There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,  
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taft  
And appetite to other things, is past  
*Xerxes* strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,  
Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30  
Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse  
Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*  
If we love things long fought, *Age* is a thing  
Which we are fifty yeares in compassing

6 *Affection* takes *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, S96, TC* *Affections* take 1633-69, *JC, O F* 8 shee's 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* they'are 1633  
10 tolerable 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec, S* habitable 1635-69, *A18, A25, L74, M, N, O F, P, TC* 14 for 1633 or 1635-69 15 Love  
love 1633 22 Where] Where's *O F, S* 23 unto all] to all her *P*  
24 *Counsaile, Ed counsaile, 1633-54 counsaile 1669* 26 enrages]  
bringes *D, H49* breeds *Lec* 27 seasonablest, 1633 seasonablest,  
1635-69 28 past] past, 1633 30 large 1633 old 1635-69

If

If tranſitory things, which ſoone decay, 35  
*Age* muſt be lovelyeſt at the lateſt day  
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe ſkin's ſlacke,  
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purſe, but a ſoules ſacke,  
 Whoſe *Eyes* ſeeke light within, for all here's ſhade,  
 Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then made, 40  
 Whoſe every tooth to a ſeverall place is gone,  
 To vexee their ſoules at *Reſurrection*,  
 Name not theſe living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,  
 For theſe, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be  
 I hate extreames, yet I had rather ſtay 45  
 With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day  
 Since ſuch loves naturall lation is, may ſtill  
 My love deſcend, and journey downe the hill,  
 Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,  
 I ſhall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe 50

37 not] noe ſeveral MSS      38 ſoules ſacke, 1633, 1669, and MSS  
 ſoules ſacke, 1635-54      40 made, Ed made 1633-54 made, 1669  
 42 their ſoules] the ſoul 1669      43 *Deaths-heads* 1633 *Death-heads*  
 1635-69, *Chambers* death-shades *H40*      44 *Ancient*, *Antique* 1633,  
 1669, *D, H49, Lec* *Ancients*, *Antiques* 1635-54, *B, O'F, S* *ancient*  
*antiques* *A18, A25, H40, L74, M, N, IC* be *Ed* be, 1633, 46 a]  
 the 1669, *M, P*      47 naturall lation *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, M,*  
*N, P, S, IC* (ſometimes *thus*, natural lation) motion naturall 1633, naturall  
 ſtation 1635-69, *Lec, O'F*      50 ebbe out 1633, ebbe on 1635-69, *A18*  
*A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, IC*

ELEGIE X

*The Dreame*

**I** Mage of her whom I love, more then she,  
 Whose faire impreffion in my faithfull heart,  
 Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,  
 As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart  
 The value goe, and take my heart from hence, 5  
 Which now is growne too great and good for me  
*Honours* oppresse weake spirits, and our sense  
 Strong objects dull, the more, the lesse wee see  
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,  
 Then *Fantasie* is Queene and Soule, and all, 10  
 She can present joyes meaner then you do,  
 Convenient, and more proportionall  
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,  
 For, all our joyes are but fantastickall  
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true, 15  
 And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all  
 After a such fruition I shall wake,  
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent,  
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,  
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were spent 20  
 But dearest heart, and dearer image stay,  
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough,  
 Though you stay here you passe too fast away  
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe  
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25  
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none

Eleg X The Dreame 1635-54 Elegie X 1669 Elegie 1633  
 Picture 896 Elegie or no title, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O F,  
 P, S, 896, TCC, TCD 7 sense] sense, 1633 8 dull, 1635-69  
 dull, 1633 16 out] up B, P, S 17 a such 1635-54 such a 1669  
 22 dreame] dreams 1669

ELEGIE

## ELEGIE XI

*The Bracelet*

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaîne, for which  
he made satisfaction*

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire,  
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare  
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,  
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist  
 Nor for that filly old moralitie, 5  
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee  
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaîne have lost,  
 Nor for the luck fake, but the bitter cost  
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet  
 No leaven of vile foder did admit, 10  
 Nor yet by any way have straied or gone  
 From the first state of their Creation,  
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide  
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide,  
 To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies, 15  
 To comfort my foule, when I lie or rise,  
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe  
 Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare?  
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,  
 And punish't for offences not their owne? 20  
 They saue not me, they doe not ease my paines,  
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains

Elegie XI &c Ed Eleg XII The Bracelet &c 1635 (Eleg XI  
 being Death, for which see p 284) Eleg XII Vpon &c 1639-54 (Eleg  
 IV 1650-54, a misprint) Elegie XII 1669 Elegie (numbered variously)  
 The Bracelett or The Chaîne A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N,  
 O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W 2 For weare ] Armelets of that thou maist  
 still let me weare 1669 6 were knit, 1635-69 are knit Cy are tyde  
 A25, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, R212, S, S96, TCD, W were tyde L74 love]  
 loves 1669 11 way 1635-69 taynt S96, O'F, W taynts B fault A25,  
 Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, ICD 15 great] old 1669 16  
 rise, Ed rise 1635-69 22 chains Ed chains 1635-69

Were

Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,  
 For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot  
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25  
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous,  
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,  
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly  
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,  
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30  
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets  
 That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets,  
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke  
 Like many angled figures, in the booke  
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce 35  
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course,  
 Which, as the foule quickens head, feet and heart,  
 As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,  
 Visit all Countries, and have filly made  
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd, 40  
*Scotland*, which knew no State, proud in one day  
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*  
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall  
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,  
 Having by subtile fire a foule out-pull'd, 45  
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd  
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,  
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin  
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall  
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50

24 these 1635-54 them 1669 their naturall Countreys *Cy, O F*  
 then Countreys naturall 1635-54, *P* then naturall Countrey 1669, and rest  
 of *MSS* 26 ruinous, *Ed* ruinous 1635-69 28 Iewishly *Ed*  
 Iewishly, 1635-69 35 great] dread 1669 36 course, *Ed* course  
 1635-69 38 streames, *Ed* streames 1635-69 40 run'd, ragged  
 and decay'd, 1669, and *MSS*, but end stop varies run'd ragged and  
 decay'd 1635 ruin'd ragged and decay'd, 1639-54 42 *Belgia Ed*  
*Belgia* 1635-69 45 foule] Mercury *B* 47 they're in, 1635-69  
 therein, *Cy, P* they were in, rest of *MSS*

Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,  
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead  
 Will vanish, if thou love let them alone,  
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone,  
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55  
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,  
 May like a devill roare through every street,  
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet  
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjuror,  
 That with phantastique scheames fils full much paper, 60  
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,  
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuff his rents,  
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,  
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in  
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65  
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found, yet be content,  
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,  
 Because he is the mouth of destiny  
 Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,  
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine, 70  
 So in the first false angels, resteth still  
 Wisdome and knowledge, but, 'tis turn'd to ill  
 As these should doe good works, and should provide  
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride  
 And they are still bad angels, Mine are none, 75  
 For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone  
 Pitty these Angels, yet their dignities  
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities

51 dead, *Ed* dead 1635-69    52 lustyhead *Ed* lusty head 1635-69  
 53 vanish, *Ed* vanish, 1635-69    if thou love let them alone, 1635-39  
 if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69    if thou, Love, let them alone,  
*Grolier (conjecturing atone)*    54-5 gone, And *Ed* gone, And  
 1635-69, *Cy, P* gone Oh, *rest of MSS*    58 conscience, if they  
 meet 1669 and *MSS* conscience, if hee meet 1635-54, *JC, L74, P*  
 60 schemes *D, H49, JC, Lec, O F, S96, W* scenes 1635-69, *Cy, L74, P,*  
*TCD* 63 passe place 1669    65 new par 1635-69    But 1635-69,  
*Cy, P* And *rest of MSS*    66 yet 1635-69, *Cy, P* Oh *rest of MSS*  
 67 that 1635-54, *Cy, P* the 1669 and *rest of MSS*    70 chaine, *Ed*  
 chaine, 1635-69    74 pride *Ed* pride, 1635-69    76 being, *Ed*  
 being 1635-69    77 Angels, yet *Cy, D, H49, N, P, S, TCD* Angels  
 yet, 1635-69, *W*

But,

But, thou art resolute, Thy will be done<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne 80  
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,  
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray  
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)  
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)  
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one, 85  
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone  
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,  
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse  
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay,  
 May your few fellowes longer with me stay 90  
 But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate  
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate  
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,  
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall  
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95  
 First mayst thou bee, then chaind to hellish paines,  
 Or be with forraigne gold brib'd to betray  
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay  
 May the next thing thou stoop't to reach, containe  
 Poyson, whose numble fume rot thy moist braine, 100  
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,  
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring  
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee, and dwell with thee  
 Itching desire, and no abilitie  
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought, 105  
 All mischiefes that all devils ever thought,  
 Want after plenty, poore and gouty age,  
 The plagues of travellers, love, marriage  
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,

79 done<sup>1</sup> *Ed* done, 1635-39 done 1650-54 done<sup>2</sup> 1669 90  
 few fellowes] few-fellowes 1635-69 92 So, that 1635-69, *Cy*, *P* So  
 much that *A25*, *D*, *H49*, *JC* (as), *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *S96* (as), *TCD*, *W* (as)  
 So much *B* estate] state *D*, *H49*, &c 93 metl amongst all,  
 amongst metals all, 1669, *Cy* 95 Here] Hei 1639 98 that  
*MSS* it 1635-69 thy] om 1669 104 Itching] Itchy *MSS*  
 105 evils that gold ever 1635-69, *P* hurt that ever gold hath rest of *MSS*  
 106 mischiefes all *MSS* mischiefe 1635-69 108 love, marriage  
 1635-54, *Cy*, *P* love and marriage 1669, and rest of *MSS* 109 at]  
 that 1669



May thy swolne finnes themselves to thee present 110  
 But, I forgive, repent thee honest man  
 Gold is Restorative, restore it then  
 But if from it thou beest loath to depart,  
 Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart

## ELEGIE XII

*His parting from her*

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,  
 Environ me with darknes, whilst I write  
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone  
 I am to suffer when my Love is gone  
 Alas the darkeſt Magick cannot do it, 5  
 Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it  
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each ſtarre,  
 It would not forme one thought daik as mine are  
 I could lend thee obſcureneſs now, and ſay,  
 Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day, 10  
 Such is already my felt want of fight,  
 D'd not the fires within me force a light  
 Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,  
 Or to thy Triumphs foe ſtrange torments fixt?  
 Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that wee 15  
 Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee?

110 thee] thou 1669 113 But if from it depart, 1635-54, *Cy*,  
*P* But if that from it part, 1669 Or if with it depart *rest of MSS*  
 Elegie XII &c *Ed* Eleg XIII &c 1635-54 (Eleg XIII  
 being Come, Fates, &c, p 407) Elegie XIII 1669 At his De  
 parture *A25* At his Miſtris departure *B* Elegie *H40, O'F, P, S96*,  
*TCD (II)* 1 Night, *Ed* night 1635-69 4 Love] ſoule 1635-54  
 5-44 omit, 1635-54, *A25, B* 6 Thou and greate Hell *H40, O'F, P*,  
*S96* And that great Hell 1669 10 boot are 1669, *H40, O'F* are nought  
 but *P, S96* 7 thee, *Ed* thee 1669 9 thee *H40* them 1669,  
*P, S96, TCD* 10 Day, *Ed* Day 1669 11 felt want *H40, O'F*,  
*P, S96, TCD* ſelf-want 1669 fight, *Ed* fight 1669 12 fires *H40*,  
*S96, TCD* fire 1669, *P* 14 Or] Aie *S96* And *TCD* foe *H40*,  
*O'F, P, S96, TCD* ſuch 1669

Or

Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,  
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?  
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,  
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20  
 No, no The falt was mine, impute it to me,  
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,  
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,  
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed  
 And therefore now, sooner then I can say, 25  
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away  
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,  
 And I left wealthy only in a dream  
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,  
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amifs 30  
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate  
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate  
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,  
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all  
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35  
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,  
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,  
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?  
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us  
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous 40  
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,  
 And over all, thy husbands trowning eyes

17 the *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* thy 1669 20 Through holy fear,  
 that merits (causes *S96*) thy despight (menteth thy spight *P*) *H40, O'F, P,*  
*S96, TCD* That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight? 1669 21  
 was *H40, S96* is 1669, *P, TCD* 23 Which decreed, *H40, O'F,*  
*S96* Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, *P, TCD*  
 Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed *H-K, which Chambers follows*  
 25 now, sooner *all the MSS* sooner now 1669 1apt] wrapt 1669  
 27 a vast *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* the vast 1669 29 thy self] myself  
*Chambers* 31 my own *H40, O'F, P, S96* one 1669 sad 1669 glad  
*H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* 32 fate *Ed* fate 1669 33 blinded]  
 blindest *H40* 34 followers *H40, P, TCD* favourites 1669, *S96*  
 37 glow *H40, S96, P, TCD* blow 1669 38 flame *H40, S96, P, TCD*  
 flames 1669 40 so dangerous *H40, P, S96, TCD* and dangerous  
 1669 42 all, *Ed* all 1669 trowning 1669, *TCD* towred *O'F, P,*  
*S96* lowering *Groler* the towred husbands eyes *H40* the Loured,  
 husbandes eyes *RP31*

That

That flam'd with oylie sweate of jealousie  
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?  
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie?  
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?  
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses  
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?  
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?  
 Varied our language through all dialects,  
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards  
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?  
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,  
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?  
 And, after all this passed Purgatory,  
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?  
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through  
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to  
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear  
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here,  
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed  
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed  
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto  
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe  
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,  
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame  
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,

43 That flam'd with oylie *H40, O'F, P, S96 TCD* Inflam'd with  
 th'oughle 1669 jealousie *Ed* jealousie, 1669 44 with *H40, O'F, P,*  
*S96, TCD* in 1669 45 Have we not kept our guards, *H40, O'F,*  
*P, S96, TCD* Have we for this kept guards, 1669 on 1669 o'  
 1635-54 49 most 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* best 1669  
 50 our] thy *RP31* 52 from our words? 1669 from words? 1635-54  
 53 these secrets *MSS* the secrets 1635-69 our] thy *RP31* 54  
 Yea panting heart? 1635-69, *A25* Yea thy pale colours inward as  
 thy heart? *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* 56 sad] rude *P, TCD* 57-66  
 om 1635-54, *A25, B* 58 brains] beams *P* brain *Chambers* 61  
 Fortune, *Ed* fortune, 1669 would rive us, with *H40, O'F, S96, TCD*  
 would rive us with 1669 62 her *H40* his 1669 it] yet 1669  
 bleed *Ed* bleed 1669 65 Oh Fortune,] Oh fortune, 1669, *S96*  
 And Fortune *H40, P* 66 shame *H40, O'F, P, S96* name 1669 67  
 Do thy great worst &c 1669 Fortune, doe thy worst &c 1635-54 (after  
 56 the vulgar story?) armes, 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S, TCD* charmes  
*H-K (Grosart and Chambers)*

Though

Though not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harmes  
 Rend us in funder, thou canſt not divide  
 Our bodies ſo, but that our ſouls are ty'd, 70  
 And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts,  
 And thoughts and dreams, Love never wanteth ſhifts  
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,  
 But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall run,  
 The ayre ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure, 75  
 Water ſuggeſt her clear, and the earth ſure  
 Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages, the Spring  
 How freſh our love was in the beginning,  
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare,  
 And Autumn, what our golden harveſts were 80  
 The Winter I'll not think on to ſpite thee,  
 But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall thee  
 And deareſt Friend, ſince we muſt part, drown night  
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light  
 Though cold and darkneſs longer hang ſomewhere, 85  
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Spheie  
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,  
 The world enjoyes in Maſs, and ſo we may  
 Be then ever your ſelf, and let no woe  
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty ſo 90  
 Declare your ſelf baſe fortunes Enemy,  
 No leſs by your contempt then conſtancy  
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,  
 When my own thoughts I there reflected find

69 Rend us in funder, 1669 and MSS Bend us, in funder 1635-54  
 72 ſhifts 1635 ſhifts, 1639-69 76 Water H40, P, TCD Waters  
 1635-69, A25, S96 ſure Ed ſure, 1635-69 77 Time] Times  
 H40, TCD Spring Ed ſpring 1635-69 79 ripened in the eare,  
 B, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD ripened in the yeare, 1635 unripened the  
 yeare, 1639-69 83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B 85 Though H40,  
 P, TCD The 1669, S96 87 he Portions Ed he poitions  
 H40 he portion O'F, P, TCD we Portion 1669 he can't in  
 like proportion H-K (Grosart) 88 enjoyes] yet joys H40 89 ever  
 your] your fayreſt H40, TCD 92 by your contempt then con-  
 ſtancy H40, S96 be your contempt then conſtancy O'F, H-K (Grosart),  
 P, TCD be your contempt then her inconſtancy 1669 94 there  
 reflected H40, O'F, P, S, TCD here neglected 1669 there neglected  
 H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

For

Officer, Iuglei, or Iustice of peace,  
 Iuror or Iudge, I touch no fat sowes greafe,  
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,  
 But (like a true man) say there are too many  
 I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,  
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale  
 A Citizen and his wife the other day  
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way  
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,  
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate  
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe  
 His head, and on his wives lip steale a smacke,  
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,  
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,  
 To get acquaintance with him I began  
 To sort discourse fit for so fine a man  
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,  
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,  
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
 The traffique of the I(n)land seas had mari'd,  
 Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace,  
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace,  
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crossees,  
 Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses  
 I urged him to speake, But he (as mute  
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite)  
 Replies with onely yeas and naves, At last  
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast  
 On Tradefmens gaines, that set his tongue agoing  
 Alas, good fir (quoth he) *There is no doing*  
*In Court nor City now*, she smil'd and I,  
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

5 Iugler, 1635-39 Iudge, 1650-69 9 *tenus*, *Ed tenus*, 1635-69  
 10 will redd or pale 1669, *B, O'F* (shall) will looke redd or pale 1635-54  
 14 feate *Ed* feate, 1635-69 16 steale] seile *O'F* 21 Plaguy 1669,  
*B, O'F* Plaguing 1635-54 22 Custome] custome 1635 24  
*I(n)land* *Ed* Iland 1635-54 Midland 1669, *O'F* the land, the seas *B*,  
*but later hand has inserted mid above the line* Island Chambers and Grolier  
 27 *More-field*] Moorefields *B* 32 To fit] To hit *O'F* 33 agoing  
*Ed* agoing, 1635-69 35 *In* now, *Ed* roman 1635-69

In one met thought but he went on apace,  
 And at the present time with such a face  
 He rail'd, as fray'd me, for he gave no praise,  
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes, 40  
 Call'd those the age of action, true (quoth Hee,  
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,  
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,  
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne,  
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45  
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener,  
 The much of Privileg'd kingfmen, and the store  
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore,  
 In the first state of their Creation,  
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50  
 A righteous pay-master Thus ranne he on  
 In a continued rage so void of reason  
 Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweate for feare of treason  
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer  
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major, 55  
 And his wife brethrens worships, when one prayeth,  
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith  
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,  
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,  
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60  
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin  
 Well us'd and often, here I pray'd him stay,  
 To take some due refreshment by the way  
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)  
 And at's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65

38 time 1669 times O'F 41 those (quoth Hee) 1669, B, O'F  
 that (quoth I) 1635-54 46 Bawd, Scrivener, B, O'F Bawds,  
 Tavernkeepers, Whores and Scriveners, 1635-54 Bawds, Tavernkeepers,  
 Whore and Scrivener 1669 47 kingfmen, and the store 1669, B,  
 O'F(kingfman) kinfmen, and store 1635-54 58 him off O'F off  
 him 1669 him 1635-54 61 have bin B, O'F had beene, 1635-69  
 64 the gold (his hope)] his gold, his hope 1669 65 at's 1669 11  
 1635-54

So he on me, refus'd and made away,  
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day  
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell  
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell,  
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine, 70  
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe

## ELEGIE XV

*The Expostulation*

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,  
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?  
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,  
 And must she needs be false because she's faire?  
 Is it your beauties make, or of your youth, 5  
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?  
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?  
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?  
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter  
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10  
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath  
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?  
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete  
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15  
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares

66 on 1669, B at 1635-54 me,] me 1635-54 67 day 1669,  
 B, O F stay 1635-39 stay 1650-54 69 dwell, 1635 dwell  
 1639-54 dwell, 1669

Elegie XV Ed Eleg XVII The Expostulation 1635-54 Elegie  
 XVII 1669 Elegie 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96,  
 TCD, Jonson's Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the  
 purer Und 6 O! you 1633-69 Or of your H40 8 it hath,]  
 she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31  
 Both at once, Und (Both cold) at once 1633-69, S96 Both  
 heate and coole at once M make] threat Und 14 Form'd into]  
 Tuff'd to our Und 15 As] Blowne Und 16-18 (all sweeter  
 the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31 (all sweetend &c 1635, which  
 does not complete the bracket (all sweetend by our feares) &c 1639 69,  
 L74 (fweeter), P (fweeter), S96 (fweetned)

And

And the divine impreſſion of ſtolne kiſſes,  
 That ſeal'd the reſt) ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?  
 Did you draw bonds to forget? ſigne to breake?  
 Or muſt we reade you quite from what you ſpeake, 20  
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or muſt  
 Hee firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?  
 O I prophane, though moſt of women be  
 This kinde of beaſt, my thought ſhall except thee,  
 My deareſt love, though froward jealousie, 25  
 With circumſtance might urge thy'inconſtancie,  
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will ceaſe to cheare  
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,  
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames  
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his ſtreames, 30  
 Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world endures,  
 Would change her courſe, before you alter yours  
 But O that treacheious breſt to whom weake you  
 Did truſt our Counſells, and wee both may rue,  
 Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas hee 35  
 That made me *caſt* you guilty, and you me,  
 Whiſt he, black wretch, betray'd each ſimple word  
 Wee ſpake, unto the cunning of a third  
 Curſt may hee be, that ſo our love hath ſlain, e  
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40  
 Wretched as hee, and not deſerve leaſt pittie,  
 In plaguing him, let miſery be witty,  
 Let all eyes ſhunne him, and hee ſhunne each eye,  
 Till hee be noyſome as his infamie,  
 May he without remorſe deny God thrice, 45  
 And not be truſted more on his Soules price,

22 wiſh] have P 24 This kinde of beaſt,] The common Monſter,  
*Und* my thought 1633 my thoughts 1635-69, *HN*, 896 25  
 though froward] how ever *RP31*, *Und* 26 thy'inconſtancie,] the  
 contrarie *Und* 28 beare, 1633 beare 1635-69 30 would 1633  
*Und* will 1635-69 ſtreames, *Ed* ſtreames, 1633-69 32 yours ]  
 yours, 1633 34 truſt 1633-69 diſt *Chambers* 37 wretch]  
 wrech 1633 38 third *Ed* third, 1633-69 39 love] loves *RP31*  
 40 wretched as *Cain*, 1633-69, *B*, *Cy*, *N*, *O'F* as wretched Cain, *P* • as  
 curſed Cain, *S* wretched on the Earth, as Cain *Und*

And



Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd  
 Dangers unurg'd, Feed on this flattery, 25  
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be  
 Diffemble nothing, not a boy, nor change  
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes, bee not strange  
 To thy selfe onely, All will spie in thy face  
 A blushing womanly discovering grace, 30  
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone  
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone  
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,  
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,  
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35  
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,  
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!  
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe  
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,  
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40  
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext But none of these  
 Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,  
 If thou stay here O stay here, for, for thee  
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,  
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45  
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence  
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,  
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,  
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse  
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50  
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh  
 Nurse, ô my love is flaine, I saw him goe

26 Lovers] friends *P* 28 mindes, *Ar8, A25, B, JC, N, IC, W*  
 minde, 1635-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P* 29 onely, *Ar8, D, N, TC*  
 onely 1635-69 35 Loves fuellers,] Lyves fuellers, 1669, *B, D, H49,*  
*JC, Lec, S96, P* 37 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! 1635-54,  
*O'F* Will too too quickly know thee, and alas *Ar8, N, S* (omitting second and),  
*ICD, W* Will quickly know thee, and thet, and alas *A25* Will quickly  
 know thee, and alas *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S96, TCC* 39 Page, *Ed* Page  
 1635-39 40 hunt 1635-69, *O'F* haunt most *MSS* 42 hydroptique]  
 Aydroptique 1669 46 greatest 1635-69, *B, O'F, P* gicate *Ar8, A25,*  
*D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC* call] doe call *Ar8, N, IC* to] in to *A25,*  
*JC, S* 49 me, nor blesse] me, Blesse *Ar8, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, IC, W*  
 O'

O'r the white Alpes alone, I saw him I,  
Affail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die  
Augure me better chance, except dread *love* 55  
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love

ELEGIE XVII

*Variety*

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I  
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,  
And not with many youth and love divide?  
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd  
The sun that sitting in the chaire of light 5  
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,  
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,  
But ends his year and with a new beginnes  
All things doe willingly in change delight,  
The fruitfull mother of our appetite 10  
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,  
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr,  
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,  
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it  
Let no man tell me such a one is faire, 15  
And worthy all alone my love to share  
Nature in her hath done the liberall part  
Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art  
To make her loveable, and I aver  
Him not humane that would turn back from her 20

Elegie XVII *Variety* *Ed printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719* An Elegie *A10* Elegie 17<sup>th</sup> *JC*  
1 motion, why *Ed* motion why, 1650-69 3 love divide? *MSS* lov'd  
divide? 1650-69 4 diversifi'd *Ed* diversifi'd 1650-69 6 what  
else so ever doth seem 1650-69 what else is not so *A10* 12 fair-  
spreading 1650-69, *JC* broad silver *A10* and farr, *A10, JC* and cleare,  
1650-69 14 it self and 1650-69 it self, kills *A10* 16 And  
only worthy to be past compare, *A10* 19 aver] ever 1650-69 20  
would turn back from 1650-69 could not fancy *A10*

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye  
 To doe her service But followes it that I  
 Must serue her onely, when I may haue choice  
 Of other beauties, and in change reioice?  
 The law is hard, and shall not haue my voice 25  
 The last I saw in all extreames is faire,  
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire,  
 Her nymph-like features such agreements haue  
 That I could venture with her to the grave  
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse, 30  
 Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse  
 Others, for that they well descended are,  
 Do in my love obtain as large a share,  
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee  
 To win their love onely for their degree 35  
 And though I faile of my required ends,  
 The attempt is glorious and it self commends  
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,  
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!  
 With them it was accounted charity 40  
 To stirre up race of all indifferently,  
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands  
 Which with the Persian still in usage stands  
 Women were then no sooner asked then won,  
 And what they did was honest and well done 45  
 But since this title honour hath been us'd,  
 Our weake credulity hath been abus'd,  
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,  
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held,  
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50  
 And we're made servants to opinion,

24 Of other beauties, and in change reioice? *A10 om 1650-69* 25-36  
*omitted in A10* 30 brown, *Ed brown 1650-69* 32 are *JC* were  
*1650-69* 39 crime! *Ed crime? 1650-69* 43 Persian *1650-54,*  
*JC Persians 1669, A10* 46 title *A10, JC* little *1650-69* 50  
 liberty's *Ed* liberty *1650-69, JC* revers'd, our *A10* revers'd and  
*1650-69, JC* 51 we're *A10* we *1650-69, JC*

A monfter in no certain ſhape attir'd,  
 And whoſe originall is much defir'd,  
 Formleſſe at firſt, but going on it faſhions,  
 And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations 55  
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,  
 And was diſpoiled of his daring armes  
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,  
 He loſt thoſe awfull wings with which he flies,  
 His finewy bow, and thoſe immortall darts 60  
 Wherewith he's wont to bruife reſiſting hearts  
 Onely ſome few ſtrong in themſelves and free  
 Retain the feeds of antient liberty,  
 Following that part of Love although depreſt,  
 And make a throne for him within their breaſt, 65  
 In ſpight of modern cenſures him avowing  
 Their Sovereigne, all ſervice him allowing  
 Amongſt which troop although I am the leaſt,  
 Yet equall in perfection with the beſt,  
 I glory in ſubjection of his hand, 70  
 Nor ever did decline his leaſt command  
 For in whatever forme the meſſage came  
 My heart did open and receive the ſame  
 But time will in his courſe a point diſcry  
 When I this loved ſervice muſt deny, 75  
 For our allegiance temporary is,  
 With firmer age returns our liberties  
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,  
 Shall not ſo eaſily be to change diſpos'd,

53 whoſe originall 1650-69, *JC* one whoſe origin *A10* 54 going  
 on it faſhions *A10* growing on it faſhions *JC* growing on its faſhions,  
 1650-69 55 manners and laws to 1650-69, *JC* Lawes, Manners  
 unto *A10* 57 armes *A10* armes, 1650-69 58 is 1650-69 of  
*A10* 61 bruſe 1650-69 wound *A10* hearts *Ed* hearts,  
 1650-69 63 feeds of antient 1650-69, *JC* feed of piſtune *A10*  
 64 Love] love 1650-69 70 of his 1650-69 under's *A10* 71  
 Nor decline 1650-69 Never declining from *A10* 72-7 omitted  
 in *A10* 73 ſame *Ed* ſame 1650-69 ſame *JC* 75 deny,  
*Ed* deny 1650-69 79 diſpos'd, *Ed* diſpos'd 1650-69

Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying, 80  
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,  
 Which being found affembled in fome one,  
 Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone

## ELEGIE XVIII

*Loves Progress*

Who ever loves, if he do not propofe  
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes  
 To fea for nothing but to make him fick  
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick  
 Our love, and force it new ftrange fshapes to take, 5  
 We erre, and of a lump a monfter make  
 Were not a Calf a monfter that were grown  
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?  
 Perfection is in unitie preferr  
 One woman firft, and then one thing in her 10  
 I, when I value gold, may think upon  
 The ductilnefs, the application,  
 The wholfomnefs, the ingenuitie,  
 From ruft, from foil, from fire ever free  
 But if I love it, 'tis becaufe 'tis made 15  
 By our new nature (Ufe) the foul of trade  
 All thefe in women we might think upon  
 (If women had them) and yet love but one

80 obeying, *Ed* obeying, 1650-69 81 feccurely 1650-69 un-  
 partially *A10* 82 being 1650-69 having *A10* one, *Ed* one  
 1650-69 83 Wee'l love her ever, *Ed* Wee'l leave her ever, 1650-69,  
*JG*· Would love for ever, *A10*

Elegie XVIII &c *Ed* Elegie XVIII 1669, where it is firft included  
 among the *Elegies* It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery By  
 Sir J M, J S, Sir W D, J D, and the moft refined Wits of the Age 1661  
 It appears in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*, with title  
 Loves Progreff, or Elegie on Loves Progreffe, or with no title 4  
 Love is a 1669 And Love's a *MSS* 5 ftrange 1661 and *MSS*  
 ftrong 1669 11 I,] I 1669 14 ever 1669 for ever *O F, S, S96*  
 16 (our new nature) use, 1661 17 thefe 1669 and *MSS* this 1661,  
*Cy, P, Chambers*

Can men more injure women then to say  
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20  
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood  
 Till I both be, and find one wife and good?  
 May barren Angels love so But if we  
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she  
 As beauty's not nor wealth He that strays thus 25  
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,  
 Then if he took her maid Search every spheare  
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there  
 He's an infernal god and under ground,  
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound 30  
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles  
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes  
 Although we see Celestial bodies move  
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love  
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35  
 And virtues, but we love the Centrique part  
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit  
 For love, then this, as infinite as it  
 But in attaining this desired place  
 How much they erre, that set out at the face? 40  
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,  
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles  
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,  
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us again  
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have 45  
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave  
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs  
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns,  
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere

20 them] om 1661 25 beauty's not 1661 and MSS beauties  
 no 1669 thus] thus 1669 27 Then if he took] Then he that  
 took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O'F, P, S spheare] spheai 1669 30  
 abound Ed abound, 1669 32 in A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, TC  
 on 1669, A25 holes] holes 1669 38 infinite] infinit 1669  
 40 erre 1661-69, S, S96 stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, N, O F, P, TC  
 42 springes, H49 and some MSS springs, 1669 46 and 1661, A18,  
 A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, P, S96, TC but 1669 our 1661, MSS a  
 1669 47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS sweet Meridian 1669

On

On either side, and then directs us where 50  
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,  
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)  
 Her swelling lips, To which when wee are come,  
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,  
 For they seem all there Syrens songs, and there 55  
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear,  
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,  
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell  
 There, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin  
 Ore past, and the freight *Hellepont* betweene 60  
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,  
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)  
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye  
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry,  
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65  
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay,  
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,  
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,  
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,  
 Where many Shipwreck, and no further get 70  
 When thou art there, consider what this chace  
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face  
 Rather set out below, practice my Art,  
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part  
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75

52-3 (Not *Ambrosiall*) lips *c* 1661 and MSS (not always with  
 brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary) Not *Ambrosiall*  
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669 55 For they seem all  
 there 1669, *Ar8, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC* For they sing all their  
 1661, *Cy, P* 57 There 1661 and MSS Then 1669 swell, *Ed*  
 swell 1669 58 *Rhemora* 1669 59 the glorious Promon-  
 tory,] brackets and no comma, 1669 60 Ore past, betweene  
 1661 and MSS Being past the Straits of *Hellepont* between 1669  
 62 Loves] loves 1669 63 yet] that *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS*  
 65 Sailing] Sailing 1669 66 Navell] Naval 1669 67 thence  
*Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC* there 1661-9, *N(?)* hence  
*P* thy all MSS the 1661-9 68 wouldst *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, H49,*  
*JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* shouldst 1669 70 many 1669 some  
 doe *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P* 73 my 1669, *A25, B,*  
*Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICD* thy *Chambers* thine *Ar8, TCC*

Lovely

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at  
 Least subject to disguise and change it is,  
 Men say the Devil never can change his  
 It is the Emblem that hath figured  
 Firmness, 'tis the first part that comes to bed 80  
 Civilitie we see refin'd the kifs  
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,  
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,  
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be  
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85  
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too,  
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can  
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man  
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,  
 Then if at beauties elements he stay 90  
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made  
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid  
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,  
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go  
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95  
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat

ELEGIE XIX

*Going to Bed*

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powers desie,  
 Until I labour, I in labour lie  
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight,  
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight

80 the] *his* 1669 81-2 Civilitie, we see, refin'd the kisse Which at  
 the face begonne, transplanted is *D, H49, Lec* 83 Imperial] imperial 1669  
 86 too,] too 1669 90 elements 1661 and MSS enemies 1669 91  
 hath] *Chambers omits* 93 owe,] owe 1669 96 Clyster gave  
*A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC* glister gives 1669

Elegie XIX &c *Ed* in 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N,*  
*O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W* Appeared in 1669 edition after the *Elegies*,  
 unnumbered but with the heading To his Mistris going to Bed The MSS  
 include it among the *Elegies* either with no heading, or simply *Elegy*, or  
 numbered according to the scheme adopted B gives title which I have adopted  
 as consistent with other titles 4 he 1669 they *A18, D, H49, JC,*  
*L74, Lec, N, TC*



Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering, 5  
 But a far fairer world incompassing  
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,  
 That the eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there  
 Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,  
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time 10  
 Off with that happy busk, which I envie,  
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh  
 Your gown going off, such beautilous state reveals,  
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales  
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew 15  
 The hairey Diademe which on you doth grow  
 Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread  
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed  
 In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be  
 Receavd by men, Thou Angel bringst with thee 20  
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradise, and though  
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,  
 By this these Angels from an evil spite,  
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright  
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25  
 Before, behind, between, above, below  
 O my America! my new-found-land,  
 My kingdome, safest when with one man man'd,  
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,

5 glittering] glistering *MSS* 8 That I may see my shrine that  
 shines so fair *Cy, P* 10 it is 1669 'tis your *MSS* 11 which]  
 whom *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, TC, W* 14 from *MSS* through  
 1669 shadow] shadows 1669 16 Diademe grow  
*A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O F, P, TC* Diadem which on your  
 head doth grow 1669 Diadems which on you do grow *S, Chambers*  
 17 Now shooes, 1669, *JC, W* Off shooes *A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC*  
 Off with those hose and shooes *S* safely *A18, A25, B, L74, N, O F, S,*  
*S96, TC, W* softly 1669, *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P* 20 Receavd by  
 men, Thou *all MSS* Reveal'd to men, thou 1669 21 Paradise, *Ed*  
 Paradise, 1669 22 Ill 1669, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96,*  
*TC, W* All *B, O F, P,* and *Chambers' conjecture* spirits 1669, *A18, B, D,*  
*H49, N, S* angels *O F, S96* white, *Ed* white, 1669 26 below *Ed*  
 below, 1669 28 kingdome, *MSS* Kingdom's 1669 safest *A18,*  
*D, H49, Lec, N, TC* safest, 1669 man'd, *Ed* man'd 1669 29  
 stones, *Ed* stones 1669

How

How blest am I in this discovering thee ! 30  
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free,  
 Then where my hand is fet, my feal shall be  
 Full nakednes ! All joyes are due to thee,  
 As souls unbodied, bodies undloth'd must be,  
 To taste whole joyes Gems which you women use 35  
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,  
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,  
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them  
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made  
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd , 40  
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee  
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)  
 Must see reveal'd Then since that I may know,  
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew  
 Thy self cast all, yea, this white linnen hence, 45  
 There is no pennance due to innocence  
 To teach thee, I am naked first , why'than  
 What needst thou have more covering then a man

30 How blest am I *all MSS* How am I blest 1669 this *A18*,  
*B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC, W* thus 1669, *A25, L74, S* dis-  
 covering] discovery *B, O'F* thee ! *Ed* thee ? 1669 be ] be, 1669  
 35 Gems] Jems 1669 and so 37 36 like 1669 as *MSS* balls,  
*MSS* ball 1669 38 covet *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC*,  
*W* court 1669, *Cy, P, S, S96* theirs, *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74*,  
*Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W* those *S* that, 1669, *B, O'F* them ] them 1669  
 39 pictures, *Ed* pictures 1669 made *Ed* made, 1669 40 lay-men,  
*Ed* lay men 1669 array'd, *Ed* arrayed 1669 41 Themselves only  
 wee *A18, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W* Themselves  
 are only mystick books, which we, 1669, *B* 43 see] be *A18, A25, D*,  
*H49, Lec, N, TC* 1 reveal'd] revealed 1669 44 a *all MSS*  
 thy 1669 Midwife, *Ed* Midwife 1669 45 hence, *Ed* hence  
 1669 46 pennance due to innocence 1669, *B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S*  
 pennance, much less innocence, *A18, A25, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, W*  
 47 thee, *Ed* thee 1669 first, *Ed* first, 1669

## ELEGIE XX

*Loves Warre*

Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,  
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?  
 All other Warrs are scrupulous, Only thou  
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe  
 To any one In Flanders, who can tell 5  
 Whether the Maister presse, or men rebell?  
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,  
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray  
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate  
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late, 10  
 Yet she relies upon our Angels well,  
 Which nere returne, no more then they which fell  
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr posselt  
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest,  
 Which time will cure yet it must doe her good 15  
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood  
 And Midas joyes our Spanissh jouineys give,  
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live  
 And I should be in the hott parching clyme,  
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time 20  
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall  
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall,  
 Or in a Cloyster, save that there men dwell  
 In a calme heaven, here in a swagging hell

Elegy XX &c Ed First published in F G Waldron's A Collection of  
 Miscellaneous Poetry, 1802, from a MS dated 1625, then by Sir J Simeon  
 in his Philobiblon Society volume of 1856 It is included among Donne's  
 Elegies in A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O F, P, S, S96, TCC,  
 TCD, W In B it has the title Making of Men The present text is based on  
 W 7 all A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O F, S, S96, TC, W most  
 JC, Chambers 8 They beare most blows which (or that) A18, B, D,  
 H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W They must bear blows, which Chambers  
 9 giddinefs] guidings Sim giddinge Wald 11 well,] well W 13  
 a strange] straying Sim 16 head] dead Sim 19 the A18, B, Cy, D, H49,  
 N, S, S96, TC, W that Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O F 24 swagging]  
 swaying Chambers

Long

Long voyages are long consumptions, 25  
 And ships are carts for executions  
 Yea they are Deaths, Is't not all one to flye  
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?  
 Here let mee warr, in these armes lett mee lye,  
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye 30  
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee,  
 Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee  
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne,  
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne  
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35  
 There wee are alwayes under, here above  
 There Engins farr off breed a iust true feare,  
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here  
 There lyes are wrongs, here safe uprightly lye,  
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by 40  
 Thou nothing, I not halfe so much shall do  
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two  
 Shall spring Thousands wee see which travaile not  
 To warrs, But stay swords, armes, and shott  
 To make at home, And shall not I do then 45  
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

25 consumptions,] consumptions *W* line omitted, *Wald* 29 lye] *spelt ly*  
*W* and so 30 dy 33 gayne,] *gayne W* 37 There] *These Sim*  
 and, that, with, which] *contracted throughout, W*

# HEROICALL EPISTLE

*Sapho to Philænis*

**W**Here is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said  
 To have <sup>2</sup> is that enchanting force decaid<sup>2</sup>  
*Verse* that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,  
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw  
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poenque* fire, 5  
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*<sup>2</sup>  
 Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,  
 But I, their maker, want theu libertie  
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth fit,  
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it 10  
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence,  
 And I am rob'd of *Pieture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*  
 Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*,  
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally  
 That tells me'how faire thou art Thou art so faire, 15  
 As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,  
 Are giac'd thereby, And to make blinde men see,  
 What things *gods* are, I say they're like to thee  
 For, if we justly call each filly *man*  
 A *lile world*, What shall we call thee than<sup>2</sup> 20  
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,  
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,

Heroicall Epistle | In 1633 Sapho to Philaenis follows Basse's Epitaph  
 upon Shakespeare and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion In 1635  
 it was placed with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the  
 Letters to severall Personages, where it has appeared in all subsequent  
 editions I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given  
 it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs In  
 JC it is entitled Elegie 18.b The other MSS are A18, A25, O'F, N, P,  
 TCC, TCD In A25, JC, and P, ll 31-54 are omitted 2 have<sup>2</sup>  
 1650-69 have, 1633-39 3 woikes, 1633-39 woike, 1650-69, O'F  
 8 maker, 1635-69 maker, 1633 17 thereby, And 1635-69 theieby  
 And 1633, some copies 22 As Down, 1633-69, A18, N, TC As dowves  
 P As downs O'F See note Cedars,] as Cedars, A18, N, O'F, TC  
 But

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only  
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye  
 Such was my *Phao* awhile, but shall be never, 25  
 As thou, wait, art, and, oh, maist be ever  
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatrie*,  
 That I am such, but *Griefe* discolors me  
 And yet I grieve the lesse, least *Griefe* remove  
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love 30  
 Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet  
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it  
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse  
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse  
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradise*, 35  
 In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,  
 Nor needs *perfection*, why shouldst thou than  
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?  
 Men leave behinde them that which their sin shoves,  
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows 40  
 But of our dalliance no more signes there are,  
 Then *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire  
 And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had,  
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde  
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45  
 But so, as thine from one another doe,  
 And, oh, no more, the likenesse being such,  
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?  
 Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies,  
 Why should they breft to breft, or thighs to thighs? 50  
 Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,  
 That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee  
 My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse,  
 And amorously thanke my selfe for this  
 Me, in my glasse, I call thee, But alas, 55

26 maist be ever 1633, A18, A25, N, TC maist thou be ever 1635-69,  
 O'F shalt be for ever P mayst thou be for ever JC 33 thorny  
 hairy 1633-69 thorney-hairy TGD thorny, hairy modern edd 40 are  
 Ed are, 1633-69

When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and *glasse*,  
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore  
 Me to mee, thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*  
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,  
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*, 60  
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move  
*Envy* in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,  
 And so be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,  
 As thou by comming neere, keep'ft them from me

58 me to mee, thee, 1635-69, A18, A25, JC, N, P, IC (*generally mee,*  
*in MSS*) me to mee, thee, 1633 me to thee, thee *Chambers halfe,*  
 harte A25, JC, P

59-60 So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye  
 May blisse and thee be one eternallye P om JC

61 mighty, amazing Ed mighty amazing 1633-69 almighty amazing P

# EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

## MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth,  
and Count Palatine being married on St Valentines day*

### I

**H**Aile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,  
All the Aire is thy Diocis,  
And all the chirping Choristers  
And other birds are thy Parishioners,  
Thou marryest every yeare 5  
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,  
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,  
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soone,  
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon, 10  
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,  
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed  
This day more cheerfully then ever shine,  
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine

### II

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves 15  
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,  
All that is nothing unto this,  
For thou this day couplest two Phoenixes,  
Thou mak'st a Taper see  
What the funne never saw, and what the Arke 20

Epithalamions, &c 1635-69 no general title, 1633 An Epithalamion,  
&c 1633-69, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TGD (most of the  
MSS have the full title but with slight verbal variations) 13 shine, Ed  
shine 1633-69 14 enflame] enflæe 1633 18 Phoenixes, Ed  
Phoenixes, 1633 Phoenixes 1635-69

(Which



(Which was of fowles, and beafts, the cage, and park,)
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,  
     Two Phœnixes, whose joynd breasts  
 Are unto one another mutuall nefts,  
 Where motion kindles fuch fires, as fhall give      25  
 Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old fhall live  
 Whole love and courage never fhall decline,  
 But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine

## III

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,  
     Thy felfe from thine affection      30  
     Takeft warmth enough, and from thine eye  
 All leffer birds will take their Jollitie  
     Up, up, faire Bride, and call,  
 Thy ftarres, from out their feveral boxes, take  
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make      35  
 Thy felfe, a conftellation, of them All,  
     And by their blazing, fignifie,  
 That a Great Princefs falls, but doth not die,  
 Bee thou a new ftarre, that to us portends  
 Ends of much wonder, And be Thou thofe ends      40  
 Since thou doft this day in new glory fhine,  
 May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine

## IIII

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame  
     Meeting Another, growes the fame,  
     So meet thy Fredericke, and fo      45  
 To an unfeperable union growe  
     Since feperation

21 fowles, 1633 fowle, 1635-69      22 Thee, 1633, 1650-69      Thee  
 1635-39      37 their blazing 1633-69, *D, Lec*      this blazing *A25, B, H49,*  
*JC, N, O F* (altered to their), *P, TCD*      40 ends 1635-69      ends, 1633  
 42 this thy 1633-54, *B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*      this day 1669,  
*A25, JC, Chambers*      46 growe *A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, S96,*  
*TCD*      goe, 1633-69, *Lec*

Falls not on such things as are infinite,  
 Nor things which are but one, can disunite,  
 You're twice inseparable, great, and one, 50  
     Goe then to where the Bishop staies,  
 To make you one, his way, which divers waies  
 Must be effected, and when all is past,  
 And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,  
 You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine, 55  
 Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine

V

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,  
     Longer to day, then other daies?  
     Staies he new light from these to get?  
 And finding here such store, is loth to set? 60  
     And why doe you two walke,  
 So slowly pac'd in this procession?  
 Is all your care but to be look'd upon,  
 And be to others spectacle, and talke?  
     The feast, with gluttonous delaies, 65  
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,  
 The masquers come too late, and I thinke, will stay,  
 Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away  
 Alas, did not Antiquity assigne  
 A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine? 70

VI

They did, and night is come, and yet wee see  
     Formalities retarding thee  
     What meane these Ladies, which (as though  
 They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe  
     So nicely about the Bride, 75

49 disunite, *Grolier* disunite 1633-69 and *Chambers* 56 Bishops  
 knot, or Bishop Valentine *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O' F, P(our), S96,*  
*TC* Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine 1633-54 Bishops knot of Bishop  
 Valentine 1669 Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine *Chambers* 60  
 store 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TCD* starres, 1635-69,  
*O' F, Chambers* 67 come too late, 1633 come late, 1635-69  
 70 O Valentine? 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O' F, P, S96, TCD*  
 old Valentine? 1669

A Bride, before a good night could be said,  
 Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,  
 As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd  
     ~But now she is laid, What though shee bee?  
 Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he? 80  
 He comes, and passeth through Spheare after Spheare,  
 First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where  
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,  
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine

## VII

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85  
     She gives the best light to his Spheare,  
     Or each is both, and all, and so  
 They unto one another nothing owe,  
     And yet they doe, but are  
 So iust and rich in that coyne which they pay, 90  
 That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,  
 Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,  
     They quickly pay their debt, and then  
 Take no acquittances, but pay again,  
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall 95  
 No such occasion to be liberall  
 More truth, more courage in these two do shine,  
 Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine

## VIII

And by this act of these two Phenixes  
     Nature againe restored is, 100  
     For since these two are two no more,  
 Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before  
     Rest now at last, and wee

81 passeth 1633-39 passeth 1650-69 Spheare, *Ed* Spheare 1633  
 Spheare 1635-69 82 where 1650-69 where, 1633-39 85 here,  
 1633-39, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TCD* there, 1650-69, *O' F, P, S96*  
 91 stay,] stay, 1633 92 spare, 1633-54 spare 1669 94 acquittances,  
 1635-69 acquittance, 1633 96 such] *om* 1669

As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay  
 Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105  
 Onely desir'd, because your face wee see,  
 Others neare you shall whispering speake,  
 And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,  
 And win by observing, then, whose hand it is  
 That opens first a curtaine, hers or his, 110  
 This will be tryed to morrow after nine,  
 Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine

ECCLOGVE

1613 December 26

*Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas  
 time, reprehends his absence from court, at the marriage  
 Of the Earle of Sommerfet, Idios gives an account of  
 his purpose therein, and of his absence thence*

*Allophanes*

VNreasonable man, statue of ice,  
 What could to countries solitude entice  
 Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?  
 Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime  
 Even small birds, who by that courage dare, 5  
 In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire  
 What delicacie can in fields appeare,  
 Whil't Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkyn weare?  
 Whil't windes do all the trees and hedges strip  
 Of leaves, to furnish roddes enough to whip 10

104 As uprise,] brackets 1650-69 105 day,] day 1633  
 ECCLOGVE &c 1633-69 similarly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N,  
 O'F, S96, ICC, TCD his absence thence 1633, Lec his Actions there  
 1635-69, A18, H49, N, O'F, TC his absence then D, S96 2 countries]  
 country A18, N, TC 4 clime 1633-39 clime 1650-69 clime D  
 5 small 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC smaller 1635-69, Chambers

Thy madnesse from thee, and all springs by frost  
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure loft,  
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament  
 With iust solemnity, do it in Lent,  
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15  
 The Sunne stayes longer up, and yet not his  
 The glory is, farre other, other fires  
 Firſt, zeale to Prince and State, then loves defires  
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,  
 The firſt doth governe dayes, the other nights 20  
 And then that early light, which did appeare  
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,  
 The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,  
 From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall,  
 Then from thoſe wombes of ſtarres, the Brides bright  
 eyes, 25  
 At every glance, a conſtellation flies,  
 And ſowes the Court with ſtarres, and doth prevent  
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament,  
 Firſt her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,  
 Then from their beames their jewels luſters riſe, 30  
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,  
 And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire,  
 Moſt other Courts, alas, are like to hell,  
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell  
 Or but like Stoves, for luſt and envy get 35  
 Continuall, but artificiaall heat,  
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds diſgeſt,  
 And make our Court an everlaſting Eaſt  
 And can'ſt thou be from thence ?

*Idios* No, I am there  
 As heaven, to men diſpos'd, is every where, 40

12 Have 1633 Having 1635-69 murmure A18, A23, B, D, H49,  
 N, O F, TC murmures 1633-69 22 were, Ed were, 1633-69  
 29 kindle] kindles 1633 34 plotts, 1635-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O F,  
 S96, TC places, 1633, 1669, Lec 37 diſgeſt, 1633-39 diſgeſt, 1650-69  
 39 there D there 1633-69 40 where, 1633 where 1635-69,  
 owing to the dropping of ſtop in previous line

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,  
 Not onely all their house, but all their State  
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,  
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall  
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie, 45  
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,  
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow  
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know  
 More of heavens glory, then a worldling can  
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50  
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke  
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke,  
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,  
 As their one common soule, give life to both,  
 I am not then from Court

*Allophanes*

Dreamer, thou art 55  
 Think'ft thou fantastique that thou hast a part  
 In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast  
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?  
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?  
 Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme? 60  
 The earth doth in her inward bowels hold  
 Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,  
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,  
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye,  
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above, 65  
 So, for best civill use, all tinctures move  
 From higher powers, From God religion springs,  
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings  
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,  
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70

42 State ] State, 1633 54 one 1633, A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC own  
 1635-69, Lec 55 I am Court 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, S96, TC  
 And am I then from Court? 1635-69 art 1650-69 art, 1633-39 57  
 East-Indian A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC Indian 1633-69  
 61 inward A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC inner 1633-69  
 Are

Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home  
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come  
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday  
 Might'ft have read more then all thy books bewray,  
 Hast thou a history, which doth present 75  
 A Court, where all affections do assent  
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?  
 And where it is no levity to trust?  
 Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,  
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may, 80  
 Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all  
 Finde that the King therein is liberrall  
 To them, in him, because his favours bend  
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend?  
 Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more, 85  
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before  
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,  
 And is no more in his minority,  
 Hee is admitted now into that brest  
 Where the Kings Counsellors and his secrets rest 90  
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

*Idios*

I knew  
 All this, and onely therefore I withdrew  
 To know and feele all this, and not to have  
 Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave  
 Of his owne thoughts, I would not therefore stay 95  
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say  
 And yet I scap'd not here, for being come  
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some,  
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made  
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade, 100

75 present] represent *Ar8, N, TC* 78 trust? *Ed* trust 1633-39  
 trust, 1650-69 84 pretend? *Ed* pretend 1633-69 85 more, 1633  
 more 1635-69 86 before 1633-69 before, *Chambers* See note  
 92 withdrew] withdrew 1633 96 say 1635-69 say, 1633 98  
 joy, some, *Ed* joy, some, 1633 joy, some 1635-69

But

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame  
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame  
 So much as this poore song, which testifies  
 I did unto that day some sacrifice

## EPITHALAMION

## I

*The time of the Marriage*

THou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, 105  
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,  
 And should'ft within five dayes expire,  
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,  
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,  
 When he doth in his largest circle runne 110  
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,  
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe  
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art  
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart  
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart 115

## II

*Equality of persons*

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,  
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,  
 When his eye as inflaming is  
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his ?  
 Be tryed by beauty, and than 120  
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man  
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,  
 Which scornes unjust opinion, then the bride

EPITHALAMION D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 om 1633-69 See note  
 107 expire,] expire 1633-39 108 by 1633 from 1635-69 •121  
 man 1669, D man, 1633-39 man, 1650-54

Becomes



Becomes a man Should chance or envies Art  
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? 125  
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the  
 loving heart

## III

*Raising of the Bridegroom*

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you  
 Singly, so much one are you two,  
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,  
 First, cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see, 130  
 How thou prevent'st the Sunne,  
 And his red foming horses dost outrunne,  
 How, having laid downe in thy Sovereignes brest  
 All businesse, from thence to reinvest  
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135  
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,  
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart

## IIII

*Raising of the Bride*

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,  
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,  
 Since Soone thou lyest downe first, tis fit 140  
 Thou in first rising should'st allow for it  
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,  
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,

124 or] our 1669 126 both th'enflaming eyes, A18, B, D, H49,  
 N, O'F, S96, TC th'enflaming eye, 1633 the enflaming eye, 1635-69  
 128 Singly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC Single, 1633-69, Lec  
 129 Yet let A23, O'F Let 1633-69 141 should'st] should 1669  
 it 1635-69 it, 1633

Thou

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,  
 Art meant for Phœbus, would'ft be Phaëton 145  
 For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part  
 Of joy, a Teare, fo quencht, thou maist impart,  
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, tny loving  
 heart

V

*Her Apparrelling*

Thus thou descend'ft to our infirmitie,  
 Who can the Sun in water see 150  
 Soe dost thou, when in filke and gold,  
 Thou cloudst thy selfe, since wee which doe behold,  
 Are dust, and wormes, 'tis iust  
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust,  
 Let every Jewell be a glorious starre, 155  
 Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are  
 And though thou stoope, to'appare to us in part,  
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art,  
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving  
 heart

VI

*Going to the Chappell*

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and wee, 160  
 As men which through a Cipres see  
 The rising sun, doe thinke it two,  
 Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

144 Thou, which *D* Thou, which, 1633 Thou which, 1635-69 145  
 Art *A18, B, S96, TCC* Are 1633, *D, H49, Lec, N, TCD* Wert 1635-69,  
*O'F* for] for, 1633 Phaeton 1635-69 Phaeton, 1633 146 ease,  
 eyes 1635-69 ease, eyes, 1633 150 see 1633-69 see,  
*Grolier* But see note 157 stoope, us 1635-69 stoope, •  
 us, 1633

But

But that vaile being gone,  
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one 165  
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,  
 And new the Militant doth strive no more,  
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,  
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart  
 All blessings, which are feene, or thought, by Angels eye  
 or heart 170

## VII

*The Benediction*

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring  
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,  
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,  
 Till honor, yea till wisdome grow so stale,  
 That, new great heights to trie, 175  
 It must serve your ambition, to die,  
 Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live  
 Heires from this King, to take thanks, you, to give,  
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art  
 May never age, or error overthwart 180  
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this  
 heart

## VIII

*Feasts and Revells*

But you are over-blest Plenty this day  
 Injures, it causeth time to stay,  
 The tables groane, as though this feast  
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast 185

167 more, *Ed* more, 1633 more 1635-69 170 or thought]  
 Or thought 1633 172 sing, 1633 sing 1635-69 178 you,]  
 yours, *A23, B, D, O'F, S96* give, 1633 give 1635-69 179  
 Art *Ed* Art, 1633-69

And

And were the doctrine new  
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true,  
For every part to dance and revell goes  
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose  
Though fix houres since, the Sunne to bed did part, 190  
The masks and banquets will not yet impart  
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart

IX

*The Brides going to bed*

What mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?  
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?  
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so 195  
Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,  
And you must entertaine  
And doe all this daies dances o'r againe  
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe  
Rise in one point, they doe not set so too, 200  
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,  
Thou art not gone, being gone, where e'r thou art,  
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving  
heart

X

*The Bridegroomes comming*

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,  
And findes a gellie in the place, 205  
So doth the Bridegroome haft as much,  
Being told this starre is false, and findes her such

194 wouldst] would 1669 200 too, Ed too 1635-69 to 1633  
202 being gone, Ed being gone, 1633-39 being gone 1650-69 207  
such 1635-69 such, 1633

And

And as friends may looke strange,  
 By a new fashon, or apparrells change,  
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210  
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene,  
 Therefore at first shee modestly might start,  
 But must forthwith surrender every part,  
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart

## XI

*The good-night*

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215  
 Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,  
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,  
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine  
 Fire ever doth aspire,  
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220  
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,  
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too  
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts  
 Make of so noble individuall parts  
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts 225

*Idios*

As I have brought this song, that I may doe  
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too

*Allophanes*

No S<sup>r</sup> This paper I have justly got,  
 For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not  
 His only that presents it, but of all, 230  
 What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seene, *Ed* seene 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69 215  
 burnt] burn 1669 218 divine 1635-69 divine, 1633 230 all,  
 1635-69 all, 1633

Is common, since the joy thereof is so  
 Nor may your selfe be Priest But let me goe,  
 Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon  
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion 235

*Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne*

THE Sun-beames in the East are spred,  
 Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,  
 No more shall you returne to it alone,  
 It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,  
 Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint, 5  
 You and your other you meet there anon,  
 Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,  
 Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,  
 There it must meet another,

Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh, 10  
 Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name*

Daughters of London, you which bee  
 Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasure,  
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15  
 Thousands of Angels on your marriage daies,  
 Help with your presence and devise to praise  
 These rites, which also unto you grow due,  
 Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,  
 By you, fit place for every flower and jewell, 20  
 Make her for love fit fewell

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde,  
 So may thee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name*

Epithalamion &c 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, ICD Epithalamion on a  
 Cruzen A34, B, O'F, S, S96 do of the La Elz P Epithalamion W  
 4 bodies 1635-69 and MSS body 1633 8 smother, 1650-69  
 smother 1633-39 17 presence Ed presence, 1633-69 See note  
 22 faire, rich, glad, and in A18, N, TC, W faire and rich, in 1633-69, B,  
 O'F, P, S96

And

And you frolique Patricians, 25  
 Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,  
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,  
 Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,  
 Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,  
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30  
 Here shine, This Bridegroom to the Temple bring  
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,  
 The sober virgin paceth,  
 Except my fight faile, 'tis no other thing,  
 Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame, 35  
*To day put on perfection, and a womans name*  
 Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,  
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,  
 Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee,  
 Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40  
 Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,  
 Long after their owne parents fatten thee  
 All elder clames, and all cold barrenesse,  
 All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,  
 Which might these two dissever, 45  
 All wayes all th'other may each one possesse,  
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,  
*To day puts on perfection, and a womans name*  
 Oh winter dayes bring much delight,  
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night, 50  
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,  
 Other disports then dancing jollities,  
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,  
 But that the Sun still in our halfe Sphære sweates,

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633      26 Sonns of      deep oceans, *Ed*  
 Some of these Senators wealths deep oceans, 1633, *A18, N, TC* Sonnes of  
 these Senatours, wealths deep oceans *W* Sonnes of those Senatours,  
 wealths deepe oceans, 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96* (*but* Senators *O'F, S96*) *See*  
*note* 29 those fellowships] that Fellowship *S96* 31 bring *W* bring  
 1633-39 bring, 1650-69      32 straw'd] strow'd 1669      42 thee  
 1635-69 thee, 1633      46 All wayes *W* Alwaies, 1633      Alwayses,  
 1635-69      49 Oh winter dayes *A34, B, O'F, P, S96, W* Winter dayes  
 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*      53 eyes, 1635-69      eyes, 1633

Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still 55  
Yet shadowes turne, Noone point he hath attain'd,

His steeds nill bee restrain'd,

But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill,  
Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame,  
*To night put on perfection, and a womans name* 60

The amorous evening starre is rose,  
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose

Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings  
Musicians, and danciers take some truce

With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65

As much wearinesse as perfection brings,

You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts  
Rest duly, at night all their toyles are dispensed,  
But in their beds commenced

Are other labours, and more dainty feasts, 70  
She goes a maid, who, least she turne the fame,  
*To night puts on perfection, and a womans name*

Thy virgins girdle now untie,  
And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye

A pleasing sacrifice, now dispossesse 75

Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on  
T'adorne the day, not thee, for thou, alone,

Like vertue and truth, art best in nakednesse,

This bed is onely to virginities  
A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle, 80  
Till now thou wast but able

To be what now thou art, then that by thee  
No more be said, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,

*To night put on perfection, and a womans name*

55 still *W* still, 1633-69 57 nill *W* will 1633-69 and rest of  
*MSS* *B* inserts not See note 59 runne the worlds halfe frame,  
*A34, B, S96, W* runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1635-69, *O' F* come the  
worlds half frame, 1633, *A18, N, TC* 60 put] but 1633 72 puts]  
put 1669 73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, *W* The Virgin Girdle  
*B, O F, S96* Thy Virgin girdle *P* 74 [loves alter] 1633-69 76  
were] wee some copies of 1633, *Grolier* 78 art] are 1669



Even like a faithfull man content, 85  
 That this life for a better should be spent,  
     So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,  
 And æ the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,  
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly  
     The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her, 90  
     Now sleep or watch with more joy, and O light  
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,  
 This Sun will love so dearely  
     Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight,  
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95  
*To night puts on perfection, and a womans name*

86 spent, *Ed* spent, 1633 spent 1635-69 95 maime, 1633, *W*  
 name, 1635-69, *A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC*

# SATYRES.

## Satyre I.

A Way thou fondling motley humorist,  
 Leave mee, and in this standing woodden chest,  
 Conforted with these few bookes, let me lye  
 In prision, and here be coffin'd, when I dye,  
 Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines, and here 5  
 Natures Secretary, the Philosopher,  
 And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie  
 The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie,  
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand  
 Giddie fantastique Poets of each land 10  
 Shall I leave all this constant company,  
 And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?  
 First sweare by thy best love in earnest  
 (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)  
 Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street, 15  
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,  
 Not though a Captaine do come in thy way  
 Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,  
 Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier  
 Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer 20

Satyre I 1633-69, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W Satyre the Second or  
 Satyre 2 A25, B, O'F Satyre or A Satyre of Mr John Donnes Cy, L74,  
 S96 no title (but placed first), H51, N, TCD 1 fondling 1633, L74, Lec,  
 N, S, ICD changeling 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q,  
 S96, W 5 conduits, Divines, 1650-69, Q conduits, Divines,  
 1633-39 6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, S96 Philosopher, Ed  
 Philosopher 1633-39 Philosopher 1659-69 7 jolly 1633, A25,  
 B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W wily 1635-69, O'F  
 with P 12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633 om comma 1635-69  
 and Grolier 13 love in earnest 1633, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,  
 Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, ICD, W love, here, in earnest 1635-69, O'F 16  
 dost meet,] doe meet H51, Q, W 19 Not 1633-69, A25, Lec, P, Q Nor  
 Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W piert] neat Q

Nor come a velvet Justice with a long  
 Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,  
 Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare  
 A spezch to Court his beautious sonne and heire<sup>1</sup>  
 For better or worfe take mee, or leave mee 25  
 To take, and leave mee is adultery  
 Oh monstros, superstitious puritan,  
 Of refin'd manneis, yet ceremoniall man,  
 That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes  
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30  
 The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate  
 So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat  
 That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne  
 What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,  
 As though all thy companions should make thee 35  
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company  
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,  
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love  
 The nakednesse and baienesse to enjoy,  
 Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40  
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare<sup>2</sup>  
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are,  
 And till our Soules be unapparrelled  
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished  
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45  
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beafts skin,

23 Wilt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD Shalt A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC,  
 O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 24 heire<sup>1</sup> Ed heire<sup>2</sup> 1633-69 25 or worfe  
 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD and worfe A25, B, H49, H51,  
 S96, W or for worfe P and for worfe JC 27 Oh monstros,]  
 A (i e Ah) or O Monster, B, D, H49, H51, JC, W 29 eyes 1635-69  
 eyes, 1633 32 raise 1633-69, D, H49, H51, L74, Lec, N, TCD  
 vaile A25, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W hat ] hate 1633 33 comfort  
 none,] comfort with none, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 untill] till 1669 37-40  
 brackets 1650-69, Q that boy 1633 that boy, 1635-39  
 39 barenesse A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W bariennesse 1633-69,  
 L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD 40 Of] of 1633 or 1633, 1669 om 1635-54  
 41 bare<sup>2</sup> 1635-69 bare, 1633 45 first blest 1633-69, Cy, D, H49, L74,  
 Lec, N, TCD, W first blest A25, B, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S 46 yet 1633,  
 A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD om 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P  
 And

And in this course attire, which I now weare,  
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre  
 But since thou like a contrite penitent,  
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes, dost repent 50  
 These vanities, and giddinesse, loe  
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe  
 But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene  
 Worne by as many severall men in finne,  
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hofe, 55  
 Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all those  
 Sooner may one gueffe, who shall beare away  
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India,  
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie  
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60  
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or fuits next yeare  
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare,  
 Then thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show  
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go  
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65  
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?  
 Now we are in the street, He first of all  
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,  
 And so imprisioned, and hem'd in by mee  
 Sells for a little state his libertie, 70  
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet

47 weare, 1650-69 weare 1633-39 50 warn'd] warn'd 1633  
 52 goe 1635-69 goe, 1633 54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69  
 55 musk-colour 1633-35, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W musk-coloured  
 1639-69, A25, P, Q 58 The Infanta India, Ed The Infanta  
 India, A25, O'F, Q The infant India, 1633-54 and MSS  
 generally The Infantry of London, hence to India 1669 60  
 Scheme 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, Q schemes L74, S schemes  
 N Sceanes 1633, Cy, Lec, TCD scene P 62 subtile witted D, H49  
 subtile witted 1633-54, L74, N, TCD supple-witted A25, JC (altered to  
 subtile), H51, O'F, P, Q, S, W giddy-headed 1669 youths] youth 1669  
 63 depart'st from mee] depart st from hence Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, S, W  
 departest hence A25, Q, S96 canst JC, Q can 1633-69 and many MSS  
 66 conscience?] conscience 1633 70 state] room H51 his 1635-69  
 and all MSS high 1633, Chambers libertie,] libertie, 1633

Every fine filken painted foole we meet,  
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,  
 And grins, smacks, thrugs, and such an itch endures,  
 As p'rentifes, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75  
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe  
 And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,  
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground  
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more  
 Then the wife politique horse would heretofore, 80  
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,  
 When any names the King of Spaine to you  
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cries, Do you see  
 Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee  
 That dances so divinely, Oh, said I, 85  
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?  
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell  
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)  
 Met us, they talk'd, I whispered, let's goe,  
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I doe, 90  
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side  
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,  
 Leaves him and mee, I for my lost sheep stay,  
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,  
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95  
 For his device, in hanfoming a fute,  
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,  
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit,  
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe,

73 them] then 1633 78 floops 1635-69, *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, Q* floopeth *B, P* floopt 1633, *L74, Lec, N, ICD* nigh't the  
 ground ] nighest ground *D, H49, P, Q, W* 81-2 om 1633 84  
 youth? 1635-69 youth, 1633 Oh,] Yea, *A25, B, H51, JC, Q, W* 86  
 here] so *H51* 89 us, *Ed* us 1635-69 us, 1633 whispered, let's goe,  
*Ed* whispered, let us goe, 1633-54 whisperd, let us goe, 1669 whispered  
 (letts goe) *Q* See note 90 'T may be] Maybe *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W*  
 94 goes on the way,] goes, on the way *D, H49, Q(in), W(in)* 95 all repute 1635-69 and *MSS* generally s'all repute  
 1633, *Lec* 97 print, cut, and plight (pleite, 1635-39 pleit, 1650-69),  
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, ICD* cut, print, or pleate (plight &c), *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q S96, W*

But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100  
 Why? he hath travayld, Long? No, but to me  
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be  
 Perfect French, and Italian, I replied,  
 So is the Poxe, He answered not, but spy'd  
 More men of fort, of parts, and qualities, 105  
 At last his Love he in a window spies,  
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee  
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery  
 Many were there, he could command no more,  
 Hee quarrell'd fought, bled, and turn'd out of dore 110  
 Directly came to mee hanging the head,  
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed

## Satyre II

Sir, though (I thanke God for it) I do hate  
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state  
 In all ill things so excellently best,  
 That hate, toward them, breeds pittie towards the rest

100 stoop'st 1633, 1669, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,  
 TCD stoop'st 1635-54, O'F 101 Why? he hath travayld, Long?  
 No, but to me S96 Why he hath travayld Long? No but to mee  
 W Why, hee hath travayld Long? no But to mee H49 Why he hath  
 travayld, Long? Noe but to mee JC Why, he hath travailed (traveled  
 1635-39) long? no, but to me 1633-39 Why hath he travelled long?  
 no, but to me 1650-54, P Why He hath travelled long, no, but to me  
 1669 See note 102 understand] understood 1669 brackets from Q  
 See note 105 and qualities,] of qualities, Lec, P, Q, S96 106  
 a] om 1669 108 lechery 1635-69 and MSS liberty, 1633 109  
 were there, 1633-39 there were, 1650-69

Satyre II 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C B copy in margin),  
 JC, Lec, Q, S, W Satyre 3rd A25 Law Satyre P Satyre or no title,  
 B, C, L74, N, O'F, S96, TCD

there is one

2-3 All this towne perfectly yet in every state  
 In all ill things so excellently best  
 There are some found so villunously best, H51  
 All this towne perfectly yet everie state  
 Hath in't one found so villanously best S96  
 4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS them,] that A25 towards] toward  
 1653-54 rest] left, 1633

Though

Though Poetry indeed be such a finne 5  
 As I thinke that brings dearths, and Spaniards in,  
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,  
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
 Never, till it be steru'd out, yet their state  
 Is poore, disfarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate 10  
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,  
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,  
 And faves his life) gives ideot actors meanes  
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes,  
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15  
 And bellows pant below, which them do move  
 One would move Love by rithmes, but witchcrafts charms  
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes  
 Rammes, and slings now are feely battery,  
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie 20  
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,  
 Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?  
 And they who write, because all write, have still  
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill,  
 But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw 25  
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,  
 As his owne things, and they are his owne, 'tis true,  
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne  
 The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne 30

6 As I thinke that 1633 As I thinke That 1635-54 As, I think,  
 that 1669 As I'ame afraid brings H51 dearths, A25, H51, HN, L74,  
 Lec, N, TCD, W dearth, 1633-69, D, H49 7 and] or A25, D H49,  
 H51, O'F, P, S96, W 8 Ridlingly it 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD It  
 riddlinghe rest of MSS 10 hate Ed hate 1633-69 12 cannot  
 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD could not rest of MSS 14 sceanes,  
 Ed sceanes 1633-69 and Chambers 15 Organ 1633-54, L74, Lec,  
 N, TCD Organs 1669 and rest of MSS 16 move 1633-69 move,  
 Chambers See note 17 rithmes, 1633-69, Lec, Q, TCD rimes,  
 A25, B, Cy (rime), D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, W 18  
 harmes Ed harmes 1633-69 19 Rammes, and slings] Rimes and  
 songs P 22 fingers at doores 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD Boyes  
 fingng at dore (or dores) B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, O'F (corrected from  
 fingers), P, Q (at a dore), S, W fingeris at mens dores A25 24  
 excuse] scuse MSS

But

But these do mee no harme, nor they which use  
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes,  
 To out-drinke the fea, to out-sweare the Letanie,  
 Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee  
 As Confessors, and for whose finfull sake, 35  
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make  
 Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell  
 In which Commandements large receit they dwell  
 But these punish themselves, the insolence  
 Of Coscus onely breeds my iust offence, 40  
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,  
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)  
 Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late  
 But a scarce Poet, jollier of this state,  
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45  
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wherefoever he goes,  
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,  
 And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench  
 A motion, Lady, Speake Coscus, I have beene  
 In love, ever since *tricesimo* of the Queene, 50  
 Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got  
 To stay my rivals suit, that hee should not  
 Proceed, spare mee, In Hillary terme I went,  
 You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, B, H5I, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD To  
 out-doe ———, 1633 To out-swive dildoes Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, S,  
 S96, W 33 Letanie, Ed Letanie, 1669 and all MSS ———  
 1633 simply omit, 1635-39 gallant, he 1650-54 See note 34 finnes  
 all kindes 1635-69, A25 B, D, H49, H5I, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, TCD,  
 W finnes of all kindes 1633, Cy(kind), Lec, P 35-6 sake, Schoolemen  
 1669 sake Schoolemen, 1633-54 40 iust 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD  
 great A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H5I, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W harts JC 43  
 Lawyer, Ed Lawyei, 1633-69 which was (alas) of late Ed which  
 was alas of late 1633 which, (alas) of late 1635-69 44 a scarce  
 A25, H49, H5I, HN, JC (altered in margin), L74, Q, S96, TCD, W scarce  
 a 1633-69, D, Lec, P Poet, 1635-69 Poet 1633 this 1633-69 that  
 A25, Cy, H5I, Q his HN, JC, O'F, S 49 Lady, Ed Lady,  
 1633 Lady 1635-39- Lady 1650-69 Coscus, 1633 Coscus 1635-69  
 53 Proceed, 1669 Proceed, 1633-54 54 return'd] Returne 1633  
 next size 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, O'F TCD this size rest of MSS

I should



I should be in remitter of your grace,  
 In th'interim my letters should take place 5b  
 Of affidavits words, words, which would teare  
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,  
 More, more, then ten Sclavonians scolding, more  
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore 60  
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and posselt with muse  
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd, but men which chuse  
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute  
 Worse then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute  
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65  
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke  
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare  
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,  
 And to every sutor lye in every thing,  
 Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King, 70  
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,  
 Bearing-like Affes, and more shamelesse farre  
 Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge, for  
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor  
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75  
 As these things do in him, by these he thrives  
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land,  
 From Scots, to Wight, from Mount, to Dover strand  
 And spying heeres melting with luxurie,  
 Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee 80

58 soft maids eare, *Ed* soft maids eare 1633-54 and *MSS* Maids  
 soft ear 1669 59 scolding] scolding's 1669 60 rore] rore, 1633  
 63 gaine, bold soule, repute *Ed* gaine, bold soule repute 1633-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W* gayne (bold soule) repute *Q* gain, bold  
 souls repute 1719 and *Chambers* gayne, hold soule repute *A25, N, S, TCD,*  
 and *Lowell's* conjecture in *Grolier* See note 68 That] The *Chambers*  
 69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 70 yea *A25, B, Cy, D,*  
*H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W* or 1635-69  
 72 Bearing-like Affes, *Ed* Bearing like Affes, 1633-69 and *MSS*  
 73 whores, 1633-69 whores, *Chambers* and *Grolier* See note 74-5  
 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 77 our land,] our land, *A25, B,*  
*Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W* the land,  
 1633-69, *Q* 79 luxurie, 1633-69, *A25, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F (corr*  
*fr Gluttony), P, Q, TCD* Gluttony *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, S, S96, W*  
 80 will] would *A25, Q*

For

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-fluffe,  
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,  
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare  
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding gearre,  
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85  
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime  
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes  
 Assurances, bigge, as glofs'd civill lawes,  
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse 90  
 These hee writes not, nor for these written payes,  
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes  
 When Luther was profest, He did desire  
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer  
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95  
 Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause  
 But when he sells or changes land, he impaires  
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heeres*,  
 As flyly as any Commenter goes by  
 Hard words, or sense, or in Divinity 100  
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out  
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt  
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore  
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore  
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals  
 Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bachanalls 106

84 Relique like *A25, B, D, H49, H51, L74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*  
 Reliquely 1633-69, *Cy, JC, Lec, P* gearre,] cheare, 1669 (*which brackets*  
*from 81 as to end of 84*), *Cy* 86 men] Maids 1669 87 parchments  
*A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W* parchment 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, O'F,*  
*P, S, S96, TCD* his] the 1669 98 *ses* 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, Q, and*  
*other MSS* his *Cy, D, H49, H51, P* heeres,] heeres 1633 99 *As*]  
 And 1669 by] by, 1633 102 doubt] doubt 1633 105 Where's  
*Ed* Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, great hals? 1633, *Lec,*  
*N, TCD* (*but hals MSS*) Where the old landlords troops, and almes?  
 In hals 1635-69, *L74, O'F* Where the old landlords troops and almes?  
 In great hals *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W* (*but the punctuation*  
*is very irregular, and some have s after Wheie*) See note

Equally

Equally I hate, meanes bleffe, in rich mens homes  
 I bid kill some beafts, but no Hecatombs,  
 None ftarve, none furfet fo, But (Oh) we allow,  
 Good workes as good, but out of fafhion now, 110  
 Like old rich wardrops, but my words none drawes  
 Within the vaft reach of th'huge ftatute lawes

## Satyre III

**K**Inde pittie chokes my spleene, brave fcorn forbids  
 Thofe teares to iffue which fwel my eye-lids,  
 I muft not laugh, nor weepe finnes, and be wife,  
 Can railing then cure thefe worne maladies?  
 Is not our Miftrefle faire Religion, 5  
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,  
 As vertue was to the firft blinded age?  
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to affwage  
 Lufts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,  
 As wee do them in meanes, fhall they fupaffe 10  
 Us in the end, and fhall thy fathers fpirit  
 Meete blinde Philofophers in heaven, whofe merit  
 Of ftrict life may be imputed faith, and heare  
 Thee, whom hee taught fo eafie wayes and neare

107 Equally I hate,] Equallie hate, *Q* hate, *Ed* hate, 1633 hate  
 1635-69 meanes blefs, 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,*  
*Q, TCD, W* Meane's bleft 1635-69, *Cy, S, S96* (altered to is bleft) See note  
 111 wardrops, 1633 wardrobes 1635-69 112 ftatute lawes 1633-54  
 and all MSS ftatutes jawes 1669, *Chambers*

Satyre III 1633-69, *B, D, H49, H51* (with title Of Religion), *JC, Lec,*  
*O'F, Q, S, W* Satyre the 4th *A25, Cy* Satyre the Second *P* A Satire  
*L74* no title, *N, TCD* 1 chokes] checks 1635-54 cheeks 1669  
 eye-lids, *Ed* eye-lids, 1633-39 eyelids 1650-69 3 and] but 1669  
 7 to 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, S, W* in 1633,  
*Lec, N, TCD* 9 honour was] honours were *Cy, D, H49, S* 14 fo  
 eafie wayes and neare 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, P, TCD* wayes eafie and neere  
*A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W* wayes fo eafy and neere *O'F*

To follow, damn'd ? O if thou dar'st, feare this, 15  
 This feare great courage, and high valour is  
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay  
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey  
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth ?  
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth ? 20  
 Haft thou courageous fire to thaw the ice  
 Of frozen North discoueries ? and thrise  
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine  
 Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,  
 Whose countries limbeckes to our bodies bee, 25  
 Canst thou for gaine beare ? and must every hee  
 Which cryes not, Goddeffe, to thy Mistresse, draw,  
 Or eate thy poysonous words ? courage of straw !  
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and  
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30  
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,  
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field ?  
 Know thy foes The foule Devill (whom thou  
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow  
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit, and as 35  
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,

15 this, ] this 1633 16 is ] is, 1633 17 Dutch, and dar'st 1633-69, L74,  
*Lec, N, P, TCD* Dutch ? dar'st A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, S, W  
 22-3 discoueries ? Salamanders, Ed discoueries, Salamanders ?  
 1633-69 28 words ? ] words, 1633 31 Sentinell 1633-69, L74,  
*Lec, N, P, TCD* Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W his  
 1633-54 this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q 32 forbidden 1633 and most  
*MSS* forbid 1635-69, H51

33-4 Know thy foes, the foule Devell whom thou  
 Strivest to please &c

H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25,  
 B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, W

Know thy foe, the foule devill h's, whom thou  
 Strivest to please for hate, not love, would allow

1633, L74 (is), *Lec, N* (his), S (is), *TCD* (his)

Know thy foes The foule devill, he, whom thou  
 Striv'st to please, for hate, not love, would allow

1635-69 (he, please, bracketed, 1669)

35 quit 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, P, S, TCD* rdd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51,  
 IC, O'F, Q, W

So

So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is  
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,  
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet, last,  
 Fleth (it selfes death) and joyes which fleth can taste, 40  
 Thou lovest, and thy faire goodly soule, which doth  
 Give this fleth power to taste joy, thou dost loath  
 Seeke true religion O where? Mirreus  
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,  
 Seekes her at Rome, there, because hee doth know 45  
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,  
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey  
 The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday  
 Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,  
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50  
 Religion, plaine, simple, fullen, yong,  
 Contemptuous, yet unhanfome, As among  
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges  
 No wenches wholfome, but course country drudges  
 Graius staves still at home here, and because 55  
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes  
 Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee  
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee  
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will  
 Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still 60  
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or  
 Pay valewes Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre  
 All, because all cannot be good, as one  
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none  
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that so 65  
 As women do in divers countries goe

40 (it selfes death) 1635-69, A25, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD,  
 W (it selfe death) 1633, Cy, D, S 42 loath ] loath, 1633 44 here, ]  
 her, 1633 45 Rome, Ed Rome, 1633-69 47 He 1633, 1669  
 And 1635-54 her D, H49, H51, Lec, O'F, P, S, W the 1633-69, I 74,  
 N, P, TCD 49 Crantz W Crants 1633-54, A25, H51, JC, Lec, N, TCD  
 Grants or Grauntes 1669, L74, O'F, P Grant Cy, D, H49 Crates Q  
 52 unhanfome, Ed unhanfome 1633-69 54 drudges ] drudges 1633  
 57 bid or bidd MSS bids 1633-69 62 Prigas H51 Phrygas W  
 Phrigias A25

In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,  
 So doth, so is Religion, and this blind-  
 nesse too much light breeds, but unmoved thou  
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow, 70  
 And the right, aske thy father which is free,  
 Let him aske his, though truth and falshood bee  
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is,  
 Be busie to seeke her, beleewe mee this,  
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best 75  
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,  
 May all be bad, doubt wisely, in strange way  
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray,  
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is On a huge hill,  
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80  
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe,  
 And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so,  
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,  
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night  
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe 85  
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines, hard knowledge too  
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries  
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes  
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found, men do not stand  
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90  
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,  
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate

67 kinde, *Ed* kinde, 1633-69 70 must but in reverse order *Q*  
 73 is, 1633 is 1635-69 74 hei, 1633 her, 1635-69 77 wisely,  
*Ed* wisely, 1633-69 78 stray, 1633-69, *Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S,*  
*ICD, W* stave, *A25, B, H49, H51, JC, P, Q* 79 is On] is on 1633  
 huge] high *B, Cy, D, H51, O'F, Q, W* 80 Cragged, 1669, *L74, N, P,*  
*TCD* Cragg'd, 1633-54, *Lec* Ragged *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, W*  
 Ruggued *H51, Q* 81 about must goe, 1633-54, *O'F* about it goe,  
 1669 about goe *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, L74, N, P, Q, W* 84 Soule  
 1633-69, *L74, N, P, TCD* minde rest of *MSS* that night *Ed* that  
 night, 1633, 1669 the night 1635-54 85 doe *Ed* doe 1633,  
*Chambers and Grolier* doe 1635-69, *D, W* See note 86 too *H51,*  
*S, W* spelt to 1633-69, many *MSS* to (*prep*) *Chambers* 88 eyes ]  
 eyes, 1633 90 In so ill (evil *H51*) case here, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49,*  
*H51, JC, L74, O F, P, Q, S, W* here om 1633-69, *N, TCD*

Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed  
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed  
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95  
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,  
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?  
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,  
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?  
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know, 100  
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd, to be  
 Then humble to her is idolatrie  
 As streames are, Power is, those blest flowers that dwell  
 At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,  
 But having left their roots, and themselves given 105  
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven  
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost  
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost  
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust  
 Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust 110

## Satyre IIII

**W**ELL, I may now receive, and die, My finne  
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in  
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is  
 A recreation to, and scarce map of this

94 mans 1633-69, A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD mens B, Cy, D,  
 H49, H51, JC, S, W not om 1635-54 95 Oh, will it then boot thee Ed  
 Will boot thee 1633, L74, N, P, TCD Or boot thee 1635-69 Oh  
 will it then serve thee A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O F(Or), Q, S, W 97  
 thee] me 1669 99 strong? Ed strong 1633 strong, 1635-69  
 101 is] are 1669 chang'd,] chang'd 1633 to be Ed to be, 1633-69  
 102 idolatrie ] idolatrie, 1633 103 is,] is, 1633 104 do well  
 1633-69, Lec, N, P, TCD prove well A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,  
 O'F, Q, S, W 106 alas,] alas 1633 107 mills, and rockes, 1633,  
 L74, N, P, TCD Mills, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of MSS

Satyre IIII 1633-69, B, D, H49, HN (anno 1594 in margin), JC, Lec,  
 O'F, P, Q, S, W Mr Dunns first Satire A25 Another Satire by the same  
 J D Cy (where it is the third) Satyre S96 no title, L74, N, TCD (in  
 L74 it is second, in N, TCD third in order) 2 but I 1633, A25, D, H49,  
 HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W but yet I 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S96 4 A  
 recreation to, and scarce Q A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other MSS

My

My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been 5  
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,  
 I had no fuit there, nor new fuite to shew,  
 Yet went to Court, But as Glaze which did goe  
 To'a Maffe in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse  
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse, 10  
 Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie  
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me  
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,  
 As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they 15  
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way  
 Therefore I suffered this, Towards me did runne  
 A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne  
 E'r bred, or all which into Noahs Arke came,  
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name, 20  
 Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies,  
 Then Africks Monsters, Guanaes rarities  
 Stranger then strangers, One, who for a Dane,  
 In the Danes Massacre had fure beene flaine,  
 If he had liv'd then, And without helpe dies, 25  
 When next the Prentises'gainst Strangers rise  
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,  
 One, to whom, the examining Justice fure would cry,  
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are  
 His cloths were strange, though coarse, and black, though  
 bare, 30

5 neither 1633-69 nor some MSS and Chambers, who wrongly attributes  
 to 1635-39 8 Glaze 1633, D, H49, HN, Lec Glaze 1635-69, and rest  
 of MSS 9 To'a mafs A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, S, S96,  
 TCD, W To Maffe 1633-69, Cy, Q, Lec 10-11 curse, scapt,  
 1633-39 curse, scapt, 1650-69 12 of going, 1633, 1669, B, Cy,  
 D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W in going, 1635-54, A25, O'F 14  
 as lustfull,] as om 1635-69 and many MSS 16 at Court, A25, B, Cy,  
 D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W in Court, 1633-69,  
 Lec 18 Niles] Nilus D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD 19 bred, W  
 b ed, 1633-69 came, W came 1633-69 20 name, W name, 1633  
 name 1635-69 22 rarities W rarities, 1633-69 23 then  
 strangers, 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD, W then  
 strangest D, H49, JC (corr from strangers), S

Sleevelesse



Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene  
 Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was seene)  
 Become Tufftassatie, and our children shall  
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all  
 This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues 35  
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs  
 Made of th'Accents, and best phraze of all these,  
 He speakes no language, If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,  
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, 40  
 Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law  
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw  
 Me to beare this yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement  
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, 45  
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtilest whores,  
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either  
 Jovius, or Surius; or both together  
 He names mee, and comes to mee, I whisper, God!  
 How have I finn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50  
 This fellow chufeth me? He faith, Sir,  
 I love your judgement, Whom doe you prefer,  
 For the best linguist? And I feelily  
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie,  
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir, Beza then, 55  
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men  
 Of our two Academies, I named, There  
 He stopt mee, and said, Nay, your Apostles were

32 ground] the ground *HN* 35 This 1633 The 1635-69 faith,  
 1633-54, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN* (sayeth), *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S* (faith  
 he), *TCD*, *W* faith, 1669, *Chambers and Grolier*, without note 36 be-  
 longs ] belongs, 1633 37 th'Accents,] the antient, *HN* the ancients,  
 (prob for ancientest, but corrected to accents,) *L74* 38 no language,  
*A25*, *Q* one language, 1633-69, and *MSS* generally 43 beare]  
 hear 1669 this *Q* this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue, 1669, *Q*  
 With his tongue 1633-54 47 or] and *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *O'F*, *Q*, *W*  
 48 Surius,] Sleydon *O'F* (corrected to Surius), *Q* Snodons, *A25* See note  
 51 chufeth] chafeth *P*, *Q* 55 Sir, *Ed* Sir 1633-69 56 Some  
 other *HN* Some 1633-69 and most *MSS* two other *S* 57 There  
 1633 (*T* family printed) here 1635-69

Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was,  
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60  
 By travaile Then, as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told  
 That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,  
 Time enough to have beene Interpreter  
 To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had flood 65  
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,  
 You would leave lonenesse I said, not alone  
 My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashon,  
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last  
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaff, 70  
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue,  
 He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,  
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings At Westminster,  
 Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, 75  
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,  
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,  
 From King to King and all their kin can walke  
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings, your eyes meet  
 Kings only, The way to it, is Kingstreet 80  
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,  
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse  
 Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,  
 I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee

59 Good pretty 1633-69 Pretty good *Cy, O'F, Q, S, S96* Panurge  
 1635-54 Panurge 1633 Panurgus 1669 (*omitting and*), *JC, O'F, Q* 60  
 gentleman, all *Ed* gentleman, All 1633-69 60-1 passe By travaile  
 1633-54 passe But travaile 1669 62 prais'd *Ed* praised 1633-69  
 wonders 1635-69 and most *MSS* words 1633, *Lec, N, TCD* 67 lone-  
 nesse 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W* loneliness,  
 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* 68 loneliness 1635-69, *A25, &c* loneliness  
 1633, *L74, &c* fashon, 1633 fashon 1635-69 69 last 1633, 1669,  
*D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD, W* taste 1635-54, *O'F, Q* (taste), *S,*  
*S96* 80 Kingstreet 1633 Kingstreet 1635-39 Kingstreet 1650-69  
 83 Mine? 1635-54 and *MSS* Fine, 1633 Mine, 1669 84 French-  
 man, *Ed* frenchman, 1633 and most *MSS* Sir, 1635-69, *Q* here, *Cy*

Certes they are neatly cloth'd, I, of this minde am, 85  
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram  
 Not so Sir, I have more Under this pitch  
 He would not flie, I chaff'd him, But as Itch  
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground  
 Into an edge, hurts worse So, I (foole) found, 90  
 Crossing hurt mee, To fit my fullenneffe,  
 He to another key, his stile doth addresse,  
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes  
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies  
 A Sembrieffe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95  
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye  
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,  
 Of triviall household trash he knowes, He knowes  
 When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what  
 A fubtle States-man may gather of that, 100  
 He knowes who loves, whom, and who by poyson  
 Haft to an Offices reverfion,  
 He knowes who'hath fold his land, and now doth beg  
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-  
 fhels to transport, Shortly boyes shall not play 105  
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay  
 Toll to some Courtier, And wiser then all us,  
 He knowes what Ladie is not painted, Thus

85-6 cloth'd, I, Grogaram *Ed* cloth'd I, Grogaram, 1633  
 cloth'd I, Grogaram 1635-69 86 your Grogaram 1633-69, L74,  
*Lec, N, TCD* this Grogaram *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W*  
 the Grogaram *P* 89 ground *Ed* grown'd 1633 grownd 1635-69  
 90 (foole)] *no bracket* 1633 92 addresse, *N, TCD* addresse 1633  
*dressfe* 1635-39, *D, W* dressfe, 1650-69 96 lye *D, H49, W*  
*lie*, 1633-69 98 trash he knowes, He knowes *D, H49, W* trash,  
 He knowes, He knowes 1633 trash He knowes, He knowes 1635-39  
 trash, He knowes, He knowes 1650-69 101 loves, whom, 1633  
 loves, whom, 1635-54 loves, whom, 1669 loves whom, *Chambers and*  
*Grolier* 104 and 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, S96, TCD* or *A25, B, Cy, D,*  
*H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, W* 106 At blow-point or span counter *A25, B, D,*  
*H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, S96, W* they pay *Cy, D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F,*  
*P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W* shall pay 1633-69, *JC* 108 what 1633-69, *Cy,*  
*L74, Lec, N, TCD* which *A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W*

He

He with home-meats tries me, I belch, spue, spit,  
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient, Yet 110  
 He thrusts on more, And as if he'd undertooke  
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke  
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since  
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens  
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, 115  
 Readie to travaile So I sigh, and sweat  
 To heare this Makeron talke In vaine, for yet,  
 Either my humour, or his owne to fit,  
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can  
 Discredit, Libells now'gainst each great man 120  
 He names a price for every office paid,  
 He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd,  
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre  
 As the last day, And that great officers, 125  
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers  
 Who wafts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,  
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats  
 I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when  
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130  
 Becoming Traytor, and mee thought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw  
 To sucke me in, for hearing him, I found  
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found  
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135  
 Guilty, and he free Therefore I did shew

109 tries 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, N, Q, TCD, W cloyes 1635-69,  
 O'F, S tyres Cy, JC, P 111 thrusts on more, 1633-69, O'F thrusts  
 more, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, W thrusts me more, L74, Lec,  
 N, S, TCD thrusts me P as if he'd undertooke most MSS as if  
 he'd undertooke 1633, N, TCD as he had undertooke 1635-69 113  
 have] hath 1633, Lec 117 this] his B, L74, O'F, TCD, W talke  
 In vaine, for D, W, and other MSS talke in vaine For 1633, Q talke,  
 in vaine For 1635-69 123 entail'd, and that there 1633 entailed, and  
 there 1635-54 intailed and that there 1669 128 whores, Ed Whores,  
 1633-69 132 Statutes] Statues 1639 133 in, for hearing him,  
 1669, N, P, TCD in, for hearing him, 1650-54 in, for hearing him  
 1633-39, A25, D, H49, L74, O'F, S, W 134-6 (I hat free ) represented  
 by dashes in 1633 134 venome 1635-54 venomous 1669 venomd many  
 MSS

All signes of loathing, But since I am in,  
 I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſinne  
 To the laſt farthing, Therefore to my power  
 Toughly and ſtubbornly I beare this croſſe, But the'houre 140  
 Of mercy now was come, He tries to bring  
 Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,  
 And ſaies, Sir, can you ſpare me, I ſaid, willingly,  
 Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crowne? Thankfully I  
 Gave it, as Ranſome, But as fidlers, ſtill, 145  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thruſt one more jigge upon you ſo did hee  
 With his long complementall thanks vex me  
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the prerogative of my Crowne Scant 150  
 His thanks were ended, when I, (which did ſee  
 All the court fill'd with more ſtrange things then hee)  
 Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſt, then one  
 Who feares more actions, doth make from priſon  
 At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſſe 155  
 My precious ſoule began, the wretchedneſſe  
 Of ſuiters at court to mourne, and a trance  
 Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance  
 It ſelfe on mee, Such men as he ſaw there,  
 I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more, Low feare 160  
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuſer, Then,  
 Shall I, nones ſlave, of high borne, or raiſ'd men  
 Feare frowneſ? And, my Miſtreſſe Truth, betray thee  
 To th'huffing braggart, puſt Nobility?  
 No, no, Thou which ſince yesterday haſt beene 165  
 Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeene,

141 mercy now 1633-69 my redemption Cy, P redemption now Q, S  
 145 Gave] Gave Cy, D, H49 146 Though] Thou 1635 152  
 more then] ſuch as 1669 154 make B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,  
 L74, O F, P, Q, S96, W haſte 1633-69, Lec, N, S, TCD (from previous line)  
 om A25 priſon ] priſon, 1633 156 precious 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD  
 piteous 1635-69 and reſt of MSS 159 on 1633, Cy, L74, Lec, N, O' F,  
 P, S, TCD o'r 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, Q, S96, W 162 nones] none  
 1669 164 th'huffing braggart, 1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,  
 L74, O' F, P, Q, S, S96, W (but no commas in MSS) huffing, braggart,  
 1633-54, Lec, N, TCD th'huffing, braggart, 1719 Nobility?] Nobility 1633

Il thy journey, Vanitie,  
 the bladder of our court? I  
 ich made your waxen garden, and  
 from Italy to stand 170  
 ondon, flouts our Prefence, for  
 painted things, which no fappe, nor  
 hem, ours are, And naturall  
 ocks are, their fruits, bastard all  
 k and past, All whom the Mues, 175  
 us, Dyet, or the stewes,  
 orning held, now the fecond  
 ady, that day, in flocks, are found  
 e, and I, (God pardon mee)  
 sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180  
 y fold to buy them, For a King  
 e, cry the flatterers, And bring  
 eke to the Theatre to fell,  
 ll ftates, Me seemes they doe as well  
 ourt, All are players, who e'r lookes 185  
 es dare not goe) o'r Cheapfide books,  
 ir wardrops Inventory Now,  
 me, As Pirats, which doe know  
 ne weak fhyps fraught with Cutchannel,  
 d them, and praife, as they thinke, well, 190

69, L74, Lec, N, TCD yon A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, W the  
 S96 170 Tranfported 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,  
 ted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96, W to stand] to  
 l being struck through), S 171 ou Prefence, 1633,  
 CD our Court here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S,  
 1635-69, O'F 173 are,] are, 1633 178 aie found  
 found 1635-54 179 I, (God pardon mee) 1633  
 nee) 1635 I (God pardon me) 1639-69 aye—God  
 nbers 180 then Apparrells] th'apparels B, Cy, D,  
 182 cry the flatterers, 1633 cy his flatterers, 1635-54,  
 ers, Cy, D H49, JC, Q, S, W cryes the flatterer, 1669,  
 hanged to flatterer), I ec (flatterers) 185 players,]  
 187 wardrops 1633 wardrobes 1635-69 Inventory  
 188 doe know 1633-69, Lec, N, Q, TCD did know  
 JC, P, S, S96, W 190 (is they think) 1669

Their

Their beauties, they the mens wits, Both are bought  
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought  
 This caufe, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,  
 And wōmen buy all reds which scarlets die  
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net, 195  
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set  
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,  
 From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,  
 As if the Prefence were a Moschite, and lift  
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200  
 Making them confesse not only mortall  
 Great flaines and holes in them, but veniall  
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate  
 And then by *Durers* rules surway the state  
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205  
 Of his neck to his legge, and waite to thighe  
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie  
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie  
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes  
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210  
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,  
 And unto her protests protests protests,  
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne  
 Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition,  
 And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A 215  
 Purfevant would have ravish'd him away

194 scarlets] scarlett *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, Q, W* 195 call'd] calls  
*A25, HN, O'F, P, Q* 195-6 net, set] net set, 1633 198  
 hat] hat, 1633-54 199 As if the Prefence Moschite, 1633-69,  
*Lec (colon 1635-69)* As the Prefence Moschite, (or Mefchite,) *A25, B,*  
*Cy, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W* As the Queenes Prefence Mefchite,  
*D, H49* As if the Queenes Prefence mefchite, *S* 203 fornicate ]  
 fornicate 1633 204 surway 1633-69, *N, O'F, P, Q, TCD* surwayes *B,*  
*Cy, D, H49, JC, S, W* 205 trye *Ed* tryes 1633-69 and *MSS* 206  
 to thighe *Ed* to thighe 1633-69 and *MSS* to his thighs *Q* 211  
 he arrests, 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* straight arrests, *A25, Cy, D, H49,*  
*HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W* 215 whisperd 1633, *D, H49, L74, N, TCD, W*  
 whispers 1635-69 216 Topchiffe would have ravish'd him quite away  
*JC, O'F, Q* (*JC* and *O'F* alter to Purfevant)

For

For faying of our Ladies pfalter, But'tis fit  
 That they each other plague, they merit it  
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,  
 Who, in the other extreme, only doth 220  
 Call a rough carelesfenesse, good fashion,  
 Whose cloak his spurres teare, whom he spits on  
 He cares not, His ill words doe no harme  
 To him, he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,  
 He meant to crie, And though his face be as ill 225  
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still  
 He strives to looke worfe, he keepes all in awe,  
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law  
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo  
 As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, 230  
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seaven deadly finnes?) Being among  
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw  
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know  
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine 235  
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine,  
 I fhooke like a fpyed Spie Preachers which are  
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,  
 Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee  
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240

217 of om Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W 222 whom 1633, A25, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W or whom 1635-69, O'F 223 He  
 cares not, His 1633 and MSS He cares not hee His 1635-69 224  
 rusheth] rushes 1639-69 226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS yet  
 still 1633, L74, N, TCD 229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W  
 230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W men from 1633-69 232 finnes?) Being Ed  
 finnes) being 1633-39 finnes?) being 1650-69 all the editions and some  
 MSS close the sentence at 236 wine 236 Living barrells of beefe,  
 flaggons of wine 1633-54 Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine  
 1669 237 Spie] Spie, 1633 238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy, L74, N, P, Q, TCD Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S Seas  
 of witt and art, A25, HN Great seas of witt and art, O'F, S96 Seas of  
 all Wits and Arts, cony Lowell 239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96  
 240 Which] Who MSS am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD  
 am but a scant brooke, 1635-69 am a scant brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W  
 am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

To



To wash the staines away, Although I yet  
 With *Macchabees* modestie, the knowne merit  
 Of my worke lessen yet some wise man shall,  
 I hope; esteeme my writs Canonically

## Satyre V

THou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they  
 Whom any pittie warmes, He which did lay  
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood  
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)  
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme 5  
 Are wretched or wicked of these two a theame  
 Charity and liberty give me What is hee  
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery  
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,  
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall 10  
 Bee, be made of the same elements  
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents  
 Then man is a world, in which, Officers  
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and Suiters,  
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now drye, which, to 15  
 That which drownes them, run These selfe reasons do  
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers  
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters  
 The excrements, which they voyd All men are duft,  
 How much worse are Suiters, who to mens lust 20

241 the 1633-69 their *A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O' F, Q, S, W* these *L74, N, TCD* Although] though 1633 and *MSS* 242 the knowne merit 1633-69, *JC, Lec, N, O' F, Q, TCD* known om *B, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, P, S, W* 243 wife man] wife men 1650-69, *B, HN, L74, P, TCD, W*  
 Satyre V 1633-69, *A25, B, D, JC, Lec, O' F, Q, S, W* Satyre the third *P* no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is third, in *N, TCD* fourth in order) 1 shalt] shal 1669 9 and] in 1669 12 implyes 1635-69 *spelt* employes 1633 and some *MSS* represents 1635-69 represents, 1633 13 Officers] Officers, 1633-69 14 ravishing 1633-69 ravenous *Q* ravening *P, S* 19 voyd All 1669 voyd, all 1633-54 duft, *W* duft, 1633-69

Are made preyes? O worfe then duft, or wormes meat,  
 For they do eate you now, whose felves wormes fhall eate  
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are  
 The winde which drives them, and a waftfull waire  
 Is fought againft you, and you fight it, they 25  
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way  
 Like wittals, th'iffue your owne ruine is  
 Greateft and faireft Empreffe, know you this?  
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know  
 Whofe meades her armes drowne, or whofe corne o'rflow 30  
 You Sir, whofe righteoufnes ſhe loves, whom I  
 By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly  
 For ſervice paid, authoriz'd, now beginne  
 To know and weed out this enormous finne  
 O Age of rufty iron! Some better wit 35  
 Call it ſome worfe name, if ought equall it,  
 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold, now  
 Injuſtice is fold dearer farre Allow  
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon  
 The mony which you ſweat, and ſweare for, is gon 40  
 Into other hands So controverted lands  
 Scape, like Angelica, the ſtrivers hands  
 If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee  
 Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,  
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45  
 Flow from the firſt maine head, and theſe can throw

21 preyes? 1669 preyes 1633-54 26 their 1633, *D*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*,  
*S*, *TCD*, *W* the 1635-69, *O'F*, *P*, *Q* 27 wittals, *W* wittals, 1633-69  
 is ] is, 1633 33 authoriz'd, 1635-54 authorized, 1633 authoriz'd 1669  
 35-6 Some equall it, ] in brackets 1635-54

37-9 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold, now

Injuſtice is fold deeier farre, allow

All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon 1633, *D*, *JC* (All  
 claym'd fees), *Lec*, *N*, *Q* (All claym'd fees), *TCD*, *W* (All  
 claym'd fees)

The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was fold (now

Injuſtice is fold dearer) did allow

All clam'd fees and duties Gamſters, anon 1635-54, *B*, *O'F*, *P* (*the*  
*laſt two omit that was*), *Chambers* (*no italics*)

The iron Age was, when juſtice was fold, now

Injuſtice is fold dearer far, allow

All clam'd fees and duties, Gamſters, anon 1669

46 Flow] Flows *O'F*, *Chambers* See note

Thee,

Thee, if they fucke thee in, to misery,  
 To fetters, halters, But if the injury  
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'ft  
 Against the stream, when upwards when thou art most 50  
 Heavy and most faint, and in these labours they,  
 'Gainst whom thou should'ft complaine, will in the way  
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee  
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see  
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before, 55  
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more  
 Judges are Gods, he who made and said them so,  
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe,  
 By meanes of Angels, When supplications  
 We send to God, to Dominations, 60  
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee  
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be  
 Scarce to Kings, so 'tis Would it not anger  
 A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,  
 To see a Purfivant come in, and call 65  
 All his cloathes, Copes, Bookes, Primers, and all  
 His Plate, Challices, and mistake them away,  
 And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may  
 Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,  
 To warrant thefts she is established 70  
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee  
 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee  
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles  
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,

49 complaine,] complaine, 1633 go'ft] goest 1633-39 50 when  
 upwards 1633-54, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W up-  
 wards, 1669, Chambers 52 the 1633 thy 1635-69 56 only who have]  
 only, who have, 1633 more ] more 1633 57 he so, 1633-54  
 and he who made them so, 1669 he and cal'd (changed to stul'd) them so,  
 O'F 58 that] om 1669 59 supplications] supplication 1635-54  
 61 Courts, 1635-69, B, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W Court, 1633, D, Lec, N,  
 S, TCD 63 'tis Would 1669 'tis, would 1633 'tis, Would 1635-54  
 68 aske 1669, A25, B, D, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, W lack 1633-54, Lec  
 comming?] comming, 1633 72 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us  
 Ec Q, W, Chambers Speakes Fates words, and tells who must bee 1633-69  
 With

With which she scratcheth Suiters, In bodies 75  
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,  
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,  
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to  
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee  
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80  
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly  
 Begst right, But that dole comes not till these dye  
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie  
 Thou wouldst for more, and for all hast paper  
 Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper 85  
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,  
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities  
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize  
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies  
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened, 90  
 And div'ft, neare drowning, for what's vanished

76 men,] men, 1633 th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O' F,  
 P, Q, S, TCD, W extremities, 1633 extremities 1635-69 78 comes to ]  
 can come to Q 80 which erst men bar'd 1635-69, B, O' F, Q, S, W  
 which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD which men erst bar'd A25, L74, P  
 85 great] om Q Carricks 1633-35 Charricks 1639-69 87 Haman,  
 1633 Hammon, 1635-69, P MSS generally vary between Haman and  
 Hammond when 1633, 1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD if 1635-54, A25,  
 B, JC, O' F, Q S 90 Thou'art Ed Thou art 1633-69 cosened,]  
 cozeneth, 1669 91 And 1633 Which 1635-69 Whoe Q div'ft,  
 1633-54, N, P, S, ICD div'ft 1669 div'dft D, L74, Lec (altered from  
 div'ft), W div'd A25, B, JC, O' F, S (Grosart), Q what's vanished N  
 what vanished 1633-54 and rest of MSS what vanisheth 1669

*Vpon Mr Thomas Coryats Crudities*

**O**H. to what height will love of greatnesse drive  
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlatiue*?  
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than  
 Some vaster thing, and found't a Curtizan  
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5  
 A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell  
 From Heydelberg, thou longd'st to see And thou  
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now  
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,  
 That none can study it to any end 10  
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote,  
 Nor poorely limited with head or foot  
 If man be therefore man, because he can  
 Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man  
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15  
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch  
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?  
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like  
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes growes  
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20  
 Goe then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,  
*Munster* did Townes, and *Gesner* Authors show,  
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*, appear  
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier  
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25  
 Talke of *Will Conquerour*, and *Prestier Iack*  
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke  
 Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,  
 To which both Indies sacrifices send,  
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30

Vpon Mr &c 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p 72),  
 at the end of the Funerall Elegies appeared originally in Coryats Crudities  
 (1611 see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne 2 leavened  
 1611 learned 1649-69 and mod edd 7 longd'st 1611 long'st  
 1649-69 19 sometimes] sometime 1611 24 Gazettier 1611  
 Garretter 1649-69 28 booke,] booke 1611

(Meaning

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse  
 The East sends hither her delicioufnesse,  
 And thy leaves muſt imbrace what comes from thence,  
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincenſe  
 This magnifies thy leaves, but if they ſtoope 35  
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope  
 Voluminous barrels, if thy leaves do then  
 Convey theſe wares in parcels unto men,  
 If for vaſt Tons of Currans, and of Figs,  
 Of Medicinall and Aromaticque twigs, 40  
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,  
 Divide to pounds, and ounces ſub-divide,  
 If they ſtoope lower yet, and vent our wares,  
 Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faïres,  
 If *omni-prægnant* there, upon warme ſtalls, 45  
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,  
 Then thus thy leaves we juſtly may commend,  
 That they all kinde of matter comprehend  
 Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,  
 A Pandect makeſt, and Vniuerſall Booke 50  
 The braveſt Heroes, for publike good,  
 Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood  
 Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,  
 Do publike good, cut in Anatomies,  
 So will thy booke in peeces, for a Lord 55  
 Which caſts at Portefcues, and all the board,  
 Provide whole books, each leafe enough will be  
 For friends to paſſe time, and keep company  
 Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt fit  
 Meaſures, and fill out for the half-pint wit 60  
 Some ſhall wrap pills, and ſave a friends life ſo,  
 Some ſhall ſtop muſkets, and ſo kill a foe  
 Thou ſhalt not eaſe the Criticks of next age  
 So much, at once their hunger to aſſwage  
 Nor ſhall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65  
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie

Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books,  
 And so one may, which on another looks,  
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you,  
 But hardly\* much, and yet I think this true, \* I meane  
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall, from one 70  
 For every peece is as much worth as all page which  
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse, shall paste  
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse strings in a  
 Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone, booke<sup>1</sup> 75  
 And rather then read all, I would reade none

I D

*In eundem Macaronicon*

*Quot, dos haec, Linguistæ perfecti, Disticha farront,*  
*Tot cuerdos States men, hic livre fara mus*  
*Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso, Car I leave*  
*L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, ubi*

*Explicit Joannes Donne*

<sup>1</sup> I meane &c side-note in 1611  
 In eundem &c 1611, concluding the above







JOHN DONNE, 1613

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour* 1651, 1654

# LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES,

## THE STORME

To Mr *Christopher Brooke*

**T**Hou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)  
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know  
 Part of our passage, And, a hand, or eye  
 By *Hilhard* drawne, is worth an history,  
 By a worse painter made, and (without pride) 5  
 When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,  
 My lines are such 'Tis the preheminnence  
 Of friendship onely to'impute excellence  
 England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,  
 Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave 10  
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,  
 Honour and misery have one face and way )  
 From out her pregnant intiailes figh'd a winde  
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde  
 Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw 15  
 Downeward againe, and so when it did view  
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,  
 Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,  
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,  
 As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, 20  
 Meate comes, it came, and swole our sailes, when wee  
 So joyd, as *Sara*'her swelling joy'd to see

The Storme To Mr Christopher Brooke 1633 (1635-69 add from  
 the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex) The Storme, A Storme or  
 Storme, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TGD, W*  
 some add To Mr C B or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69 to  
 St Basil Brooke *JC, S* 2 these 1633 and most MSS this 1635-69,  
*O'F, S* 4 an 1633 a 1635-69 7 such *Ed* such 1633-69 11  
 soothsay, 1650-54 spelt Southsay 1633-39 gainfay 1669 12 and  
 way 1633, 1669 one way 1635-54 18 lye] late Q 19  
 fresh *W* fresh, 1633-69 20 As *W* As, 1633-69

But

But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,  
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then  
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre 25  
 Afunder, meet againſt a third to warre,  
 The South and Weſt winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,  
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw  
 Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,  
 Like ſhot, not fear'd till felt, our failes affaile, 30  
 And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame  
 Hath now a ſtormes, anon a tempeſts name  
*Ionas*, I pittie thee, and curſe thoſe men,  
 Who when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then,  
 Sleepe is paines eaſieſt ſalue, and doth fullfill 35  
 All offices of death, except to kill  
 But when I wakt, I ſaw, that I ſaw not,  
 I, and the Sunne, which ſhould teach mee had forgot  
 Eaſt, Weſt, Day, Night, and I could onely ſay,  
 If the world had laſted, now it had beene day 40  
 Thouſands our noyſes were, yet wee mongſt all  
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call  
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more  
 Then if the Sunne had drunke the ſea before  
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, equally 45  
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt dye,  
 And as ſin-burd'ned foules from graves will creepe,  
 At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peepe  
 And tremblingly aſke what newes, and doe heare ſo,  
 Like jealous huſbands, what they would not know 50

23 'twas 1650-69 'twas, 1633-39 30 fear'd] fear'd, 1633 37  
 not, *Ed* not 1633-69 38 I, and the Sunne, 1633-69 and most *MSS*  
 yea, and the Sunne, *Q* 39 Day, Night, *D, W* day, night, 1633-69  
 could onely ſay 1633-69 could but ſay *Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W*  
 could then but ſay *O'F* could ſay *H49, Lec* ſhould ſay *D* 40 laſted,  
 now 1633, 1669 laſted, yet 1635-54 Laſted yet, *O'F* 42 his] this 1669  
 44 before] before, 1633 46 dye, *Ed* dye 1633-69 47 giaves 1669,  
*A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W* grave 1633-54, *Cy*  
 49 tremblingly 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W* trembling  
 1635-69, *Cy, JC, O'F, P, S* 50 Like 1633, *D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,*  
*N, TCD, W* As 1635-69

Some

Some sitting on the hatches, would feeme there,  
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare  
 Then note they the ships sickneffes, the Mast  
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft  
 With a falt dropfie clog'd, and all our tacklings 55  
 Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings  
 And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe to,  
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe  
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,  
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence 60  
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?  
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe,  
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers, and if they  
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say  
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme, 65  
 Hell somewhat lightfome, and the'Bermuda calme  
 Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right  
 Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light  
 All things are one, and that one none can be,  
 Since all formes, uniforme deformity 70  
 Doth cover, so that wee, except God say  
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day  
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,  
 That though thine absence sterue me, I wish not thee

53 Then] There 1669 54 this] an 1635-69 56 too-high-stretched  
 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD, W (MS spelling generally  
 to and stretch) too-too high-stretch'd 1635-54 to too high-stretch'd 1669,  
 B, O'F 59 Even our Ordinance 1633 and MSS Yea even our Ordinance  
 1635-69 60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W Strives  
 1635-69, Chambers Striv'd A25, B, Cy 66 Hell] Hell s S lightfome]  
 light B, Cy and the'Bermuda 1633, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W and the  
 Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q the Bermudas 1635-54 O'F the Bermuda s  
 1669 67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W  
 eldest 1633-69, B, Lec 68 Claims 1635-69 and MSS Claim'd 1633  
 this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD the 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, O'F,  
 P, Q, S

## THE CALME

O<sup>U</sup> storme is past, and that stormes tyrannous rage,  
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage  
 The fable is inverted, and farre more  
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before  
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us, 5  
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus  
 As steady as I can wish, that my thoughts were,  
 Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,  
 The sea is now And, as the Iles which wee  
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee 10  
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out  
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout  
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decays,  
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes  
 The fighting place now seamens ragges supply, 15  
 And all the tackling is a frippery  
 No use of lanthornes, and in one place lay  
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday  
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,  
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire 20  
 We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,  
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover  
 Onely the Calenture together drawes  
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws  
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes 25  
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice  
 Who live, that miracle do multiply

The Calme 1633-69 *similarly*, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,  
 N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD 4 storke] stroke 1639 7 can wish, that my  
 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD could wish that my  
 Q could wish my 1635-69, Chambers, who makes no note of 1633 reading  
 9 the Iles 1633-69 these illes D, H49, Lec, Chambers (no note) those  
 Iles B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD 11 out 1635-69 out 1633  
 14 ended] ending 1669 15 ragges] rage 1669 17 No] Now 1669  
 21 loft] left Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD 24 jaws 1633, A25,  
 B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD mawes, 1635-69, O'F, P,  
 Chambers

Where

Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye  
 If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath  
 No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath, 30  
 But from the sea, into the ship we turne,  
 Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne  
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,  
 Or like slacke finew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,  
 Languish our ships Now, as a Miriade 35  
 Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade,  
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,  
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships  
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,  
 Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine 40  
 Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst  
 Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,  
 I lose my end for here as well as I  
 A desperate may live, and a coward die  
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies, 45  
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes  
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay  
 A scourge, gainst which wee all forget to pray,  
 He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well  
 Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell 50  
 What are wee then? How little more alas  
 Is man now, then before he was? he was

29 these,] this, *L74, Q, TCD* 30 our *1633, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD* a *1635-69, A25, P* 33 shepheards *1650-69* shepheards *1633-39* 37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c) *1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD* Sea-gulls, *1635-54, O'F, Chambers* Sea-fayles, *B, JC* 38 our Pinnaces, now *1635-54, B, O'F* our venices, now *1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, TCD* with *Vmce's*, our *1669* 40 Or] Or, *1633-69* 44 and a coward *1633, MSS* and coward *1635-69* a coward *P, S* 45 and all] and each *B, Q, S* 48 forget *1633-54, D, H49, Lec, P, S* forgot *1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD* 50 poles] pole *JG, Q* 52-3 he was? he was Nothing, for us, wee are for nothing fit, *1633, N, P, S, TCD* (but *MSS* have no stop after Nothing) he was, he was? Nothing, for us, wee are for nothing fit, *1635-54* he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit, *1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, O F, Q* but the *MSS* have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second he was See note

Nothing, for us, wee aie for nothing fit,  
 Chance, or our felves still disproportion it  
 Wee have no power, no will, no fense; I lye,  
 I should not then thus feele this miserie

55

To S<sup>r</sup> Henry Wotton

S<sup>r</sup>Ir, more then kisses, letters mingle Soules,  
 For, thus friends absent speake This ease controules  
 The tediousnesse of my life But for these  
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,  
 But I should wither in one day, and passe  
 To'a bottle of Hay, that am a Locke of Graffe  
 Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes  
 Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes,  
 They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,  
 That though then pitch they staine worfe, wee must touch  
 If in the furnace of the even line,  
 Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,  
 Thou know'ft two temperate Regions girded in,  
 Dwell there But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne  
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen?  
 Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?  
 Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can  
 A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

5

15

To S<sup>r</sup> Henry Wotton 1633-69 (Su 1669) same or no title, A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, ICC, TCD To M<sup>r</sup> H W B, W (B adds J D) See note 4 I could invent nothing at all to please, 1669 6 bottle] bottle 1633 To a lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grais 1669 7 lifes 1633 lives 1635-69 10 though worfe, in brackets 1650-69 11 even 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, IC, W raging 1633-54 other P over S 12 poles A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, O'F, S, W pole 1633-69, A18, HN, N, TC 16 cities, extremes, Ed cities extremes 1633-69 17 dung and garlike 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W (dung, 1633) dung, or gar like 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S a perfume] a om 1635-54, Chambers 18 Scorpion Ed Scorpion, 1633-69 and Torpedo A18, D, H49, N, IC, W or Torpedo 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S See note

Cities

Cities are worst of all three, of all three  
 (O knottie riddle) each is worst equally 20  
 Cities are Sepulchers, they who dwell there  
 Are carcases, as if no such there were  
 And Courts are Theaters, where some men play  
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay  
 The Country is a desert, where no good, 25  
 Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood  
 There men become beasts, and prone to more evils,  
 In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills  
 As in the first Chaos confusedly  
 Each elements qualities were in the other three, 30  
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall  
 To these three places, yet all are in all,  
 And mingled thus, their issue incestuous  
 Falshood is denizon'd Virtue is barbarous  
 Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall 35  
 Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all  
 Men are sponges, which to poure out, receive,  
 Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive  
 For in best understandings, sinne beganne,  
 Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man 40

19 of all three 1633 of all three? 1635-69 22 no such 1633, A18,  
 A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W none such 1635-69, O'F, P there were  
 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, S, W they were 1633, Lec then  
 were A18, N, TC 24 and of one clay 1633 and MSS generally of one  
 clay 1635-39 of one day 1650-54 and at one day A25 Princes, some  
 slaves, and all end in one day 1669  
 25-6 The Country is a desert, where no good,  
 Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood 1633, 1669, A18, B, Cy,  
 D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC, W  
 The Country is a desert, where the good,  
 Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood 1635-54, O'F, P, S  
 The Country is a desert, where noe good  
 Gain'd doth inhabit, nor borne's understood A25  
 27 more 1633, A25, W meere Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, S96 men (a ship for  
 mere) A18, N, TC all 1635-69 See note 33 issue incestuous 1633,  
 A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W issue is incestuous 1635-69, P, S issues  
 monstrous A25 35 there] then Lec

Onely



Onely perchance beafts finne not, wretched wee  
 Are beafts in all, but white integritie  
 I thinke if men, which in theſe places live  
 Durſt'looke for themſelves, and themſelves retrieve,  
 They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing than 45  
 Utopian youth, growne old Italian

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy ſelfe dwell,  
 Inne any where, continuance maketh hell  
 And ſeeing the ſnaile, which every where doth come,  
 Carrying his owne houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home, 50  
 Follow (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnaile,  
 Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaile  
 And in the worlds ſea, do not like corke ſleepe  
 Upon the waters face, nor in the deepe  
 Sinke like a lead without a line but as 55  
 Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſſe,  
 Nor making ſound, ſo cloſely thy courſe goe,  
 Let men diſpute, whether thou breathe, or no  
 Onely'in this one thing, be no Galeniſt To make  
 Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take 60  
 A dramme of Countries dulneſſe, do not adde  
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad  
 But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather doe  
 Say o'er thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you  
 Whom, free from German ſchiſmes, and lightneſſe 65  
 Of France, and faire Italies faithleſſneſſe,  
 Having from theſe fuck'd all they had of worth,  
 And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,  
 I throughly love But if my ſelfe, I have wonne  
 To know my rules, I have, and you have 70

DONNE

44 for themſelves, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S, Sg6, TC*  
*W* in themſelves, 1633-69 into themſelves, themſelves retrieve, *Cy, O'F, P*  
 45 than] then 1633 45-6 than Italian ] that Italianate *Cy, P*  
 47 Be thou 1633 *Lec* Be then 1635-69 and *MSS* 50 home, *Ed* home  
 1633 home 1635-69 52 gaile 1635-69 goale, 1633 57 fo  
*D, W* ſo, 1633-69 58-9 breathe, ] breath, 1633 or no Onely'in this  
 one thing, be no Galeniſt *Ed* or no Onely Galeniſt 1633, *A18, B, D,*  
*H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W* or no Onely in this be no Galeniſt 1635-69  
*Cy, O'F, S* 64 you ] you 1633 65 German 1633 and all *MSS*  
 Germanies 1635-69, *Grosart and Chambers* (without note)

To Sr Henry Goodyere

WHO makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare,  
Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,  
Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,  
And makes his life, but like a paire of beads

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be, 5  
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays  
But hee which dwels there, is not so, for hee  
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise,

So had your body her morning, hath her noone, 10  
And shall not better, her next change is night  
But her faire larger guest, to whom Sun and Moone  
Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,  
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,  
Wee must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her 15  
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end

Provide you manlyer dyet, you have seene  
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts,  
But aske your Garners if you have not beene  
In haruests, too indulgent to your sports 20

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant  
A while from hence Perchance outlandish ground  
Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more scant  
Are those diversions there, which here abound

To Sir Henry Goodyere 1633-69 so with Goodyere variously spelt  
A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec To Sr Henry Goodyere (H G A18, N, TC)  
moving him to travell A18, N, O'F TC 1 Past, 1633-54, A18, A25,  
B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC Last 1669, Chambers 2 reads,] read,  
1650-54 6 decays ] decays, 1633 16 womens] womans 1669  
17 dyet, Ed dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to  
a comma), 1669 dyet 1635-54 20 haruests, 1633-54, A18, B, D,  
H49, Lec, TC haruest, 1669, A25, C, Cy, N, O'F, Chambers

To

To be a stranger hath that benefit, 25  
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke  
 Goe, whither? Hence, you get, if you forget,  
 New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake  
 Our soule, whose country's heaven, and God her father,  
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, 30  
 Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,  
 That she returnes home, wiser then she went,  
 It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,  
 And make you, 'asham'd, to make your hawks praise,  
 yours,  
 Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire, 35  
 You then first say, that high enough she toures  
 However, keepe the lively taft you hold  
 Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,  
 And in your afternoones thinke what you told  
 And promis'd him, at morning prayer before 40  
 Let falshood like a discord anger you,  
 Else be not froward But why doe I touch  
 Things, of which none is in your practise new,  
 And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much,  
 But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir, 45  
 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,  
 And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,  
 You came with mee to Micham, and are here

27 Goe, *A18, B, TC* Goe, *1633-69* Hence, *A18, TC* hence, *1633* hence *1635-54* Hence *1669* 28 in us, *1633, A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, TC* to us, *1635-69, B, O'F* 34 you, 'asham'd, *Ed* you 'asham'd, *1633-69* you asham'd *Chambers and Groher* See note 37 However, *1633-39* However *1650-69* Howsoever *A18, B, D, N, O'F, TC* 38 as] *om* *1639-69* 42 froward] froward, *1633* 44 Tables *1633-54, Lec* Fables *1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, TC* 45 make] made *A18, N, TC* 48 with mee to] to mee at *A18, N, TC*

To Mr Rowland Woodward

Like one who'in her third widdowhood doth proeie  
 LHer selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,  
 So'affects my muse now, a chaste fallownesse,

Since thee to few, yet to too many'hath showne  
 How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne 5  
 Where feeds of better Arts, were early sown

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee,  
 Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie,  
 Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee

For though to us it seeme,' and be light and thinne, 10  
 Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in  
 Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee  
 May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,  
 Which God imputes, as native puritie 15

There is no Vertue, but Religion  
 Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none  
 Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion

To Mr Rowland Woodward 1633-69 *similarly or without heading*, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers B To Mr R W W  
 1 professe] professe, 1633 2 retirednesse, 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, P, S a retirednesse, A18, L74, N, TC, W 3 fallownesse, Ed fallownesse 1633-54 fallownesse, 1669 holinesse Cy, P, S96 4 too] so W showne 1633, 1669 showne, 1635-54 5 How love-song weeds, 1633 How long loves weeds, 1635-54, O'F How Love song weeds, 1669 6 sown 1633, 1669 sown' 1635-54 sown, Chambers, who retains the full-stop after fallownesse 10 to us it] to use it, Cy, P, S96 seeme,' and be light 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, S, S96, TC, W seem but light 1635-69, Cy, OF, P, and Chambers, who attributes to 1633 the reading seem and be but light 13 white] whites Cy, O'F, P 14 honestie] integritie Cy, P, S, S96 15 puritie] puritie, 1633 16 Religion 1669 Religion, 1633 Religion 1635-54

Seeke

Seeke wee then our felves in our felves, for as  
Men force the Sunne with much more force to paffe, 20  
By gathering his beames with a christall glasse,

So wee, If wee into our felves will turne,  
Blowing our sparkes of vertue, may outburne  
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourne

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse 25  
Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, use  
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse

So workes retirednesse in us, To rome  
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,  
Such freedome doth a banishment become 30

Wee are but farmers of our felves, yet may,  
If we can stocke our felves, and thrive, uplay  
Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day

Manure thy felfe then, to thy felfe be'approv'd,  
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd, 35  
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd

23 ou] the *Ar8, L74, N, TC* sparkes 1633-54, *B, Cy, D, H49, IC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W* spaik 1669, *Ar8, H40, S, Chambers*  
25 infuse] infuse 1633 26 Soules 1633-69, *Cy P foule B, D, H40 IC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W* 28 To 1635-69 to 1633 29  
Giddily, 1669 Giddily 1633-54 31 farmers 1635-69, and all MSS, where it is generally spelt feimers teimers 1633 33 deare 1633, and most MSS good 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S96* 34 approv'd 1633-54, *Ar8, Cy, D, H40, H49, IC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W* improv'd 1669, *B, Chambers* 36 lov'd 1633-69 below'd *Ar8, I 74, N, P, S, S96, TC*

To S<sup>r</sup> Henry Wootton

Here's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well  
Tell you *Cales*, or S<sup>t</sup> *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell  
That vice doth here habitually dwell

Yet, as to'get stomachs, we walke up and downe,  
And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne, 5  
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne

For here no one is from the'extremitie  
Of vice, by any other reason free,  
But that the next to'him, still, is worse then hee

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate, 10  
(Gods Commiffary,) doth so thoroughly hate,  
As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,  
With wishing prayers, and neat integritie,  
Like Indians'gainst Spanishe hosts they bee 15

Suspitious boldnesse to this place belongs,  
And to'have as many eares as all have tongues,  
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs

To S<sup>r</sup> Henry Wootton 1633-69 do or A Letter to &c B, Cy, D,  
H49, L74, Lec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From y<sup>e</sup>  
Court) From Court P To M<sup>r</sup> H W 20 Jul 1598 at Court HN  
To M<sup>r</sup> H W 20 July 1598 (sic) At Court W Jo D to M<sup>r</sup> H W  
A18, N, TC Another Letter JC 1 newes] new 1669 2 Tell you  
*Cales*, (*Cals*, 1633) or S<sup>t</sup> *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B (tales),  
Cy (and S<sup>t</sup> *Michaels* tales), D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales),  
TC, W (MSS waver in spelling—but *Cales* Cy, HN, P) Tell you *Cals*, or  
Saint *Michaels* tales, as tell 1635-54, *Chambers* (Calais) Tell *Cals*, or Saint  
*Michaels* Mount, as tell 1669 Tell you Calais, or Saint *Michaels* Mount as  
tell 1719 All modern editions read Calais 6 or] and 1669 9  
to'him, still, 1633 to him, still, 1635-69 to him is still A18, L74, N,  
O'F, TC 12 state 1635-69 state 1633 14 wishing prayers,  
1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W wishing, prayers, 1669,  
HN wishes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, *Chambers*

Beleeve

That you are good and not one Heretique  
 Denies it if he did, yet you are fo  
 For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke,  
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow 20

In every thing there naturally growes  
 A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,  
 If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes,  
 Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you

But you of learning and religion, 25  
 And vertue, and such ingredients, have made  
 A methridate, whose operation  
 Keepes off, or cures what can be done or said

Yet, this is not your phyficke, but your food,  
 A dyet fit for you, for you are here 30  
 The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,  
 That ever did in womans shape appeare

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and fo  
 His Factor for our loves, do as you doe,  
 Make your returne home gracious, and bestow 35  
 This life on that, so make one life of two  
 For so God helpe mee, I would not misse you there  
 For all the good which you can do me here

19 high top'd and deep rooted 1633, *N, TCD* high to sense deepe-rooted 1635-54, *O'F, Chambers* (who has overlooked 1633 reading) high to sense and deepe-rooted S96 high to fun and deepe rooted L74, *RP31, S* high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, *Cy* (but *MS* with and) high to some, and deepe-rooted *D, H49, Leu* high to seeme, and deepe-rooted *B* See note 25  
 But *Ed* But, 1633-69 36 This 1635-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O F, RP31, S, TCD, Grosart and Chambers* Thy 1633, *Groher* See note

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things  
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see  
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings,  
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee  
Two ills can ne're perplexe us, finne to'excuse, 5  
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,  
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)  
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime  
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee, 10  
For, as darke texts need notes there some must bee  
To usher vertue, and say, *This is shee*

So in the country's beauty, to this place.  
You are the season (Madame) you the day,  
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face 15  
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display  
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines,  
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,  
And falsifies both computations so, 20  
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,  
We your new creatures, by new recknings goe  
This shoves that you from nature lothly stray,  
That suffer not an artificall day

To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-69 similarly or with no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD 2 (Vertue, Fortune,)] brackets Ed Fortune, 1633 Fortune, 1635-69, Grolier Fortune Chambers See note 5 ne're] nere 1633 6 and] or 1669 8-9 1633 begins to bracket (Where not show) but does not finish, putting a colon after show the others drop the larger brackets, retaining the smaller (as mee) 9 be] see 1669 show] show 1633-54 show 1669 11 notes there some 1633-54 notes some there 1669 17 enshrines, 1719 enshrines 1633-69 20 computations so, 1633-69 computations, so, Chambers In



In this you'have made the Court the Antipodes, 25  
 And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,  
 To doe profane autumnall offices,  
 Whilff here to you, wee sacrificers runne,  
 And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,  
 We found your influence, and your Dictates fay 30

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,  
 Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice,  
 These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*, they sue  
 But that I may surway the edifice  
 In all Religions as much care hath bin 35  
 Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby  
 Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,  
 But serve discourse, and curiosity,  
 With that which doth religion but invest, 40  
 And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,  
 And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles

So in this pilgrimage I would behold  
 You as you'are vertues temple, not as shee,  
 What walls of tender cristall her enfold, 45  
 What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee,  
 And after this surway, oppose to all  
 Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall

Yet not as consecrate, but merely'as faire,  
 On these I cast a lay and country eye 50  
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,  
 I finde you all record, and prophecie  
 Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit  
 No sad nor guilty legends, you are it

42 fooles ] fooles 1633      48 Bablers 1633      Babblers 1635-54  
 Builders 1669      49 faire, *Ed* faire, 1633-69      50 eye ] eye, 1633  
 52 and prophecye ] all prophecye *B, D, H49, Lec, N, O' F, TGD*      pro  
 phecie ] prophecye, 1633 some copies

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55  
 You were the transcript, and originall,  
 The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,  
 And every peece of you, is both their All  
 So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you  
 Must do the same thinge still, you cannot two 60

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity  
 Serves heresie to further or repress)  
 Taft of Poëtique rage, or flattery,  
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe,  
 Oft from new proofes, and new phraze, new doubts grow,  
 As strange attire aliens the men wee know 66

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale  
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true,  
 The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,  
 The story of beauty, in Twicknam is, and you 70  
 Who hath seene one, would both, As, who had bin  
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin

To S<sup>r</sup> *Edward Herbert* at *Iulyers*

**M**An is a lumpe, where all beafts kneaded bee,  
 Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree,  
 The foole, in whom these beafts do live at jarre,  
 Is sport to others, and a Theater,

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669 Growth 1633-54 58 both  
 1633 and MSS worth 1635-69, O'F All Ed All, 1633-69 60  
 thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F things 1633-69, Lec 61 nice thinne  
 1633-54 nicest 1669 66 aliens 1633, 1669 and MSS alters 1635-54,  
 O'F 67 and] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note appeale  
 Ed appeale, 1633-69 68 true, 1633 true 1635-69 71 had bin  
 1633-35 hath bin 1639-69 See note

To S<sup>r</sup> Edward &c 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F A Letter to S<sup>r</sup> Edward  
 Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incertu Authoris), 896 To Sir  
 E H Ar8, N, TC no title, P Elegia Vicesima Tertia S To S<sup>r</sup> Edward,  
 Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of  
 Iulyers 1635-69 4 Theater, Ed Theatei, 1633-69 Theater D  
 Nor

Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, 5  
 All which was man in him, is eate away,  
 And now his beasts on one another feed,  
 Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed  
 How happy's hee, which hath due place assign'd  
 To his beasts, and disaforested his minde! 10  
 Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in,  
 Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin,  
 Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast,  
 And is not Assfe himselfe to all the rest  
 Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, 15  
 But he's those devills too, which did incline  
 Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse  
 For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curie  
 As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in  
 The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, 20  
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,  
 Our apprehension contributes the sting  
 To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast  
 Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste,  
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat, 25  
 Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat  
 For, God no such specifike poyson hath  
 As kills we know not how, his fiercest wrath  
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good  
 At left for physicke, if not for our food 30  
 Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,  
 And is his devill, that might be his God  
 Since then our businesse is, to rectifie  
 Nature, to what she was, wee're led awry  
 By them, who man to us in little show, 35  
 Greater then due, no forme we can bestow

5 prey, *Ed* prey, 1633-69 8 breed ] breed, 1633 10 minde!  
*Ed* minde? 1633-69 17 a headlong ] a om 1669 an headlong 1635-54  
 24 taste, *Ed* taste 1633-69 28 we know 1633 and *MSS* men know  
 1635-69, O'F 35 shew, 1669 show, 1633-54, *Chambers* 36  
 due, 1633-69 due, *Chambers*. See note

On him, for Man into himselfe can draw  
 All, All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw  
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,  
 All the round world, to man is but a pill,  
 In all it workes not, but it is in all  
 Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall,  
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,  
 And is to others icy *Opium*  
 As brave as true, is that profession than 45  
 Which you doe use to make, that you know man  
 This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon  
 All worthy bookes, and now are such an one  
 Actions are authors, and of those in you  
 Your friends finde every day a mart of new 50

To the Countesse of Bedford

T'Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee  
 Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,  
 And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse  
 Then worst of civill vices, thanklesse  
 In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse, 5  
 In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse  
 But 'tis not foe, *nothings*, as I am, may  
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay  
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more  
 By having leave to write so, then before 10  
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne,  
 May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone?

38 All, All 1669 All All 1635-54 All, All 1633 chaw 1633  
 chaw, 1635-69, Groher 39 fill, 1633-54 till 1669 fill, Groher  
 44 icy] jcy 1633 47-8 credible, bookes, Ed credible,  
 bookes, 1633-69 credible bookes Groher  
 To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-69 To the Countesse of B N, O'F, TCD 5 debt  
 1669, N, O'F, TCD doubt 1633-54 7 foe, Ed foe, 1633-54 foe.  
 1669 nothings, 1635-54 nothing, 1633, N, TCD Nothing 1669 may]  
 may, 1633

Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane  
 Here *Peter loves*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane  
 So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse, 15  
 In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muse,  
 And denizend a stranger, who mistaught  
 By blamers of the times they mard, hath fought  
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe  
 Shine in the worlds best part, or all It ; You 20  
 I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts  
 Suffers an Ofracisme, and departs  
 Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,  
 But whither, only knowing you, I know ,  
 Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves, 25  
 It ranfomes one sex, and one Court preserves  
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true,  
 Is knowne to any other, not to you  
 And you can never know it, To admit  
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it 30  
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,  
 Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee  
 Oh ! to confesse wee know not what we should,  
 Is halfe excuse, wee know not what we would  
 Lightnesse depreffeth us, emptinesse fills, 35  
 We sweate and faint, yet still goe downe the hills  
 As new Philofophy arrests the Sunne,  
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,  
 So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends ,  
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends, 40  
 As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

14. hath] have 1633 om *N, TCD* (have inserted) *Dian's* 1635-54  
*Dian's* 1633 *Dma's* 1669 20 or all It, You 1635-54 or  
 all it, you 1669, *N, O'F, TCD* or all, in you 1633 (you, some copies)  
 25 Your (or you) vertue *O'F* Your, or you vertue, 1633-54 You, or  
 you vertue, 1669 26 preserves *Ed* preserves, 1633-69 28  
 you ] you 1633-39 30 is some] it some 1633 32 Stoop, others  
 ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54 Stoop others ills 1669  
 34 excuse, *Ed* excuse, 1633-69, *Grosart* (who transposes should and  
 would), *Chambers* - excuse *Grolier* See note would *Ed* would]  
 1633-69 36 the hills *Ed* the hills, 1633-69 37 Philofophy  
 Philofophy 1633 some copies, 1669

The quick high Moone so doth the body, Soules  
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,  
 As hands of double office For, the ground  
 We till with them, and them to heav'n wee raise, 45  
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,  
 Doth but one halfe, that's none, He which said, *Plough*  
*And looke not back,* to looke up doth allow  
 Good feed degenerates, and oft obeyes  
 The soyles disease, and into cockle straves, 50  
 Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,  
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow  
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?  
 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove  
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities, 55  
 Caskets of soules, Temples, and Palaces  
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,  
 Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free  
 As men to our prisons, new soules to us are sent,  
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent 60  
 First feeds of every creature are in us,  
 What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,  
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene  
 That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are  
 seene  
 But who ere saw, though nature can worke foe, 65  
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?  
 We have added to the world Virginia, and sent  
 Two new starres lately to the firmament,

45 raise,] raise 1633 46 this,] these 1669 50 straves, *Ed*  
 straves 1633-69 51 Let] Let but 1669 54 Wee (but no foraine  
 tyrants could) remove *Ed* Wee but no foraine tyrants could, remove *O'F*  
 Wee but no foraine tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrants 1633)  
 We, but no foraine tyrants, could remove 1669, *Chambers and Grolier See*  
*note* 55 dignities, *Ed* dignities 1633-69 56 Palaces 1633-35  
 Palaces 1639-69 58 not naturally free *Ed* not naturally free, 1633,  
*N, TCD* borne naturally free, 1635-69, *O'F* 59 prisons, new soules  
 1633 prisons now, soules 1635-69, *O'F* prisons, now soules *N TCD*  
 60 vice 1635-69, *O'F* it 1633, *N, TCD* 66 That] That, 1633 grow?  
 1639-69 grow 1633-35

Why



I fumme the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not  
 Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,  
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,  
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true  
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you 10

In recompence I would shew future times  
 What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such  
 Verse embalms vertue, and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,  
 Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much  
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch 15

Mine are short-liv'd, the tincture of your name  
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,  
 New spirits for, strong agents with the same  
 Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waite,  
 Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last 20

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want  
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,  
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,  
 Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,  
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse  
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,  
 One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,  
 Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,  
 And not an inch, measure infinity 30

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,  
 But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,  
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,

9 true *Ed* true, 1633 true 1635-69 10 is, *Ed* is 1633-69 (*in*  
 1633 the interval shows that a comma was intended) times] time 1633  
 12 such *Ed* such, 1633-69 16 short-liv'd] short liv'd 1633 17  
 fast,] fast 1633 18 spirits *Ed* spirit 1633 spirits, 1635-69 19  
 cherish, us doe 1633 cherish us, doe 1635-69 27 I, *Ed* I 1633-69  
 28 (One corne and lesse,) 1635-69 29 name, know,] no commas  
 1633-69 30 And not an inch, 1633 And (not an inch) 1635-69  
 infinity] infinite 1669



And ufeth oft, when fuch a heart mif-fayes,  
 To make it good, for, fuch a praifer prayes 35  
 Hee will beft teach you, how you fhould lay out  
 His ftock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood*,  
 He will perplex fecurity with doubt,  
 And cleare thofe doubts, hide from you, and fhew you  
 good,  
 And fo increafe your appetite and food, 40  
 Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not  
 One latitude in cloyfters, and in Court,  
 Indifferent there the greateft fpace hath got,  
 Some pittys is not good there, fome vaine difport,  
 On this fide finne, with that place may comport 45  
 Yet he, as hee bounds fea, will fixe your houres,  
 Which pleasure, and delight may not ingrefse,  
 And though what none elfe loft, be trueft yours,  
 Hee will make you, what you did not, poffeffe,  
 By ufing others, not vice, but weakenefse 50  
 He will make you fpeake truths, and credibly,  
 And make you doubt, that others doe not fo  
 Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to fpie,  
 And fcape fpies, to good ends, and hee will fhew  
 What you may not acknowledge, what not know 55  
 For your owne confcience, he gives innocence,  
 But for your fame, a difcreet warineffe,  
 And though to fcape, then to revenge offence  
 Be better, he fhewes both, and to repreffe  
 Loy, when your ftate fwells, *fadneffe* when'tis leffe 60

35 praifer prayes 1635-69, O'F prayer prayes 1633 prayer praife N,  
 TCD 37 blood, ] blood, 1633 39 doubts, ] doubts, 1633 42  
 Court, Ed Court, 1633-69 43 got, Ed got, 1633-69 44 pittys  
 1633-69 piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note See note 45 On  
 this fide finne, Ed (from Chambers) On this fide, finne, 1633 On this  
 fide, fin, 1635-69 See note 46 he, Ed he 1633-69 47 Which]  
 With 1633 55 may] will 1669 58-9 (though to fcape Be  
 better,) 1635-69

From

From need of teares he will defend your foule,  
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare,  
 Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule  
 Your name, and when with active joy we heare  
 This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Yeare 65

*To the Countesse of Huntingdon*

MADAME,  
**M**An to Gods image, *Eve*, to mans was made,  
 Nor finde wee that God breath'd a foule in her,  
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,  
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre  
 Who vagrant transitory Comets sees, 5  
 Wonders, because they're rare, But a new staire  
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,  
 Is miracle, for, there no new things are,  
 In woman so perchance milde innocence  
 A seldome comet is, but active good 10  
 A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense,  
 For, Art and Nature this in them withstood  
 As such a starre, the *Magi* led to view  
 The manger-cradled infant, God below  
 By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you, 15  
 May apt foules, and the worst may, vertue know  
 If the worlds age, and death be argued well  
 By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,  
 Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell  
 So low as woman, should be neare her end 20

65 New Yeare ] new yeare, 1633  
 To the *Sc* 1633-69, *O'F* To the C of H *N, TCD* 1 image, ]  
 image, 1633 mans ] man 1650-69 9 woman ] women 1669 13  
 the ] which 1633 *Magi* ] *Magis N, O'F, TCD compare p 243, l 390*  
 14 below *Ed* below 1633-69 15 beames by you, 1633 beames  
 (by you) 1635-69 16 may, *Ed* may 1633-69

But

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd, exil'd by men  
 She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,  
 She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,  
 But now amass'd, contracted in a few  
 She guilded us But you are gold, and Shee, 25  
 Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you,  
 Soft dispositions which ductile bee,  
 Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new  
 Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,  
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe, 30  
 But vertue having made you vertue, 'is faine  
 T'adhere in these names, her and you to shew,  
 Else, being alike pure, wee should neither see,  
 As, water being into ayre rarify'd,  
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee, 35  
 So, for our fakes you do low names abide,  
 Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,  
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,  
 When single planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,  
 You covet not great names, of great things full 40  
 So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,  
 And in the vaile of kindred others see,  
 To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,  
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee  
 To whom, because from you all vertues flow, 45  
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,  
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe  
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due

22 you, *Ed* you, 1633-69 24 amass'd, 1633, *O'F* a masse 1635-69,  
*N, TCD* 25-6 But you are gold, and Shee, transubstantiates  
 you, *Ed* But you are gold, and Shee, transubstantiates you, 1633  
 but you are gold, and she,  
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you, 1635-69, *Chambers* (but no comma  
 after and she and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, *Chambers*) 33 see,  
*Ed* see, 1633-69 37-9 (which being are nam'd) 1635-69 42  
 vaile] vale 1669 43 ye 1633 you 1635-69 47 doe so, 1635-69,  
*O'F* doe *N, TCD* to you 1633 48 due] due, 1633

If you can thinke theſe flatteries, they are,  
 For then your judgement is below my praife, 50  
 If they were ſo, oft, flatteries worke as farre,  
 As Counſels, and as farre th'endeavour raiſe  
 So my ill reaching you might there grow good,  
 But I remaine a poyſon'd fountaine full,  
 But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood 55  
 Are more above all flattery, then my will  
 And if I flatter any, 'tis not you  
 But my owne judgement, who did long agoe  
 Pronounce, that all theſe praifes ſhould be true,  
 And vertue ſhould your beauty, and birth outgrow 60  
 Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,  
 Rather then God ſhould not be honour'd too,  
 And all theſe gifts confels'd, which hee inſtill'd,  
 Your ſelfe were bound to ſay that which I doe  
 So I, but your Recorder am in this, 65  
 Or mouth, or Speaker of the univerſe,  
 A miniſteriall Notary, for 'tis  
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe,  
 I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes,  
 And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praife 70

To M<sup>r</sup> T W

Al haile ſweet Poët, more full of more ſtrong fire,  
 Then hath or ſhall enkindle any ſpirit,  
 I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit  
 Of wit and Art I love not but admire,

55 But 1633, N, O'F, TCD And 1635-69, Chambers 64 that]  
 thar 1633 66 o: Speaker 1633 and Speaker 1635-69 67 Notary,]  
 notary, 1633

To M<sup>r</sup> T W P, S, W To M I W 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD A  
 Letter To M<sup>r</sup> T W O'F Ad amicum 896 no title, B, Cy i more full]  
 and full 1669 2 any ſpirit, 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, TC, W my dull ſpirit,  
 1635-69, B, O'F, S 3 this merit 1633, A18, Cy, N, P, S, TC, W thy  
 merit 1635-69, B, O'F, Chambers

Who

Who have before or shall write after thee, 5  
 Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee  
 Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,  
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day

Men say, and truly, that they better be  
 Which be envied then pittied therefore I, 10  
 Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie  
 O wouldst thou, by like reason, pittie mee!  
 But care not for mee I, that ever was  
 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,  
 (Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole 15  
 A monster and a begger,) am now a foole

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty  
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,  
 That men may not themselves, their owne good parts  
 Extoll, without suspect of furquedrie, 20  
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found  
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound  
 Thy worth but thine how good it were to see  
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee  
 Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as 25  
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,

11 thee thee] the the 1669 12 mee! Ed mee W mee,  
 1633-69 13 mee Ed mee, 1633-69 ever was] never was B, P, S, 96  
 14-16 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,  
 (Before and a begger,) Ed  
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,  
 Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)  
 A monster and a begger, 1633 (some copies others read 15 Before  
 by thy grace &c, which is also the Grolier conjecture), A18, Cy, N, P, S,  
 TC, W (but W and some of the other MSS have no brackets)  
 In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,  
 (But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)  
 A Monster and a beggar, 1635-69, O'F, Chambers  
 In fortunes, nor (or S96) in natures gifts alas,  
 But by thy grace, &c B, S96 See note  
 16 am now a foole Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W am a foole 1633-69, A18, B,  
 N, TC 23 worth 1669, B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W woike 1633-54,  
 A18, N, TC

'Twill

'Twill be good profe, although the verfe be evill,  
 If thou forget the rime as thou doft paffe  
 Then write, that I may follow, and fo bee  
 Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee 30  
 I fhall be thought, if mine like thine I fhape,  
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape

To M T W

**H**Aft thee harfh verfe, as faft as thy lame meafure  
 Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleafure  
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,  
 Feete, and a reasoning foule and tongue to fpeake  
 Plead for me, and fo by thine and my labour 5  
 I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour  
 Tell him, all queftions, which men have defended  
 Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended,  
 And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation  
 Of him, at leaft in this earths habitation 10  
 And 'tis where I am, where in every ftreet  
 Infections follow, overtake, and meete  
 Live I or die, by you my love is fent,  
 And you're my pawnes, or elfe my Testament

27 evill, *W* evill 1633-69, *Chambers* 28 paffe *W* paffe,  
 1633-69, *Chambers* 29 that I 1669, *B, Cy, N, O'F, P, S, W* then I  
 1633-54, *A18, N, TC* 30 Thy debter, thy'eccho 1633-54 Thy  
 eccho, thy debtor 1669 thy zanee ] and thy Zanee *A18, N, TC*  
 31 if shape] brackets 1635-69  
 To M<sup>r</sup> T W O F, *W* To M T W 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TLD*  
 1 verfe, 1669 verfe 1633-54 2 to him, my pain and pleafure *W*,  
 and *Chambers* (without comma) to him, My pain, and pleafure 1633 69  
 to him My pain and pleafure, *Groler* 4 Feete, foule *W* no  
 comma 1633 Feete foule, 1635-69 5 6 *These lines only in W*  
 9 our] that *W* 14 And you're 1633, *A18, N, TC, W* You are  
 1635-69, O'F pawnes] om with space, *W*

To M<sup>r</sup> T W

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,  
 Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where  
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were,  
 As in our streets fly beggers narrowly  
 Watch motions of the givers hand and eye, 5  
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby  
 And now thy Almes is given, thy letter's read,  
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,  
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed  
 After this banquet my Soule doth say grace, 10  
 And praise thee for't, and zealously imbrace  
 Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this case  
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,  
 They love that best of which they most do eat

To M<sup>r</sup> T W.

AT once, from hence, my lines and I depart,  
 I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart,  
 I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art,  
 Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter  
 Perish, doth stand As an Embassadour 5  
 Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger  
 So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,  
 My verse, the strict Map of my misery,  
 Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye

To M<sup>r</sup> T W O'F, W To M T W 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD  
 5 Watch] Marke W and eye, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W or eye,  
 1633-69 12 love, Ed love, 1633-69  
 To M<sup>r</sup> T W W An Old Letter D, H49 A Letter S96 Letter  
 O'F no heading, and following the preceding without any interval, 1633, A18,  
 N, TC Incerto 1635-69 5 As W as 1633-69 7 Melancholy]  
 Melancholy 1633

Therefore

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent, 10  
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are fent,  
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,  
Accept these lines, and if in them there be  
Merit of love, bestow that love on mee

---

To M<sup>r</sup> R W

**Z**ealously my Muse doth salute all thee,  
Enquiring of that mystique trinitee  
Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuse  
Like fyre, are made, thy body, mind, and Muse  
Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent? 5  
Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?  
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,  
In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?  
Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to finge  
Vpon her tender Elegiaque string? 10  
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,  
For myne is barren thus divorc'd from thyne

---

To M<sup>r</sup> R W

**M**use not that by thy mind thy body is led  
For by thy mind, my mind's distempered  
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part  
It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart  
And when it gives us intermission 5  
We take new harts for it to feede upon  
But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule  
Body and mind, the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

14 of love,] of love 1633  
To M<sup>r</sup> R W A23, W first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of  
John Donne, &c., 1899 I thee,] thee W  
To M<sup>r</sup> R W A23, W printed here for the first time



Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,  
 Although our bodyes wither and minds languish 10  
 Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee  
 Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee

To M<sup>r</sup> C B

THy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchainē,  
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,  
 Thee and the Saint of his affection  
 Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine,  
 And let the love I beare to both sustaine 5  
 No blott nor mame by this division,  
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,  
 And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine,  
 But though besides thy selfe I leave behind 10  
 Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne,  
 Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,  
 Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,  
 Doe fend forth scalding fighes, which have the Art  
 To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart

To M<sup>r</sup> E G

EVen as lame things thirst their perfection, so  
 The slimy rimes bred in our vale below,  
 Bearing with them much of my love and hart,  
 Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art

To M<sup>r</sup> C B *A23, W* To M C B *1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 9 thy self] my self *1669* 10 liberall,] liberall *1633* earths *1633, 1669, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W* the *1635-54, Chambers* thrice fairer *A23, W* thrice-faire *1633-69, A18, N, TC* 11 sterne *1633, A18, A23, N, TC, W* ster'd *1635-69, O'F* 13 forth] out *A18, N, TC*  
 c To M<sup>r</sup> E G *W* first printed in *Gosse's* Life and Letters of John Donne, &c 1899

There

There thou orefeest London Here I have beene, 5  
 By staying in London, too much overfeene  
 Now pleasures dearth our City doth posses,  
 Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines,  
 As lancke and thin is every ftreet and way  
 As a woman deliver'd yesterday 10  
 Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes  
 But bearbaitings or Law exercife  
 Therefore I'll leave it, and in the Country strive  
 Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrieve  
 Do thou so too and fill not like a Bee 15  
 Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously  
 As Ruffian Marchants, thy selves whole vessell load,  
 And then at Winter retaile it here abroad  
 Bleffe us with Suffolks sweets, and as it is  
 Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this 20

To M<sup>r</sup> R W

**I**F, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,  
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,  
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare  
 Shapes foe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,  
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5  
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit,  
 It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,  
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie  
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,  
 Bred in thee by a wife melancholy, 10  
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,  
 Though I stay here, I can thus fend my heart,

5-6 beene, London,] no commas, W 6 staying] staying W  
 7 dearth] dirth W 7-8 posses, emptines,] posses emptines W  
 To M<sup>r</sup> R. W A18, A23, N, O' F, ICC, TCD, W To M<sup>r</sup> R W  
 1633-69 no breaks, W two stanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633  
 twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1635-69 3 brother 1633-69,  
 A18, N, O' F, TC brethren W 6 hand,] hands O' F, TC

As kindly'as any enamored Patient  
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee then mee, 15  
 Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,  
 The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring,  
 Guyanaes harvest is rip'd in the spring,  
 I feare, And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so  
 As with the Jewes guide God did, he did show 20  
 Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in  
 Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne  
 Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,  
 Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun  
 Eclipse the light which Guyana would give, 25  
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retriue  
 But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,  
 Is not Almighty Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one  
 Some thing to answere in some proportion 30  
 All the worlds riches And in good men, this,  
 Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is

To M<sup>r</sup> R W

**K**Indly I envy thy songs perfection  
 Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are  
 That Litle of earth that is in it, is a faule  
 Delicious garden where all sweetes are towne

21 in 1650-69, *W* in, 1633-39 22 Oh, *A23, N, O'F, TC* Ah, *W*  
 Our 1633-69 sinne *W* sinne, 1633-69 23 businesse 1633, *A18,*  
*N, TC* businesse *W* businesse 1635-69 done] donne *W* 27 all  
 th'All *W* All th'All 1633-69 31 men, this, *Ed* men, this 1633-69  
 32 soules soule, is *Chambers* foules soule is 1633-69  
 To M<sup>r</sup> R W *W* published here for the first time

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*Letters to Severall Personages.* 211

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In it is cherishing fyre which dryes in mee 5  
Griefe which did drowne me and halfe quench'd by it  
Aie satirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt  
In skorne of all for now I admyre thee  
And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes  
Of rotten walls, so it myne emptines, 10  
Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found  
Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound  
Oh, I was dead, but since thy song new Life did give,  
I recreated, even by thy creature, live

---

To M<sup>r</sup> S B

O Thou which to searck out the secreet parts  
Of the India, or rather Paradise  
Of knowledge, haft with courage and advise  
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,  
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing 5  
To doe as other Voyagers, and make  
Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take  
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring,  
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt, for I  
Am harsh, nor as those Scismatiques with you, 10  
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew,  
But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,  
I, though I brought no fuell, had desire  
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire

6 which] w<sup>ch</sup> *W*, and so always 10 emptines,] emptines *W*  
13-14 Oh, give, recreated, creature,] no commas, *W*  
To M<sup>r</sup> S B O'F To M S B 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD, W  
10 harsh, 1650-69 harsh, 1633-39 12 seeing] seing 1633 seene  
TCD, W seeme TCC 13 I, though] I thought 1650-54 had]  
but 1650-54

To M<sup>r</sup> I L

OF that fhort Roll of friends writ in my heart  
 Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart,  
 Whether in the Englifh Provinces they be,  
 Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,  
 There's none that ſometimes greets us not, and yet 5  
 Your Trent is Lethe, that paſt, us you forget  
 You doe not duties of Societies,  
 If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe,  
 View your fat Beaſts, ſtretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,  
 Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds, 10  
 And then againe to your embracements goe  
 Some houres on us your friends, and ſome beſtow  
 Upon your Muſe, elſe both wee ſhall repent,  
 I that my love, ſhe that her guiſts on you are ſpent

---

To M<sup>r</sup> B B

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience  
 Yet ſatisfy'd ? Is not thy braines rich hive  
 Fulfil'd with hony which thou doſt derive  
 From the Arts ſpirits and their Quinteſſence ?  
 Then weane thy ſelfe at laſt, and thee withdraw 5  
 From Cambridge thy old nurſe, and, as the reſt,  
 Here toughly chew, and ſturdily digeſt  
 Th'immeſe vaſt volumes of our common law,  
 And begin ſoone, leſt my griefe grieve thee too,  
 Which is, that that which I ſhould have begun 10

To M<sup>r</sup> I L *W* To M<sup>r</sup> I L 1633-69 To M<sup>r</sup> I L *A18, N, TCC, TCD*  
 To M<sup>r</sup> T L O'F 5 ſometimes] ſometime 1635-39, *Chambers*  
 6 Lethe, *W* Lethe, 1633-69 forget 1639-69, *W* forget, 1633-35  
 23 your] thy *W* 14 you] thee *W* ſpent] ſpent 1633  
 To M<sup>r</sup> B B O'F, *W* To M<sup>r</sup> B B 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*

In

In my youthes morning, now late must be done,  
 And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,  
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having loft  
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post  
 If thou unto thy Muse be marryed, 15  
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,  
 Be far from me that strange Adulterie  
 To tempt thee and procure her widowed  
 My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,  
 Divorc'd her selfe the cause being in me, 20  
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,  
 Not my will only but power doth withhold  
 Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had  
 Mother, want matter, and they only have  
 A little forme, the which their Father gave, 25  
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad  
 To be counted Children of Poetry  
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee

To M<sup>r</sup> I L

**B**Left are your North parts, for all this long time  
 My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime,  
 Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,  
 Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,  
 And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence, 5  
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence,

12 I Travellers 1650-69 I, Travellers, 1633-39 13  
 stray] stay *W compare* Sat III 78 16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69,  
*Ar8, N, O'F, TC* still encrease and multiply, *W* 18 widowed  
*W* widdowhood, 1633-39 widdowhood, 1650-69 19 Muse,  
*Ar8, N, O'F, TC, W* nurse, 1633-69 20 selfe *W* selfe, 1633-69  
 in me, 1633-69 in me, *Grolier* in me *Chambers* See note  
 To M<sup>r</sup> I L *Ed* To M I L *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD, W* To M<sup>r</sup> T L  
*O'F* To M I P 1633-69 6 rages, chafes, *Ed* rages chafes  
 1633-39 rages, chafes 1650-69 rages, burnes, *W*

Yet

Yet I, as long as thee from hence doth staie,  
 Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day  
 With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,  
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun 10  
 And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave  
 No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save  
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,  
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts,  
 So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare 15  
 A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire,  
 So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins, and so  
 In chace and race may thy horse all out goe,  
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold,  
 Thy Sonne ne'r Ward, Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old,  
 But maist thou with great things, and them attaine, 21  
 As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine

To Sir *H W.* at his going Ambassador to *Venice*

**A**fter those reverend papers, whose soule is  
 Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,  
 By which to you he derives much of his,  
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,  
 A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ 5  
 From his Originall, and a faire beame  
 Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it  
 Muft in another Sphere his vertue streame

11-12 these lines from *W* they have not previously been printed 16  
 when thee list, *Ed* when thee list 1633, *Ar8, N, TC* (when she list)  
 1635-69, *O'F* when thou wilt *W* 20 lov'd wife] fair wife *W* 22  
 her, her, *Ed* hei her 1633 hei, her 1635-69  
 To Sir *H W* at his &c 1633-54 To Sir Henry Wotton, at his &c  
 1669, *Ar8, N, O'F, TCC, TGD* printed in *Walton's Life of Sir Henry*  
 Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning  
 before he left England', 1 e July 13 (O S), 1604

After

After those learned papers which your hand  
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10  
 From which rich treasury you may command  
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe  
 After those loving papers, where friends tend  
 With glad grieve, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,  
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend 15  
 To heaven in troupes at'a good mans passing bell  
 Admit this honest paper, and allow  
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske,  
 What you must say at Venice this meanes now,  
 And hath for nature, what you have for taske 20  
 To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before  
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit,  
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more  
 Then I have done your honour wanting it  
 But'tis an easier load (though both oppress'd) 25  
 To want, then governe greatnesse, for wee are  
 In that, our owne and onely businesse,  
 In this, wee must for others vices care,  
 'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd  
 In their last Furnace, in activity, 30  
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpast)  
 To touch and test in any best degree  
 For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)  
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as thee)  
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35  
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee,

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton pleasures 1633 13  
 where 1633, A18, N, TC which 1635-69, O'F, Walton 16 in troupes]  
 on troops Walton 19 must meanes] would sayes Walton  
 20 hath] has Walton taske Ed taske 1633-69 21 not] nor  
 Walton 24 honour wanting it 1633 noble wanting-wit 1635-69,  
 O'F honour-wanting-wit Walton noble wanting it A18, N, ICC, TCD  
 31 Warres Ed warres 1633-69 tents Burley MS 32 test] taft  
 1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

But



But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers  
 For your increase, God is as neere mee here,  
 And to send you what I shall begge, his staies  
 In length and ease are alike every where

40

To M<sup>rs</sup> M H

**M**Ad paper stay, and grudge not here to burne  
 With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,  
 At left lye hid with mee, till thou returne  
 To rags againe, which is thy native state

What though thou have enough unworthinesse  
 To come unto great place as others doe,  
 That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,  
 But 'tis not all, Thou should'st be wicked too

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee,  
 Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her  
 Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,  
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye  
 Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,  
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die,  
 And, having little now, have then no sense

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is  
 A miracle, and made such to worke more,  
 Doth touch thee (singles leafe) thou grow'st by this  
 Her creature, glorify'd more then before

5

10

15

20

To M<sup>rs</sup> M H O'F To M M H 1633-69, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD* no  
*tile, A25, B, C, P* Elegie 596 2 sonnes] Sunnes *B, S96* my  
 1633 thy 1635-69 *Chambers attributes* thy to 1633 3 returne]  
 returne 1633 7 That's much, emboldens, *Ar8, N, TC* That's much,  
 emboldens, 1633-54 That's much emboldens, 1669 That's much, it  
 emboldens, *B, P* 8 all, Thou *Ar8, N, TC* all, thou 1633-69  
 20 goe? Goe, *Ed* goe, Goe, 1633-69 14 reverence, *Ed* reverence  
 1633 reverence 1635-69

Then

Then as a mother which delights to heare  
 Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,  
 Or, because majesty doth never feare  
 Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe, 25  
 And wisely, what discourse is left for thee?  
 For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,  
 And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,  
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, 30  
 And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,  
 If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,  
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,  
 Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne, 35  
 A nest almost as full of Good as shee

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,  
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,  
 When she revolves his papers, marke what show  
 Of favour, she alone, to them doth make 40

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,  
 Marke, if shee read them twice, or kisse the name,  
 Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,  
 Marke, if she marke whether her woman came

Marke, if slight things be objected, and o'r blowne, 45  
 Marke, if her oathes against him be not still  
 Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,  
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633      27 For, 1633 From 1635-69,  
 and MSS her, Ed her 1633-69      31 erre, 1669 erre 1633-54  
 40 she alone, 1633 she, alone, 1635-69      41 get them, she o'r skip]  
 get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC      get them, she skip oare A25,  
 C, O'F(skips) get to them, shee skipp B, P      44 whether 1633  
 whither 1635-69      47 grieves 1633 grieve 1635-69

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie,  
 Nor to make my felfe her familiar, 50  
 But fō much I doe love her choyce, that I  
 Would faine love him that fhall be lov'd of her

*To the Countesse of Bedford*

HONOUR is fō fublime perfection,  
 And fō refine, that when God was alone  
 And creatureleffe at firft, himfelfe had none,  
 But as of the elements, thefe which wee tread,  
 Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed, 5  
 And, thofe are barren both above our head  
 So from low perfons doth all honour flow,  
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us fhew,  
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*  
 For when from herbs the pure part muft be wonne 10  
 From groffe, by Stilling, this is better done  
 By defpis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne  
 Care not then, Madame, 'how low your prayfers lye,  
 In labourers balads oft more piety  
 God findes, then in *Te Deums* melodie 15  
 And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, fō many mile  
 Send not their voice, nor laft fō long a while  
 As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Ifle  
 Should I fay I liv'd darker then were true,  
 Your radiation can all clouds fubdue, 20  
 But one, 'tis beft light to contemplate you

To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96* To the Countefs  
 of B *N, TCD* 10 part] parts *N, O'F, TCD* 12 or Sunne 1633,  
*B, N, O'F, S96, TCD* or Sun 1669 of Sunne 1635-54, *Chambers*  
 13 prayfers *N, O'F, TCD* prayers *S96* playfes 1633-69 16 Towers,]  
 Towers 1633 20-1 fubdue, But one, *Ed* fubdue, But One *Chambers*  
 fubdue, But one, 1633-69 fubdue But one, *Grolier and Grosart* See note  
 You,

You, for whose body God made better clay,  
Or tooke Soules stufte such as shall late decay,  
Or such as needs small change at the last day

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, 25  
Covering discovers your quicke Soule, that we  
May in your through-fine front your hearts thoughts see

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne  
To our late times, the use of Ipecular stone,  
Through which all things within without were shown 30

Of such were Temples, so and of such you are,  
*Being* and *seeming* is your equall care,  
And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense  
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence 35  
They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,  
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,  
Not banish it selfe, nor religion

Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and so 40  
Religion is a Christians, and you know  
How these are one, her *yea*, is not her *no*

Nor may we hope to fodder still and knit  
These two, and dare to breake them, nor must wit  
Be colleague to religion, but be it 45

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669 27 your hearts  
thoughts *B, N, O'F, Sg6, TCD* our hearts thoughts 1633-69 See note  
31 so and of such *N, TCD* so and such 1633-69, *B, O'F, Sg6* 33  
is but to know and dare *N*

36-7 They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence  
Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c 1633-69 (precedence 1633,  
precedence 1669)

They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,  
Natures first lesson, so discretion &c *Chambers and Grolier*  
(discretion, *Grolier*) See note 40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in  
1633-69, *B, N, Sg6, TCD* om *O'F* 42 one, *Ed* one, 1633-69  
*yea,* *no*] ital *Ed*

In

In those poor types of God (round circles) so  
 Religions types the peecelesse centers flow,  
 And are in all the lines which all wayes goe  
 If either ever wrought in you alone  
 Or principally, then religion  
 Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion  
 Goe thither ftl, goe the same way you went,  
 Who so would change, do covet or repent,  
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent

50

*To the Countesse of Bedford  
 Begun in France but never perfected*

THOUGH I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have  
 (Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,  
 As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,  
 So many resurrections waken mee  
 That thankfullnesse your favours have begot  
 In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot  
 This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,  
 Must both to growth and to confession bring  
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so,  
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow  
 First I confesse I have to others lent  
 Your stock, and over prodigally spent  
 Your treasure, for since I had never knowne  
 Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

5

10

48 all wayes 1719 alwayes 1633-69  
 50-1 'twas Religion,  
 Yet you neglected not Discretion 596

53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, 596  
 To the Countesse &c 1633-69 (following in 1635-69 That unripe side  
 &c, p 417, and If her disdaine &c, p 430), O'F 5 begot] forgot 1633  
 some copies 6 embalmes mee, Ed embalmes mee, 1633-69 10t Ed  
 rot, 1633-69 9 influence, Ed influence, 1633-69 10 grow Ed  
 grow, 1633-69 14 or 1633-39 and 1650-69

In

In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, 15  
(So as I have) in any other Mine  
Next I confesse this my confession,  
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon  
Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much,  
And make your minds sincere complexion blush 20  
Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I  
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby  
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,  
May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,  
By studying copies, not Originals, 25  
*Defunct cætera*

---

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and M<sup>rs</sup> Effex  
Riche, From Amyens*

MADAME,

**H**ere where by All All Saints invoked are,  
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,  
And 'gainst a practise generall to warre  
Yet turning to Saints, should my'humility  
To other Sainct then you directed bee, 5  
That were to make my schisme, heresie  
Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,  
As not to tell it, If this be too bold,  
Pardons are in this market cheaply fold  
Where, because Faith is in too low degree, 10  
I thought it some Apostleship in mee  
To speake things which by faith alone I see

16 Mine *Ed* Mine, 1633-69 18 upon *Fd* upon, 1633-69  
A Letter to *Sc* 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* To the Lady Carey and her  
Sister M<sup>rs</sup> Effex Rich From Amiens *O'F* To the Lady Co of C *N*,  
*TCD* To the Ladie Carey or A Letter to the Ladie Carey *B, Cy, 896*  
*no title, P* To M<sup>rs</sup> Effex Rich and her sister frō Amiens *M*

That

222 *Letters to Severall Personages.*

That is, of you, who are a firmament  
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,  
They're your materials, not your ornament 15

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so  
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow  
But in their humours, and at seasons shew

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie  
In dow bak'd men some harmelesenes we see, 20  
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee

Soe is the Blood sometimes, who ever ran  
To danger unimportun'd, he was than  
No better then a *sanguine* Vertuous man

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare 25  
All contributions to this life forbear,  
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there

Spirituell *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all  
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,  
Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall 30

We're thus but parcel guilt, to Gold we're growne  
When Vertue is our Soules complexion,  
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none

Vertue's but anguish, when 'tis severall,  
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall 35  
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie  
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,  
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee,

13 who are] who is 1633 19 humilitie 1633-54, B, Cy, D, H49,  
Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD humidity 1669, Chambers 26 con-  
tributions] contribution B, D, N, TCD 30 this zeale, 1635-69, B, Cy,  
D, H49, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD then zeale, 1633, Lec 31 Gold] Golds  
1633 some copies 33 anguish,] anguish, 1650-54

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you 40  
Which is scarce lesse then foule, as she could do,  
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,  
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,  
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts 45

But if such friends by the honor of your fight  
Grow capable of this so great a light,  
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,  
Where it findes sympathy and matter too, 50  
Vertue, and beauty of the same stuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee  
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie  
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries 55  
The Master at the end large glasses ties,  
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say  
That which I said of you, there is no way  
From either, but by the other, not to stray 60

May therefore this be enough to testifie  
My true devotion, free from flattery,  
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie

57 our eyes,] your eyes, *Cy, D, H49, Lec, P*  
1669 other, 1669 other 1633-54

60 by the] to the



*To the Countesse of Salisbury* August 1614

**F**Aire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see  
 What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be  
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne  
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,  
 That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires 5  
 Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres  
 In lovers Sonnets you come to reparaire  
 Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire  
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunke, and dri'd,  
 All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde, 10  
 All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,  
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,  
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,  
 (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,  
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15  
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,  
 All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,  
 And drawne their found gold-ingot into wyre,  
 All trying by a love of littlenessse  
 To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse, 20  
 Even that nothing, which at first we were,  
 Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,  
 And that we learne by it, that man to get  
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great  
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25  
 So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,  
 (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times  
 Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)

To the Countesse &c 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*  
 Salisbury *O'F* To the Countess of S *N, TGD*  
 1669, *D, H49, Lec* what 1635-54, *N, O'F, TGD*  
 1669 17 noble fire,] nobler fire, *O'F*  
 that's 1650-69 thats 1633-39

To the Countess of  
 2 and what 1633,  
 16 Court,] Courts,  
 24 him] him, 1633

Where

Where he that would be good, is thought by all  
 A monster, or at best fantastickall, 30  
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe  
 Discerne, by daring to contemplate you,  
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,  
 Through your light, largeness, vertue understood  
 If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne 35  
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne  
 And if things like these, have been said by mee  
 Of others, call not that Idolatrie  
 For had God made man first, and man had seene  
 The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, 40  
 He might have said the best that he could say  
 Of those faire creatures, which were made that day,  
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth  
 Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-prais'd earth,  
 Hee might have said the best that he could say, 45  
 And not be chid for praising yesterday,  
 So though some things are not together true,  
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you  
 Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,  
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than 50  
 How faire a prooffe of this, in our soule growes?  
 Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,  
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,  
 Were swallowed into it, and have no name  
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast 55  
 The power and praise of both them, on the last,  
 No more doe I wrong any, I adore  
 The same things now, which I ador'd before,  
 The subject chang'd, and measure, the same thing  
 In a low constable, and in the King 60

29-30 *Chambers includes in parenthesis* 30 fantastickall, *Ed* fantastickall 1633-69 34 light, largeness,] lights largeness, 1669 38  
 Idolatrie ] Adulterie *N, TCD* 40 greene,] greene 1633 42 day,  
*Ed* day 1633-69 46 yesterday, *Ed* yesterday 1633-69 54  
 name 1633-39 name 1654-69 57 any, I adore 1633, *D, Lec, N,*  
*TCD* any, if I adore 1635-69, *O' F* (if being inserted)

I reverence, His power to work on mee  
 So did I humbly reverence each degree  
 Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come  
 From having found their *walkes*, to find their *home*  
 And as I owe my first foules thanks, that they 65  
 For my last foule did fit and mould my clay,  
 So am I debtor unto them, whose worth,  
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth  
 This new great lesson, thus to study you,  
 Which none, not reading others, first, could doe 70  
 Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I  
 In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie,  
 For as your fellow Angells, so you doe  
 Illustrate them who come to study you  
 The first whom we in Histories doe finde 75  
 To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde  
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee,  
 Not those, by which Angels are seene and see,  
 So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live,  
 Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give, 80  
 Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you,  
 Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe,  
 I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd,  
 And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd

61 mee *D, N, TCD* mee, 1633-69  
 1633-69 77-8 om *D, H49, Lec*

63 good, *Ed* good,

To the Lady Bedford

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee,  
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see,  
 Shee was the other part, for so they doe  
 Which build them friendships, become one of two ,  
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit, 5  
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet,  
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,  
 As divers starres one Constellation make,  
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so  
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe 10  
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasfe shee had beene,  
 And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene,  
 She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,  
 Not a live friend, but th'other halfe of clay  
 And since you act that part, As men say, here 15  
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,  
 And do all honour and devotion due  
 Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you,  
 For, such a friendship who would not adore  
 In you, who are all what both were before, 20  
 Not all, as if some perished by this,  
 But so, as all in you contracted is  
 As of this all, though many parts decay,  
 The pure which elemented them shall stay,  
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite, 25  
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite

To the *Sc* 1635-69, O'F Elegie to the Lady Bedford 1633, Cy, H40,  
 L74, N, P, TCD Elegia Sexta S In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in  
 P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p 284), to which it is apparently  
 a covering letter In L74 it follows the Elegy on the Lady Marckham  
 O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies 1 she and you,  
 she, and you 1633-69, Chambers See note 4 two,] the two, 1669  
 6 yet, Ed yet 1633-39 yet 1650-69 8 make, Ed make, 1633-69  
 10 goe Ed goe, 1633-69 13 stay,] stay 1633-35 th other]  
 thother 1633 clay Ed clay, 1633-69 16 there, Ed there, 1633-69  
 17 honour] honour 1633 due] due, 1633 20 were] was 1633  
 22 as all in you] as in you all O'F that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S  
 15 Ed 15, 1633-69

228 *Letters to Severall Personages.*

So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,  
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed,  
 Her vertues do, as to their proper spheare,  
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were 30  
 As perfect motions are all circular,  
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are  
 Shee was all spices, you all metalls, so  
 In you two wee did both rich Indies know  
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste 35  
 One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,  
 Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,  
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire,  
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,  
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make 40  
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,  
 That you can match her, or not be without,  
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,  
 Yet but of *Iudith* no such booke as shee

28 the bed,] a bed, *Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S* her bed, *P* 30  
 were ] were, 1633 32 are ] are, 1633 34 know ] know, 1633  
 41 doubt, 1633 doubt, 1635-69 42 can] twice in 1633

AN  
ANATOMIE  
OF THE WORLD.

*Wherein,*

By occasion of the untimely death of  
MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRVRY,  
the frailty and the decay of this  
whole World is represented

---

The first Anniverfary.

---

*To the praise of the dead,*  
*and the ANATOMIE*

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see  
This world of wit, in his Anatomie  
No evill wants his good, so wilder heires  
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,  
Whose state requites their losse whiles thus we gain, 5  
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine  
Yet how can I consent the world is dead  
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead

An Anatomie &c 1611-33 Anatomie &c 1635-69 The first  
Anniverfary 1612-69 om 1611 See note To the praise of the  
dead &c 1611-69 (Dead 1611) 8 While] Whiles 1639-69  
Seemes

Seemes to informe a World, and bids it bee,  
 In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10  
 And thou the subject of this welborne thought,  
 Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought  
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,  
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate  
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, 15  
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine  
 Admired match<sup>1</sup> where strives in mutuall grace  
 The cunning pencill, and the comely face  
 A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much  
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch, 20  
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,  
 And say, that but enough those prayes bee,  
 Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head  
 From th'angry checkings of thy modest red  
 Death barres reward and shame when envy's gone, 25  
 And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne  
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay  
 More on their Tombes, then houses these of clay,  
 But those of brasse, or marble were so wee  
 Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee 30  
 Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,  
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus  
 Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,  
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repaid  
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin 35  
 Serve but to found thy Makers praise, in thine,  
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him  
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,  
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee,  
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree 40  
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

21 is] it is 1669      25 shame 1611, 1612-25 shame, 1633-69  
 26 gaine, 1633-69      gaine, 1612-25      34 where] were 1621-25      35  
 bin 1633-39      bine 1611      bine, 1612-21      bine 1625      bin, 1650-69      36  
 praise, in thine, 1611, 1612-25      praise and thine, 1633-69      38 Quire  
 1611, 1612-25      quire 1633-69      39 tongue 1611, 1612-39      tongues  
 1650-69      41 infant-yeares 1611, 1621-25      infant yeares 1633-69

Thy early love, thy vertues, did preface  
 What an high part thou bear'ft in those best fongs,  
 Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs  
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose losfull gaine 45  
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine,  
 Never may thy Name be in our fongs forgot,  
 Till wee shall fing thy ditty and thy note

## An Anatomy of the World

### *The first Anniversary*

**W**HEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone, *The entrie*  
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one, *into the*  
 (For who is fure he hath a Soule, unleffe *worke*  
 It fee, and judge, and follow worthinesse,  
 And by Deedes praise it? hee who doth not this, 5  
 May lodge an In-mate soule, but 'tis not his )  
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,  
 And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe,  
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,  
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10  
 This World, in that great earthquake languished,  
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,  
 Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out  
 But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,  
 Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this, 15  
 (Because since now no other way there is,

42 vertues, 1611, 1612-25 vertues 1633-69 preface 1612-25 preface,  
 1633-69 43 What an hie best fongs, 1611-12 What hie  
 best fongs 1621-25 What high best of fongs, 1633-69 47 our  
 1611, 1612-54 om 1669 forgot,] forgot 1621-25  
 An Anatomy &c 1611-69 The first Anniversary 1612-69 (First  
 1612-25) om 1611 2 Whom 1611, 1612-25, 1669 Who 1633 who  
 1635-54 5 Deedes 1611, 1612-25 deeds, 1633-69 6 In-mate  
 1611-12 Inmate 1621-25 inmate 1633 inmate 1635-69 10 Song,  
 1611 Song 1612-33 Song 1635-69 14 then 1611, 1612-39  
 them 1650-69 The entrie &c 1612-21 om 1625-33 1611 and  
 1635-69 have no notes

But



But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,  
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,) 20  
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,  
 And to the world had fits, it joy'd, it mourn'd,  
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,  
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,  
 So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee  
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie  
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than 25  
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man  
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,  
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory  
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,  
 But this is worfe, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30  
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst, thou wast  
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpaft  
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill  
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill  
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid, 35  
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made  
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,  
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name  
 Some moneths she hath bene dead (but being dead,  
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40  
 But long she'ath bene away, long, long, yet none  
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone  
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,  
 When sickness without remedie empires  
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said, 45  
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead  
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,  
 A strong example gone, equall to law,  
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact,  
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50

18 shee, 1611 shee 1612, 1669 shee 1621-54 22 care, 1611-21  
 care 1625-33 24 Lethargie ] Letargee 1611, 1612-25 26  
 Man 1611, 1621-25 man 1633-69 31 name, 1611, 1612-25 name  
 1633-69 33 Font, 1611 Fount, 1612-69 36 Palace 1611-12,  
 1621-25 palace 1633-69 40 times 1611, 1612-33 time 1635-69  
 48 law, 1612, 1669 law 1611, 1621-25 law, 1633-54 50 glue]  
 give 1650-69

Thought

Thought it some blasphemy to say fh'was dead,  
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered  
 In that confession, therefore spoke no more  
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore  
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55  
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee  
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,  
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,  
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,  
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy 60  
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art  
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part  
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,  
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered  
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none 65  
 Alive to study this dissection,  
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still, *What life*  
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill *the world*  
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night, *hath stil*  
 Her Ghost doth walke, that is, a glimmering light, 70  
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,  
 Reflects from her, on them which understood  
 Her worth, and though she have shut in all day,  
 The twilight of her memory doth stay,  
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75  
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee  
 Produc'd the matter and the stuffe of this,  
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is  
 And though to be thus elemented, arme  
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, 80  
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,  
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,  
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,  
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)

*What life &c* 1612-21 om 1625-33 70 walke, 1611, 1612-25  
 walke, 1633-69 71 good, 1633 good 1612-25, 1635-69 75 old  
 world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69 old world, free 1621-25 79 though  
 thought 1621-33 80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25  
 homeborne 1633-69

Yet,

	Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,	85
	And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,	
	This new world may be safer, being told	
<i>The sicknesses of the World</i>	The dangers and diseases of the old	
	For with due temper men doe then forgoe,	
	Or covet things, when they their true worth know	90
<i>Impossibility of health</i>	There is no health, Physicians say that wee,	
	At best, enjoy but a neutralitie	
	And can there bee worse sickness, then to know	
	That we are never well, nor can be so?	
	Wee are borne ruinous poore mothers cry,	95
	That children come not right, nor orderly,	
	Except they headlong come and fall upon	
	An ominous precipitation	
	How witty's ruine! how importunate	
	Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate	100
	Even Gods purpose, and made woman, sent	
	For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment	
	They were to good ends, and they are so still,	
	But accessory, and principall in ill,	
	For that first marriage was our funerall	105
	One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,	
	And singly, one by one, they kill us now	
	We doe delightfully our selves allow	
	To that consumption, and profusely blinde,	
	Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde	110
	And yet we do not that, we are not men	
	There is not now that mankinde, which was then,	
	When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,	
<i>Shortnesse of life</i>	(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive,	
	When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,	115
	Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority,	

85 Yet, 1612-25 Yet 1633-69 *The sicknesses &c* 1612 *The sicknesses &c* 1621 *The sicknesses &c* 1625-33 89 then] them 1650-69  
 99 ruine! Ed ruine? 1611, 1612-25 ruine, 1633-69 100 mankinde!  
 Ed mankinde? 1611, 1612-69 113 When as, the Sunne and man  
 1633-39 no commas 1650-69 When as the Sunne and man, 1611,  
 1612-25 114 survive, 1650-69 survive 1611, 1612-39 116  
 minority, 1650-69 minority 1611, 1621-25 minority, 1633-39

When,

When, if a flow pac'd starre had stolne away  
 From the observers marking, he might stay  
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,  
 And then make up his observation plaine, 120  
 When, as the age was long, the life was great,  
 Mans growth confes'd, and recompenc'd the meat,  
 So spacious and large, that every Soule  
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule  
 And when the very stature, thus erect, 125  
 Did that foule a good way towards heaven direct  
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,  
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?  
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try  
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie 130  
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,  
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow  
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,  
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives  
 And as in lasting, so in length is man 135  
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne,  
 For had a man at first in forrests stray'd,  
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid  
 A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,  
 That met him, would not hastily affaile 140  
 A thing so equall to him now alas,  
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe  
 As credible, mankinde decayes so soone,  
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone  
 Onely death addes t'our length nor are wee growne 145  
 In stature to be men, till we are none  
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold  
 All the old Text, or had wee chang'd to gold  
 Their silver, or dispos'd into lesse glasse  
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was 150

*Smallnesse  
 of stature*

131 Grandfires 1611, 1612-21 Grandfires 1625-69 sorrow,  
 1611-21 sorrow 1625 sorrow 1633-69 133 peasant 1611, 1612-25  
 peasant 1633-69 134 lives 1611, 1633 lives 1612 lives, 1621-25  
 135 man 1611 man 1612-25 man, 1633-69 145 addes 1611-21  
 addes 1635-69 ads 1625, 1633 149 silver, 1611-12 silver  
 1621-25 silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scattred 1612-25

But

But 'tis not so w'are not retir'd, but damp't,  
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't  
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,  
 In minde, and body both bedwarf'd us  
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe, 155  
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,  
 To bring our selves to nothing backe, and wee  
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee  
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,  
 And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre 160  
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom  
 All faculties, all graces are at home,  
 And if in other creatures they appeare,  
 They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there,  
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165  
 Them to Civility, and to mans use  
 This man, whom God did woove, and loth t'attend  
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,  
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,  
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! 170  
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now  
 Helpe, or at least some time to waite, allow  
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart  
 With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart  
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175  
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *shee*,  
 Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,  
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde  
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex, shee that could drive  
 The poysonous tincture, and the staine of *Eve*, 180  
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds, and purifie  
 All, by a true religious Alchymie,

152 bodies, 1611-25 bodies 1633-39 153 close weaving  
 1633-69 close-weaving 1611-12 close weaning 1621-25 161 Thus  
 man, 1611, 1612-33 This man, 1635-69, *Chambers* 166 use ]  
 use 1611, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633 169 man, 1611  
 man 1612-69 171 any thing, 1611-12 any thing, 1621-33 172  
 waite, 1633 waite 1611 waste, 1635-69 178 Allay 1611, 1612-25  
 Allay 1633-69 179 Sex, 1611 Sex, 1621-25 Sex 1633-69  
 181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69 thought, 1621-33

Shee,

Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead when thou knowest this,  
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is  
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie, 185  
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free  
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on  
 The supernaturall food, Religion,  
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant,  
 Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant 190  
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame  
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame  
 For, before God had made up all the rest,  
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best  
 It seisd the Angels, and then first of all 195  
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,  
 Wronging each joynt of th'univerfall frame  
 The noblest part, man, felt it first, and than  
 Both beafts and plants, curst in the curse of man 200  
 So did the world from the first houre decay,  
 That evening was beginning of the day,  
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,  
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee  
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, 205  
 The Element of fire is quite put out,  
 The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit  
 Can well direct him where to looke for it  
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,  
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210  
 They seeke so many new, they see that this  
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies  
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone,  
 All iust supply, and all Relation

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 She, she 1633-69 186 no]  
 no no 1621 188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69 Religion 1612-25  
 Religion 1633-39 189 Growth 1611 growth 1612-25 growth  
 1633-69 withered] whithered 1621-25 191 Then, 1611,  
 1621-25 Then 1633-69 195 Angels, 1612-69 Angells 1611,  
 200 man 1611, 1612-25 man, 1633-39 man 1650-69 210  
 Firmament 1611-12 firmament 1621-69 212 Atomies] Atomis  
 1611, 1612-25 213 cohaerence 1611, 1612-25 coherence 1633-69  
 Prince

Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot, 215  
 For every man alone thinks he hath got  
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee  
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee  
 This is the worlds condition now, and now  
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220  
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,  
 To draw, and fasten hundred parts in one,  
 She whom wise nature had invented then  
 When she observ'd that every sort of men  
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, 225  
 And needed a new compasse for their way,  
 She that was best, and first originall  
 Of all faire copies, and the generall  
 Steward to Fate, she whose rich eyes, and breft  
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East, 230  
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow  
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,  
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,  
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her  
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer, 235  
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is  
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie 240  
 In any humour, or one certaine part,  
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,  
 Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold  
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,  
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit 245  
 The worlds infection, to be none of it  
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69 there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to  
 1669 223 invented] innented 1621 228 copies, 1633-69 copies,  
 1611-12 copies 1621-25 229 Fate, 1612-69 Fate 1611 breft  
 1611 breft 1612-25 breft, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611 West-  
 Indies, 1621-69 East, 1611 East, 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21  
 money 1625-69 237 knowst 1611 knowest 1612-69 and so in 238  
 237 this,] this 1633-35 238 is 1611, 1612-33 15, 1635-69 244  
 contrould,] contrould 1611, 1612-25

Feele this confuming wound, and ages darts  
 For the worlds beauty is decaid, or gone,  
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion 250 *Disformity*  
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall, *of parts*  
 Their round proportion embracing all  
 But yet their various and perplexed course,  
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce  
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts, 255  
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,  
 As disproportion that pure forme It teares  
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,  
 And in these Constellations then arise  
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes 260  
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,  
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are  
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake  
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake  
 To watch his steps, the Goat and Crab controule, 265  
 And fright him backe, who else to either Pole  
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne  
 For his course is not round, nor can the Sunne  
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way  
 One inch direct, but where he rose to-day 270  
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,  
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine  
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,  
 He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us  
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne 275  
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun  
 All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels  
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,  
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne  
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne 280  
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus  
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us  
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race

251 Sphericall, 1650-69 Sphericall 1611, 1612-39 252 all 1611,  
 1612-25 all, 1633-69 257 forme 1633-69 forme 1611, 1612-25  
 258 sheires, 1633-35 sheeres, 1611, 1612-25 shieres, 1639-69 267  
 Tropiques 1611, 1612-25 tropiques 1633-69 273 with] of 1635-69  
 They're



They're diversly content t'obey our pace  
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285  
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill  
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke  
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?  
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,  
 Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way 290  
 Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die  
 And men, to found depths, so much line untie,  
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise  
 At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies  
 If under all, a Vault infernall bee, 295  
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we  
 Invent another torment, that there must  
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)  
 Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place  
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300  
 Of th'earth? Thinke so but yet confesse, in this  
 The worlds proportion disfigured is,  
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,  
 Reward and punishment are bent awry  
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305  
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,  
 Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone  
 Is left us, is without proportion  
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee  
 Examined, measure of all Symmetree, 310  
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made  
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said  
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,  
 That soules were but Resultances from her,  
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315

*Disorder in  
the world*

284 pace ] peace 1612-33      286 Tenarif, 1611, 1612-25      Tenarus  
 1633-69      Hill 1611, 1612-25      hill 1633-69      288 there, 1611,  
 1612-21      there 1625-69      289 strooke 1611, 1612-25      strucke 1633-69  
 290 to morrow, 1611, 1612-25      to morrow 1633-69      295 Vault  
 1611, 1612-25      vault 1633-69      298 straight ] strait 1611-25      300  
 pock-holes ] pockholes 1633-69      301 th'earth? ] th'earth, 1633      306  
 beauties best, proportion, 1611, 1612-39      beauty's best proportion Chambers  
 1650-69 drop the second comma      313 infer, 1611-12      infer 1621-25  
 infer 1633-69

As

As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow  
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said  
 That the Arke to mans proportions was made,  
 Had been a type for that, as that might be  
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320  
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace  
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease  
 Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,  
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie,  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead, when thou knowst this 325  
 Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is  
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie,  
 That here is nothing to enamour thee  
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,  
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330  
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,  
 Endanger us but that if every thing  
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,  
 To satisfie wife, and good lookers on,  
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee) 335  
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee  
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete,  
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet  
 But beauties other second Element,  
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent 340  
 And had the world his just proportion,  
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone  
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell  
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,  
 As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury, 345  
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee  
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,  
 Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like  
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,

318 proportions 1611-12 proportion 1621-69 321 Elements,  
 1611-12 Elements 1621-69 325 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 She, she  
 1633-69 shee's] she's 1633-69 knowst 1611 knowest 1612-25  
 know't 1633-69 326 knowst 1611, 1612-25 knowest 1633-69  
 336 Deformitee. 1611, 1612-25 deformitie 1633-69

242 *An Anatomie of the World*

To mingle, and vary colours every day 350  
 And then, as though thee could not make inow,  
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow  
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,  
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,  
 And colour is decay'd summers robe grows 355  
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shoves  
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,  
 Is inward funke, and only our soules are red  
 Perchance the world might have recovered,  
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead 360  
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew  
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,  
 As in an unvest Paradise, from whom  
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,  
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365  
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,  
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,  
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)  
 Shee, shee, is dead, shee's dead when thou know'st this,  
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is 370  
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,  
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.  
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,  
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke  
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375  
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense  
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,  
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,  
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,  
 The father, or the mother barren is 380  
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,  
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy shewe,

*Weaknesse in  
 the want of  
 correspondence  
 of heaven and  
 earth*

351 inow, 1611, 1612-25 enough, 1633 enow, 1635-69 352  
 allow ] allow, 1621-33 366 Diaphanous, 1611, 1612-25 diaphanous,  
 1633-69 369 Shee, shee, 1611, 1612-25 (shee 1625) She, she  
 1633-69 (but Shee, 1633, in pass-over word) 370 know'st 1611  
 know'st 1621-69 374 vanitie, to thinke 1633-69 vanity to think,  
 1611, 1612-25 379-80 feele this, barren is 1611, 1612-69 feele  
 this barren is, *Chambers* See note

Th' Ayre

Th'Ayre doth not motherly fit on the earth,  
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth,  
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes, 385  
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes,  
 Th'Ayre shoves such Meteors, as none can see,  
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee,  
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much  
 Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more such 390  
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring  
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,  
 So as the influence of those starres may bee  
 Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,  
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe? 395  
 The art is lost, and correspondence too  
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,  
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes  
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not  
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400  
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,  
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us  
 Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,  
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,  
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that 405  
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at  
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,  
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than  
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,  
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410  
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
 That unto us, shee working more then it  
 But shee, in whom to such maturity  
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,  
 She, from whose influence all Impressions came, 415  
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21 Th'ayre 1625-69 387 Th'Ayre  
 1611 Th'ayre 1612-69 390 *Mages*] *No change of type, 1611-12*  
 394 Charme, 1611-21 Charme 1625-54 404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25  
 ashes 1633-69 407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25 fwan, 1633-69 415  
 Impressions 1611 Impression 1612-25 impression 1633-69 416 But,  
 1611 But 1621-69 Receivers 1611-12 rest no capital

Who, though she could not transubstantiate  
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,  
 So that some Princes have some temperance,  
 Some Counsellors some purpose to advance 420  
 The common profit; and some people have  
 Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave,  
 Some women have some taciturnity,  
 Some nunneries some graines of chastitie  
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe, 425  
 But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,  
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead, when thou knowst this,  
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is  
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,  
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430  
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood nothing  
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,  
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,  
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part  
*Conclusion* But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435  
 The body will not last out, to have read  
 On every part, and therefore men direct  
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect,  
 So the worlds carcasſe would not last, if I  
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy, 440  
 Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell  
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well  
 Here therefore be the end And, blessed maid,  
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,  
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445  
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,  
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,  
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,  
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,  
 Will yearely celebrate thy second birth, 450  
 That is, thy death, for though the soule of man  
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than

421 have] have, 1633    427 is dead,] is dead, 1633-69    shee's  
 dead, 1611-25    she's dead, 1633-69    431 nothing] no thing 1611-21  
 442 they're] thy're 1633    443 And, 1611, 1612-25    and, 1633-69  
 When

When man doth die, our body's as the wombe,  
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home  
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon,      o 455  
 And have your last, and best concoction  
 From her example, and her vertue, if you  
 In reverence to her, do thinke it due,  
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,  
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse,      460  
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make  
 A last, and lasting't peece, a song He spake  
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,  
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall  
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,      465  
 But keepe the song still in their memory  
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made  
 Me this great Office boldly to invade  
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
 Mee, from thus trying to emprison her,      470  
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,  
 I saw not why verse might not do so too  
 Verse hath a middle nature    heaven keepes Soules,  
 The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules

A Funerall ELEGIE.

'TIs lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,  
 Or to confine her in a marble chest  
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,  
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,  
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was?      5  
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse,  
 And so is all to her materials,  
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,

467 (in due measure) 1611, 1612-25 (but 1625 drops second bracket) commas  
 1633-69      468 Office 1611, 1612-25    office 1633-69      473  
 nature 1611-25    nature, 1633-69

A Funerall ELEGIE 1611, 1612-69    whole poem printed in italics  
 1612-25    in roman 1611      1 lost, 1611, 1612-25    lost 1633    losse  
 1635-69      2 chest 1611-21    chest, 1625-69      8 Escurials,]  
 escurials 1611-25

Yet

Yet she's demolish'd can wee keepe her then  
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give  
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?  
 Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee  
 Those carcasfe verses, whose soule is not shee  
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15  
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be  
 In paper wrapt, or, when shee would not lie  
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?  
 But 'tis no matter, wee may well allow  
 Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20  
 For her death wounded it The world contains  
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,  
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore,  
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25  
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet  
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set  
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget  
 Wonder and love, and these were shee, and shee  
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee, 30  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee  
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,  
 Death cannot give her such another blow, 35  
 Because shee cannot such another show  
 But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said  
 That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,  
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand  
 Repollish'd, without error then to stand, 40  
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs

13 aborted 1611, 1612-33 aboive 1635-69 17 or, 1612-25 or  
 1633-69 18 a] an 1635-69 22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c all in  
 capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25 later editions erratic 24 backes,  
 1611 backes 1612-25 backs 1633-69 Poore] spelt Pore 1611-12  
 28 peeces] peeces, 1633-69 30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalnesse  
 of stature See p 235 33 as 1611-21 om 1625 was 1633-69

It selfe into the earth, and after comes  
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,  
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore 45  
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?  
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee  
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?  
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene  
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50  
 Wee lose by't and as aged men are glad  
 Being tastelesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,  
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon  
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone  
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55  
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thünne,  
 Because it need disguise no thought within 60  
 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule,  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule  
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd  
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd,  
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65  
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate  
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,  
 Those new starres every Artist exercise,  
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out 70  
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
 Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee  
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,  
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75

47 in't,] in't, 1612-21 in'ts, 1625 48 her, here 1611, 1612-25  
 her, here, 1633 her here, 1635-69 58 one 1612-25 one, 1633-69  
 64 worth] worke 1633 74 expir'd, 1633-69 expir'd, 1611, 1612-25  
 75 integritie, 1633-69 integritie, 1611-25



For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye  
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon  
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one,  
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,  
 Tooke so much death, as ferv'd for *opium*, 80  
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,  
 She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie  
 Hee which not knowing her said History,  
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,  
 How faire, and chaste, humble, and high she'ad been, 85  
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,  
 And measuring future things, by things before,  
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,  
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,  
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke 90  
 But 'tis not so, Fate did but usher her  
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre  
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty  
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die  
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95  
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,  
 She did no more but die, if after her  
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,  
 Every such person is her deligate,  
 T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate 100  
 They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks  
 Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes  
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,  
 Which from the gift of her example rise,  
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, 105  
 To see how well the good play her, on earth

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25 it doth 1633-69 dye 1611, 1612-69 (*spelt*  
*die 1633-69*) *Chambers closes the sentence at 74 expir'd and prints 75-7*  
*thus—* Clothed in her virgin white integrity

—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—

To 'scape &c

83 said 1611, 1612-33 said 1635-69 94 tooke 1611, 1612-25  
 tooke, 1633-69 98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25 prefer, 1633-69

# OF THE P R O G R E S S · E OF THE SOULE.

*Wherein,*

By occasion of the Religious death of  
MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRYRY,  
the incommodities of the Soule in  
this life, and her exaltation in  
the next, are contemplated

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The second Anniversary.

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## *The Harbinger to the* P R O G R E S S E.

TWO Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move  
Paces of admiration, and of love,  
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is,  
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse,  
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see 5  
The worlds last day, thy glories full degree  
Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre,

Of the Progresse &c 1612-69 The second Anniversary 1612-69  
(in 1612-21 it stands at head of page)

The Harbinger &c ] In 1612-25 this poem printed in italics

Are

Are in their place, and yet still moved are  
 No foule (whiles with the luggage of this clay  
 It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way, 10  
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe  
 So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow  
 But now thou art as high in heaven flowne  
 As heaven's from us, what soule besides thine owne  
 Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate 15  
 Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?  
 I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,  
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see  
 And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast  
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast, 20  
 So far, as none can follow thine so farre,  
 (And if this flesh did not the passage barre  
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight  
 Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar sight,  
 And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25  
 Can see thee less'n'd in thine ayery way,  
 So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne  
 Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,  
 From this worlds carcasse having mounted high  
 To that pure life of immortalitie, 30  
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise  
 That more may not beseeme a creatures praise,  
 Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every yeare  
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here,  
 Still upward mount, and let thy Makers praise 35  
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies  
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,  
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds  
 And if those glorious fainted soules may know  
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40  
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best  
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest

8 are ] are 1612-25 12 that now] as now 1635-69, *Chambers* 27  
 foule] soules 1612 28 owne, 1635-69 owne 1612-33 34 while]  
 whilst 1669 35 upward] upwards 1612

O F  
THE PROGRESSE  
OF THE SOULE.

*The second Anniverfarie*

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse  
That this world had an everlastingnesse,  
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,  
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,  
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All, 5  
Did set, 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.  
But as a ship which hath strooke faile, doth runne  
By force of that force which before, it wonne  
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne, 10  
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,  
His soule be fail'd, to her eternall bed,  
His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll,  
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his foule,  
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15  
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet  
His foule, when all these motions which we saw,  
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw  
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings  
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings 20  
So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone,  
For there is motion in corruption

*The entrance*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The entrance* 1612-21 om 1625-33 no notes, 1635-69 5 All,  
1612 all, 1625-69 10 Though] Through 1612-25 12 be fail'd,  
he fail'd, 1621-33 13 twinckle] twincke 1625 20 strings Ed  
strings 1612-69

As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,  
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,  
 So after this Sunne's fet, some shew appeares, 25  
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares  
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,  
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,  
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all  
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30  
 Thou see'st me strive for life, my life shall bee,  
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee,  
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse  
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse  
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is, 35  
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this  
 These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so  
 May great Grand children of thy prayes grow  
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice  
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice 40  
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,  
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die  
 These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,  
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song  
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule, 45  
 And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle  
 Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe  
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so  
 Forget this rotten world, And unto thee  
 Let thine owne times as an old storie bee 50  
 Be not concern'd studie not why, nor when,  
 Doe not so much as not beleieve a man  
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,

*A just dis-*  
*estimation<sup>1</sup> of*  
*this world*

23 are *Ed* are, 1612-69      24 was fram'd, 1612-25 was fram'd  
 1633-69      27 Deluge, 1612-25 deluge, 1633-69      29 all *Ed* all,  
 1612-33 all, 1635-69      33 Maid, 1612-25, 1669 maid, 1633-54  
 35 is, 1612-25 is 1633-69      43 thy] they 1621-25 issue,  
 1612-33 issue 1635-69 See note      1] *dis/estimation*] *estimation* 1625  
 46 safe-sealing] safe-sealing 1621-39      47 goe] goe, 1612-25 48  
 Health, 1612-33 Health, 1635-69, *Chambers and Grolier* so 1612-21  
 so, 1625-69, *Chambers and Grolier* See note      50 bee *Ed* bee 1612-35  
 bee, 1639-69      51 why, 1612-21 why 1625-69 nor] or 1669

Is far more businesse, then this world is worth  
 The world is but a carkasse, thou art fed 55  
 By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred,  
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,  
 When this world will grow better then before,  
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon  
 That carkasses last resurrection 60  
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,  
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe  
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie,  
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory  
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state 65  
 We now lament not, but congratulate  
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age  
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,  
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid 70  
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,  
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live,  
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit  
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it,  
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires 75  
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,  
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,  
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd  
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,  
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, 80  
 Shee, shee is gone, she is gone, when thou knowest this,  
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is  
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought,  
 He honors it too much that thinkes it nought  
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, 85  
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,  
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,  
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight  
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death  
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90

*Contem-  
 plation of our  
 state in our  
 death-bed*

57 more, 1612-25 more 1633-69 67 was but] twas but 1612-25  
 81 Shee, shee 1621-25 Shee, she 1633-69 82 is] is 1612-25

And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee  
 Division, and thy happyest Harmonie  
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke,  
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,  
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence 95  
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,  
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it  
 Thy Physicke, chide the slacknesse of the fit  
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,  
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, 100  
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee  
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,  
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust,  
 Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust  
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, 105  
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score  
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they  
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way  
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,  
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110  
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,  
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not  
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence  
 They reinvest thee in white innocence  
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115  
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,  
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create  
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their State  
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right  
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night 120  
 Thinke these things cheerefully and if thou bee  
 Drowfie or slacke, remember then that shee,  
 Shee whose Complexion was so even made,  
 That which of her Ingredients should invade

96 parch'd 1612-21, 1639-69 parch'd 1625 patch'd 1633-35 99  
 knell,] knell 1633 101 So this, 1612-33 So, this 1635-69 103  
 thrust,] trust, 1669 113 shroud] shourd 1621-25 116 exalted]  
 exalted 1621 goe,] goe 1612-21 123 Complexion 1612-25  
 complexion 1633-69 124 Ingredients 1612-25. ingredients 1633-69  
 The

The other three, no Feare, no Art could gueffe 125  
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse  
 But as in Mithridate, or iust perfumes,  
 Where all good things being met, no one prefumes  
 To governe, or to triumph on the rest,  
 Only because all were, no part was best 130  
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities  
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise,  
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,  
 And say this is a line, or this a point,  
 So though the Elements and Humors were 135  
 In her, one could not say, this governes there  
 Whose even constitution might have wonne  
 Any disease to venter on the Sunne,  
 Rather then her and make a spirit feare,  
 That hee to disuniting subject were 140  
 To whose proportions if we would compare  
 Cubes, th'are unstable, Circles, Angular,  
 She who was such a chaine as Fate employes  
 To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes,  
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke, 145  
 No Accident could threaten any linke,  
 Shee, thee embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat,  
 The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate,  
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath  
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150  
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
 Heaven was content to suffer violence,  
 Yea though hee plead a long possession too,  
 (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)  
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155  
 Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore  
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke  
 How thou at first wast made but in a finke,  
 Thinke that it argued some infirmitie,

*Incommodities  
 of the Soule in  
 the Body*<sup>1</sup>

134 a point, 1612-21 a point 1625 a point 1633-69 136 there  
 1612-25 there, 1633-69 137 wonne] worne 1612-25 woon 1633\*  
 140 to 1612-25 too 1633-69 146 Accident 1612-25 accident  
 1633-69 156 Death 1612-25 death 1633-69 <sup>1</sup> Incommodities  
 &c 1612-21 om 1625-33



That those two foules, which then thou foundst in me, 160  
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both  
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth  
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious,  
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus  
 This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe 165  
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,  
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou  
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now  
 Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,  
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170  
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels  
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels  
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie  
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie  
 Thinke, when'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175  
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,  
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage  
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age  
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,  
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertie, 180  
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne  
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,  
 And freely flies This to thy Soule allow,  
 Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now  
 And think this flow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185  
 To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,  
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,  
 Dispatches in a minute all the way  
 Twixt heaven, and earth, she staves not in the ayre,  
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare, 190  
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,  
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense,

*Her liberty  
 by death*

161 thee, both 1612-25 thee both 1633-69 172 first-built  
 1612-25 first built 1633-69 173 didst] dost 1669 177 the  
 rage 1612-25 a rage 1633-69 179 Death 1612-25 death  
 • 1633-69 181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612 Peece, discharg'd 1625 Peece  
 discharg'd 1633 Peece discharg'd, 1635-69 183 This 1612-25 this  
 1633-69 185 soule, 1612-21 soule 1625-69 187 Twenty,  
 perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625 Twenty perchance 1633-69

For

For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,  
 Whether she past by such a place or no,  
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195  
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die  
*Venus* retards her not, to'enquire, how shee  
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee,  
 Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,  
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye, 200  
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,  
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne,  
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard,  
 Nor is by *Iove*, nor by his father barr'd,  
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205  
 At once is at, and through the Firmament  
 And as these starres were but so many beads  
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads  
 Her through those Sphaeres, as through the beads, a string,  
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing 210  
 As doth the pith, which, left our bodies slacke,  
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe,  
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth,  
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,  
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215  
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,  
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome  
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come  
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,  
 To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, 220  
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,  
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe  
 An age in her, she whose rich beauty lent  
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went  
 But for so much as they were like to her, 225  
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre

197 *Venus*] no ital 1612-25, and so with *Hesper* &c retards] records  
 1612-25 201 Who, if 1612-25 Who if 1633-69 204 barr'd,]  
 bard, 1612-39 209 the] those 1669 214 her] om 1650-69  
 219-20 text 1612-25 (but soul 1612-25, and then 1625 and shee 1612-25)

This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,  
 To'advance these thoughts, Remember then that she,  
 1633-69, *Chambers* and *Grolier* See note  
 This

258 *Of the Progresse of the Soule*

This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)  
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,  
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest  
 Were easily found, or what in them was best, 230  
 And when w'have made this large discoverie  
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee  
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is  
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this,  
 Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth 235  
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both  
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,  
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,  
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,  
 They would have given her one for every limbe, 240  
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,  
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that, wee understood  
 Her by her sight, her pure, and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245  
 That one might almost say, her body thought,  
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone  
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon  
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,  
 Longer, then whil't wee beare our brittle shell 250  
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,  
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe  
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so  
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?  
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, 255  
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot  
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,  
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne  
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)  
 By what way thou art made immortall, know 260  
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

*Her ignorance in  
 this life  
 and know-  
 ledge in the  
 next<sup>1</sup>*

231 discoverie] Discoverie 1612-25 232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25  
 236 assign'd *Ed* assigned 1612-69 238 Dignities, 1612-25 dignities,  
 1633-69 241 Gold, 1612-25 gold, 1633-69 243 understood]  
 understood 1621-25 249 well,] well 1612-25 251 little] little 1633  
<sup>1</sup> Her ignorance &c 1612-25 om 1633

Even thy selfe yea though thou wouldst but bend  
 To know thy body Have not all foules thought  
 For many ages, that our body's wrought  
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements ? 265  
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,  
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way  
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay  
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in  
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne ? 270  
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,  
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe ?  
 And for the putrid stufte, which thou dost spit,  
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it ?  
 There are no passages, so that there is 275  
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances  
 And of those many opinions which men raise  
 Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise ?  
 What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee  
 Know not the least things, which for our use be ? 280  
 Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,  
 A hundred controversies of an Ant,  
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,  
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets  
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact, 285  
 How others on our stage their parts did Act,  
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said  
 Why grassie is greene, or why our blood is red,  
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto  
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe ? 290  
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,  
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie ?  
 Thou look'st through spectacles, small things seeme great  
 Below, But up unto the watch-towre get,  
 And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies 295  
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25 are, and fire, 1633-69 266 in-  
 ingredients, 1612 ingredients 1621-69 268 'tis] ty's 1612-21 270  
 breake 1612 brike 1621-33 break 1635-69 287 said 1612-25 said,  
 1633-69 291 Pedantry] Pedantry 1650-69 292 taught]  
 thought 1612-25

Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne  
 By circuit, or collections to discerne  
 In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,  
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget 300  
 There thou (but in no other schoole) must bee  
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,  
 Shee who all libraries had throughly read  
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised  
 So much good as would make as many more 305  
 Shee whose example they must all implore,  
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse  
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,  
 Are but a new, and worse edition  
 Of her some one thought, or one action 310  
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne  
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,  
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,  
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same  
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315  
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight  
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone  
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection  
 And calls us after her, in that shee tooke,  
 (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke 320  
 Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,  
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,  
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,  
 With whom thy conversation must be there  
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station 325  
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,  
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?  
 Shalt thou not finde a spongie slacke Divine  
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,  
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330  
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee

*Of our com-  
 pany in this  
 life, and in  
 the next*

300 shalt] shall 1612-25, 1669      308 all] are 1612-21 are 1625  
 314 print,] point, 1612-33      323 earthly] early 1625      324 there]  
 there, 1633-39      326 choose 1612-25 chose 1633-69      327 will not]  
 will nor 1612-25      328 Divine 1612-25 Divine, 1633-69      329  
 Great 1612-25 great 1633-69

So

So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,  
That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,  
Because they do more ill, then these can speake?  
The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335  
Chiefly the chiefeft parts, but some effect  
In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show,  
So lyes the poyson of finne in the most low  
Up, up, my drowfie Soule, where thy new eare  
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare, 340  
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid  
Joy in not being that, which men have said  
Where she is exalted more for being good,  
Then for her interest of Mother-hood  
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer fit 345  
Expecting Christ, then they've enjoy'd him yet  
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see  
Their Prophecies growne to be Historie  
Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne  
All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne 350  
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed  
Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed  
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost  
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,  
If they to any should his Temple give 355  
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live  
She, who hath carried thither new degrees  
(As to their number) to their dignities  
Shee, who being to her selfe a State, enjoy'd  
All royalties which any State employ'd, 360  
For shee made warres, and triumph'd, reason still  
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will  
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,  
That beauty, and chastity together kisse  
She did high justice, for she crucified 365  
Every first motion of rebellious pride

333 wits 1612-25 wits, 1633-69 336 some] some, 1633  
338 lyes] wife 1612-25 353 thought] thoughts 1612-25 366  
rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

And she gave pardons, and was liberall,  
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all  
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave  
 To all our actions all the worth they have 370  
 She gave protections, the thoughts of her breft  
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest  
 As these prerogatives being met in one,  
 Made her a foveraigne State, religion  
 Made her a Church, and these two made her all 375  
 She who was all this All, and could not fall  
 To worfe, by company, (for she was still  
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)  
 Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive  
 All this, in Heaven, whither who doth not strive 380  
 The more, because shees there, he doth not know  
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow  
 But pause, my soule, And study, ere thou fall  
 On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall  
 Still before Accessories doe abide 385  
 A triall, must the principall be tride  
 And what essentiall joy can't thou expect  
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect  
 Of transitory causes? Dost thou love  
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy't is to move) 390  
 Poore cousened cousenor, *that* she, and *that* thou,  
 Which did begin to love, are neither now,  
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday,  
 Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay  
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395  
 Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same  
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now  
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow  
 Concern'd, remaines, but whil't you thinke you bee  
 Constant, you're houely in inconstancie 400

*Of essentiall  
 joy in this  
 life and in  
 the next*

369 impressions 1612-25 rest impression 378 ill,)] last bracket dropped  
 1612-33 380 whither] spelt whether 1612-33 383 study, 1635-69  
 study 1612-33 391 *that* *that*] no italics 1612-25 397 eyes,  
 1612-21 eyes 1625 eyes, 1633-69, Chambers See note 398 Saint,  
 1612-25 Saint 1633-69 vow] row 1612-25 399 remaines,]  
 remaines, 1612-25

Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
 Because that God did live so long above  
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,  
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow  
 Honour on him, not that he needed it, 405  
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit  
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,  
 (For they doe give it, Princes doe but shew  
 Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this  
 On such opinions, and capacities 410  
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse  
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse  
 Hath ever any man to'himselfe assign'd  
 This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,  
 But that another man which takes a worfe, 415  
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?  
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erec't,  
 Might have considered, that for that effect,  
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow  
 Nor furnish forth materials enow, 420  
 And that this Center, to raise such a place,  
 Was farre too little, to have beene the Base,  
 No more affords this world, foundation  
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one  
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods, 425  
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,  
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are  
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)  
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold  
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, 430  
 And lost their only God, who ever must  
 Be fought alone, and not in such a thrust

402 that] *in italics* 1633-69      404 Creatures 1612-25 creatures  
 1633-69      416 Thinks] Thinke 1612-25      420 enow] enough 1633  
 421 this 1612 his 1621-69      421-2 place,      little, 1612 place      little,  
 1621-33      423 affords] affords 1612-25      world, foundation 1633-69  
 worlds, foundatione 1612-25      426 Benefits      Rods] capitals from  
 1612-25      428 Warre] no capital 1612-39      429 that] the 1625  
 So



So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes,  
 No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes  
 Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe, 435  
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,  
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch  
 Twice the circumference, and be thou such,  
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emplot,  
 All will not serve, Only who have enjoy'd 440  
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it,  
 For it is both the object, and the wit  
 This is essentiall joy, where neither hee  
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee,  
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good, 445  
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood  
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,  
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before  
 She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,  
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy, 450  
 Who with Gods presence was acquainted so,  
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know  
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,  
 Better then when in Images they bee  
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455  
 Gods Image, in such reparation,  
 Within hei heart, that what decay was growne,  
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne  
 Who being solicited to any act,  
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract, 460  
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here  
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there,  
 Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day,  
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray,  
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, 465  
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie  
 At once is given she to Heaven is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion

433 much] much, 1633-39      435 up] upon 1612-25      449 Here  
 1612-25 here 1633-69      463 cleare,] cleane, 1635

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,  
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall 470  
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,  
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much *Of acciden-*  
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee? *tall joys in*  
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee *both places*  
 My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475  
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man  
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,  
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake  
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast,  
 And whil't thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480  
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee  
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee  
 What should the nature change? Or make the same  
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?  
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, 485  
 Only by comming, that it can away  
 Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent,  
 And accidentall things are permanent  
 Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies,  
 For that soule ever joyes and ever staies 490  
 Joy that their last great Consummation  
 Approaches in the resurrection,  
 When earthly bodies more celestiall  
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall,  
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495  
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it  
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,  
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,  
 Doth injure her, ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,  
 There where the stufte is not such as the rest) 500  
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee  
 Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee  
 Made better, for shee rather was two soules,

475 My Lord] no italics 1612-25  
 482 What e'r] What eye 1612-25  
 501 even] ever 1625

477 redresse] Reders 1612-25  
 500 where] waere 1612

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,  
 Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505  
 As strong Records for God, as mindes within,  
 Shee, who by making full perfection grow,  
 Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,  
 Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,  
 Where shee receives, and gives addition 510  
*Conclusion* Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames  
 A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names  
 The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet  
 And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,  
 Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515  
 Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name  
 Could any Saint provoke that appetite,  
 Thou here should'it make me a French convertite  
 But thou would'it not, nor would'it thou be content,  
 To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, 520  
 Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,  
 That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this  
 Since his will is, that to posteritie,  
 Thou should'it for life, and death, a patterne bee,  
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525  
 The purpose, and th'authoritie is his,  
 Thou art the Proclamation, and I am  
 The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came

506 within, *Ed* within, 1612-39 within 1650-69 516  
 invoke] inroque 1612-25 518 French 1635-69 french 1612-33  
 520 Rent] Rent 1633

# EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

*Vpon*

The deaths of fundry Personages

---

*Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable  
Prince Henry*

Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God,  
For both my centers feele this period  
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is,  
And Reason is that center, Faith is this,  
For into'our reason flow, and there do end 5  
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend  
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,  
Shut in, for man, in one circumference  
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are  
So disproportion'd, and so angulare, 10  
As is Gods essence, place and providence,  
Where, how, when, what soules do, departed hence,  
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike,  
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike  
For reason, put to'her best extension, 15  
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one  
And nothing ever came so neare to this,  
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse  
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,  
Reason still seconded, that this prince would 20

Epicedes &c 1635-69 Elegie upon &c 1613, in the *Lachrymae  
Lachrymarum &c of Joshua Sylvester* See note Elegie on Prince Henry  
1633-54, O'F similarly, Cy, N, TCD An Elegie on the untimely &c 1669  
8 man 1633-69 men 1613 17 neare] nere 1633 18 that 1633-69  
the 1613 19 might credit 1633-69 could credit 1613

If

If then leaft moving of the center, make  
 More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,  
 What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,  
 That wee ſee not what to beleev'e or know?<sup>2</sup>  
 Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee, 25  
 Whoſe reputation was an extaſie  
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,  
 Till hee diſcover'd what wayes he would take,  
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,  
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were ſtupified, 30  
 And others ſtudies, how he would be bent,  
 Was his great fathers greateſt inſtrument,  
 And activ ſt ſpirit, to convey and tie  
 This ſoule of peace, through Chriſtianity?<sup>3</sup>  
 Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35  
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,  
 And that his times might have ſtretch'd out ſo farre,  
 As to touch thoſe, of which they emblems are?<sup>4</sup>  
 For to confirme this juſt beleefe, that now  
 The laſt dayes came, wee ſaw heav'n did allow, 40  
 That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,  
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did riſe  
 But now this faith is hereſie we muſt  
 Still ſtay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Duſt  
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he ſpent his ſtore 45  
 Of plagues, on us, and onely now, when more  
 Would eaſe us much, doth he grudge miſery,  
 And will not let's enjoy our curſe, to dy?<sup>5</sup>  
 As, for the earth throwne loweſt downe of all,  
 T'were an ambition to deſire to fall, 50  
 So God, in our deſire to dye, doth know  
 Our plot for eaſe, in being wretched ſo

21 moving 1633-69 movings 1613 22 ſhake, 1650-69 ſhake  
 1633-39 26 extaſie *Ed* extaſie, 1633-69 31 bent, *Ed* bent,  
 1613, 1633-69 34 through 1613-33 to 1635-69 Chriſtianity?<sup>3</sup>  
 1669 Chriſtianity 1633-54 42 did 1633 ſhould 1613, 1635-69  
 44 great-grand-mother, 1613 greatgrand mother, 1633 greatgrand-mother,  
 1635-69 46 us, ] us, 1633 48 to dy? *Ed* to dy 1633 to die!  
 1635-54 no ſtop, 1669

Therefore we live, though such a life wee have,  
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave  
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55  
 When, what we are, his putrefaction  
 Sustaines in us, Earth, which griefes animate?  
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that  
 And could grieve get so high as heav'n, that Quire,  
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60  
 (With grieve to see him) hee had staide below,  
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow  
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?  
 Where should we looke for that, now we're not men?  
 For if our Reason be'our connexion 65  
 Of causes, now to us there can be none  
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,  
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,  
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,  
 The onely subject reason wrought upon 70  
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links  
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks,  
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in  
 A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin  
 At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75  
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee  
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,  
 That we have no reason, would prove wee had some  
 So would just lamentations Therefore wee  
 May safely say, that we are dead, then hee 80  
 So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,  
 We have double excuse, he's not dead, and we are  
 Yet I would not dy yet, for though I bee

57 animate?] animate, 1633 66 Of 1633-69 With 1613 67  
 as, 1613 as 1633-69 69 So is't to] So is' to 1669 71 Fate  
 1633-69 Faith 1613 72 thinks, Ed thinks, 1613, 1633-69 73  
 come, 1633-69 joine, 1613 so steale in 1633-69 to steal-in 1613  
 77 prooffe 1633-69 prooffes 1613 78 some 1633 some, 1635-69  
 80 hee 1633 hee, 1635-69 82 and we are 1633-54 we are 1613,  
 1669 83 I would not 1633-54 would not I 1669

Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,  
 (Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period, 85  
 In her long journey, of considering God)  
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,  
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us  
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,  
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare, 90  
 I pardon Fate, my life Who ere thou bee,  
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art shee,  
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,  
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,  
 By all the soules yee figh'd, that if you see 95  
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history  
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,  
 I were an Angell, finging what you were

*To the Countesse of Bedford*

MADAME,

**I** Have learn'd by those lawes wherem I am a<sup>1</sup> little conversant,  
 that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him  
 which is dead, but not the<sup>2</sup> heire, I do not therefore send this  
 paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or  
 thinke that I thanke you in it, your favours and benefits to mee  
 are so much above my merits, that they are even above my  
 gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse  
 it But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours,  
 the evidences also concerning it are yours,<sup>3</sup> so his vertue<sup>4</sup> being  
 yours, the evidences concerning it,<sup>5</sup> belong also to you, of which by  
 your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly  
 present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble  
 and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE

91 Who *Ed* who 1633-69      92 shee, 1633-69 she *Chambers*  
 97 So much, as you, 1633-69      So, much as you *Chambers*  
 To the Countesse &c 1633-69, and in most of the MSS as next page <sup>1</sup> a  
 1633-54 om 1669 <sup>2</sup> the] his 1669 <sup>3</sup> yours, 1633 yours 1635-69  
<sup>4</sup> vertue 1633 vertues 1635-69 <sup>5</sup> it, 1633 that 1635-69

*Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the  
Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford*

Faire soule, which waft, not onely, as all foules bee,  
Then when thou waft infused, harmony,  
But did'st continue so, and now dost beare  
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare  
If looking up to God, or downe to us, 5  
Thou finde that any way is pervious,  
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe  
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,  
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree  
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10  
And, by these meditations refin'd,  
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,  
And so can make by this soft extasie,  
This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thèe  
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest, 15  
Times dead-low water, when all mindes devest  
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have  
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,  
Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,  
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20  
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,  
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than  
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,  
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,  
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25  
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,

Obsequies to *C<sup>c</sup> B, S96 and similarly A25, C, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O F, S, TCD* Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother To the Countesse of Bedford 1633-54 Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c To the Countess of Bedford 1669 7 mans 1633, *D, H49* mens 1635-69 and most *MSS* 11 these 1633-69 those *B, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, TCD* 15 midnight, now 1633-69 midnight, now *Chambers* midnight now, *Grolier* 26 that Sunne] this Sunne *N, TCD*



All the world growes transparent, and I see  
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee,  
 And, I discerne by favour of this light,  
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight 30  
 God is the glasse, as thou when thou dost see  
 Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,  
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend  
 All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end  
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35  
 All, since the beeing of all things is hee,  
 Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive  
 Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,  
 Deeds of good men, for by their living here,  
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare 40  
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest  
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?  
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,  
 Nor can endure a contemplation  
 As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45  
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,  
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,  
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently  
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,  
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50  
 Bee'insisted on, vertues, as rivers, passe,  
 Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was  
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so  
 Part of his body to another owe,

30 hardest] hardiest 1669    34 end *D* end, 1633-69    35 our  
 true glasse, 1633-69 (glasse, 1633)    truly our glasse *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*  
*N, O'F, S, S96, TGD*    see] see 1633 some copies, 1635    38 Things, in  
 proportion fit, by perspective, *D*    Things, in proportion fit by perspective,  
 1633    Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1635-54, *Chambers*    Things  
 in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669    See note    39 men, *D* men,  
 1633    men 1635-69    living 1633    beeing 1635-69, *Chambers and*  
*Grolier*    40 neare 1635-69    nere, 1633    44 contemplation *Ed*  
 contemplation, 1633-69    51 on, *Ed* on, 1633-69    52 was *Ed*  
 was, 1633-69    53 feed 1635-69 and *MSS*    feeds 1633

Yet at the laft two perfect bodies rife, 55  
 Because God knowes where every Atome lyes,  
 So, if one knowledge were made c<sup>t</sup> all thofe,  
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might difpofe  
 His vertues into names, and ranks, but I  
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deftime, 60  
 Should I divide and difcontinue fo,  
 Vertue, which did in one intireneffe grow  
 For as, hee that would fay, fpirits are fram'd  
 Of all the pureft parts that can be nam'd,  
 Honours not fpirits halfe fo much, as hee 65  
 Which fayer, they have no parts, but fimple bee,  
 So is't of vertue, for a point and one  
 Are much entirer then a million  
 And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,  
 It would have let him live to have beene old, 70  
 So, then that vertue in feafon, and then this,  
 We might have feene, and faid, that now hē is  
 Witty, now wife, now temperate, now juft  
 In good fhort lives, vertues are faine to thruft,  
 And to be fure betimes to get a place, 75  
 When they would exercife, lacke time, and fpace  
 So was it in this perfon, forc'd to bee  
 For lack of time, his owne epitome  
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,  
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch 80  
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,  
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,  
 Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,  
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth  
 run,

63 would 1633 should 1635-69 69 to have his 1633, *A25, D, H49*,  
*JC, Lec, N, S 896, FCD* to have had his 1635-69, *O'F, Chambers* 70  
 old, *Ed* old, 1633-39 old 1650-69 71 So, then that *Ed* So then,  
 that 1633 So, then, that 1635-69 76 exercife] exercife 1633 *some*  
*copies* encrease *D, H49, Lec* exercife they *S* lacke 1633-54 laft  
 1669 time] room *A25, B, JC, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 78 epitome *D*  
 epitome 1633-69 80 Chronicles] *Chronicles* 1669 can touch ]  
 can touch, 1633 84 he] *om* 1669, *O'F*

Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85  
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire,  
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,  
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes  
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,  
 Which he successively to order brings, 90  
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe  
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not fo,  
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,  
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,  
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95  
 And lay together every A, and B,  
 So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood  
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good,  
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,  
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men lead 100  
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme  
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,  
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spred,  
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?  
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105  
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?  
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd  
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd  
 In the most large extent, through every path,  
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath 110  
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have  
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)  
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all  
 The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall,  
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115  
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,

86 Aire, 1669 Aire 1633-35 Air, 1639-54 87 instant]  
 instant, 1633 98 good, *Ed* good 1633-69 102 this *A25*,  
*B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, S, TCD* the 1633-69 tempests *A25, D, H49*,  
*JC, N, S96, TCD* tempest 1633-69, *O'F, S* 106 death, *Ed* death  
 1633-69 110 man] man, 1633 hath ] hath, 1633 some copies, 1635-39  
 When

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,  
 Onely great circles, than can be our scale  
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse  
 All, tending to thy endlesse happineffe, 120  
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,  
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,  
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures  
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures  
 Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125  
 Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,  
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,  
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth,  
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,  
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130  
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele  
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,  
 Whose *hand* gets shaking palfies, and whose *string*  
 (His finewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,  
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135  
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,  
 Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,  
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,  
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,  
 Or be not set, or set at every will, 140  
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,  
 If then wee follow all, or follow none  
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,  
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'employ their time,  
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145  
 When, small clocks faults, only on the wearer fall,

117 When when 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* Where where rest of MSS  
 118 circles, than can *D* circles, then, can 1633-69 121 it] that many  
 MSS 125 ambitions, ] ambition, 1669 126 agues, *Ed* agues,  
 1633-69 127-8 in brackets 1635-69 128 As well as lust, 1669  
 As well, as lust 1633-54 130 tell us 1633, 1669, *A25, D, H49, N, S,*  
*ICD* set us 1635-54, *B, O'F, S96, and Chambers* 133 *hand* gets *A25,*  
*B, C, D, H49, JC, N, S, TCD* hands get 1633-54 hands gets 1669 See  
 note 135 *flye*, 1633 *flee*, 1635-69 138 houres come, 1633-54 hour  
 come, 1669 hours are come, *Chambers* 142 none 1635-69 none,  
 1633 146 fall, *Ed* fall 1633-69

So worke the faults of age, on which the eye  
 Of children, servants, or the State relie  
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,  
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150  
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,  
 Instructions, such as it could never be  
 Disorderd, stay here, as a generall  
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?  
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155  
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent  
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,  
 That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,  
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,  
 Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in? 160  
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,  
 All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death  
 Which word I would not name, but that I fee  
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee  
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have 165  
 Good companie, his entry is a grave  
 Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,  
 Where, when the severall labourers I see,  
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,  
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain, 170  
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which  
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich  
 There is the best concourse, and confluence,  
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence  
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem, 175  
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them  
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou  
 Begin thy Triumph, But since lawes allow

154 great] grave *A25, C* 155 wouldst] wouldst 1639-54 any  
 1633-35, and *MSS* an 1639-69, *Chambers* 158 when 1633-69  
 where *C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD* whereas *B* 161 was 1633 were  
 1635-69 165 grow sure, 1633, *D, H49, Lec* am sure, 1635-69 170  
 and 1633-69 of *A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 176 them *D* them,  
 1633, 169-69 them, 1635 178 Triumph, 1633 Triumph 1635-69  
 That

That at the Triumph day, the people may,  
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say, 180  
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse  
 My grieffe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse  
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,  
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie,  
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, 185  
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,  
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,  
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,  
 And so in that capacitie remove  
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190  
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,  
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave  
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet  
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate  
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, 195  
 But till thou should'st successefully advance  
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are  
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,  
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,  
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200  
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,  
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are  
 No more are they, who though with good successe,  
 In a defensive war, their power expresse,  
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205  
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone,  
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win  
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,  
 And to deliver up to God that state,  
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210

184 victorie, *Ed* victorie, 1633-69 186 brought] wrought 1639,  
*Chambers* 192 usurp'dst *B, D, H49, N, TCD* usurp'st 1633, *Lec, S96*  
 usurpe 1635-69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chamlers* 193 Then 1635-69 That  
 1633 198 acclamations 1669, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*  
 acclamation 1633-54 202 are *D* are, 1633-69 204 expresse,  
*Ed* expresse 1633-69

(Which

(Which is thy foule and body) as intire  
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,  
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,  
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe,  
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more  
 Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before? 216  
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,  
 Of one another in possession were  
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,  
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee 220  
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt  
 Of imminent commotions to breake out  
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee  
 His territory was no more then Hee?  
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis 225  
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,  
 And he was joyned in commision  
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one  
 But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide  
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd 230  
 With this, that it might never reference have  
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave,  
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not  
 At that authoritie, by which he got  
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might, 235  
 So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,  
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,  
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us,  
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute  
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute 240  
 Prerogative hath thus dispen'd with thee,  
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugnere bee

212 endeavours, 1633-54, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96,  
 TCD Indentours, 1669, Chambers 216 'thad] t'had 1633-39 218  
 were D were, 1633-69 222 out 1635-69 out 1633 224  
 His 1633-54 This 1669 then 1633-69 but D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96,  
 TCD 231 reference] reverence 1650-54 239 I am] am I B,  
 O'F, S, S96 241 with 1633-69, O'F for A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD  
 Of

Of early triumphs, And I (though with paine)  
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine  
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, 245  
 That all men should lacke thee, then thou lack it  
 Though then in our time, be not suffered  
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,  
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,  
 As Saxon wives, and French foldurū did, 250  
 And though in no degree I can expresse  
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,  
 Who at his friends death, made whole townes deuest  
 Their walls and bullwarks which became them best  
 Doe not, faire foule, this sacrifice refuse, 255  
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,  
 Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast  
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last

*Elegie on the Lady Marckham*

**M**AN is the World, and death th'Ocean,  
 To which God gives the lower parts of man  
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet  
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,  
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5  
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend  
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent,  
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,  
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her fins let fall)  
 Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall, 10

247 time,] times, 1669, B, JC, O'F, N, S, S96, TCD 250 foldurū D,  
 H49, Lec foldurū 1633-69 251 expresse] expresse, 1633 257  
 Who, 1633 Which, 1639-69  
 Elegie &c 1633-54 An Elegie &c 1669 similarly, A18, A25, B,  
 C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC 6 And breaks  
 1633-54 To break 1669 bankes D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P,  
 TCC bounds A25, C banke, 1633-69, N (s added), TCD 8 firmament,  
 firmament 1633 10 Funerall, Ed Funerall 1633-69

And



And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin  
 We, after Gods *Noe*, drowne our world againe  
 Nothing but man of all inuenum'd things  
 Doth worke upon it selfe, with inborne stings  
 Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15  
 Through passions mist, what wee are, or what thee  
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach,  
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,  
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,  
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand 20  
 As men of China, after an ages stay,  
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay,  
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines  
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,  
 Of which this flesh was, her foule shall inspire 25  
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire  
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,  
 Make and name then, th'Elixir of this All  
 They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too,  
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30  
 Usurpe the body, our foule, which subject is  
 To th'elder death, by finne, is freed by this,  
 They perish both, when they attempt the just,  
 For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust  
 So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both, 35  
 For, none to death finnes, that to finne is loth,  
 Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die,  
 So hath she this, and that virginity

11 these *D, H49, Lec* those 1633-69 12 after Gods *Noe*, drowne  
 1633-54 (*No*, 1635-54) after God, new drown 1669 our world  
 1669, *B, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD* the world 1633-54, *A18*,  
*A25, JC, TCC* 16 mist] mistes *Cy, L74, N, TCD* 19 embroder'd  
 1635-54 embroderd 1633 embroide'd 1669 21 stay, *Ed* stay  
 1633-69 25 which *Ed* which, 1633-69 28 then, 1633  
 then 1635-39 them 1650-69 34 and both deaths dust *Ed*  
 and both Deaths' dust *Grolier* and both, deaths dust 1633 and both  
 death's dust 1635-69 and *Chambers* and both dead dust *D, Cy, H40*,  
*H49, JC, Lec, S96* See note 36 loth, *Ed* loth 1633-69 37  
 die, *Ed* die, 1633-69

Grace was in her extremely diligent,  
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent 40  
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,  
 How little payson cracks a christall glasse!  
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see  
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be  
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45  
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,  
 Making omiffions, acts, laying the touch  
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such  
 As *Moses* Cherubines, whose natures doe  
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too 50  
 So would her foule, already in heaven, seeme then,  
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men  
 How fit she was for God, I am content  
 To speake, that Death his vaine haift may repent  
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55  
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,  
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,  
 That women can no parts of friendship bee,  
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,  
 Left they that heare her vertues, thinke her old 60  
 And left we take Deaths part, and make him glad  
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde

42 cracks 1633-69, *A25, Cy, P* (crackt) beakes *A18, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC* glasse! *Ed* glasse? 1633-69 44-5 omitted in 1633 between foot of one page and top of next 45 rarefie, rectify, *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96* 48 sometimes 1633 and *MSS* sometime 1635-69, and *Chambers* 52 teares, tears *Chambers* the men in brackets *A18, N, TC* 54 Death *D* death 1633-69 58 women 1635-69, *A18, A25, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TC* woman 1633, *Cy* parts] parte *Cy, JC* This line written in large letters in several *MSS* 60 vertues, 1633-35, 1669 vertue 1639-54 thinke] thinks 1639 old *Ed* old 1633-69 62 tryumph 1633-69, *A25, D, H40, Lec* triumphes *A18, B, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC*

*Elegie on Mrs Boulstred*

DEATH I recant, and say, unsaid by mee  
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee  
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,  
 That any can thy Summons disobey  
 Th'earths face is but thy Table, there are set 5  
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate  
 In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes  
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes  
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more waft,  
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last 10  
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,  
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot  
 Nor will this earth serve him, he sinkes the deepe  
 Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,  
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15  
 Might sponge that element, and make it land  
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes  
 In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,  
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee  
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie 20  
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?  
 And how without Creation didst begin?  
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,  
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist  
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25  
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou  
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee  
 Waftfull consumptions, and degrees of thee

Elegie on Mrs Boulstred 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74,  
 Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD in Cy, O'F, P this and the Elegie, Death, be  
 not proud (p 416) are given as one poem See note 5 there are set]  
 and the meate A18, L74, N, TC 6 dishes 1633, 1650-69 dish'd  
 1635-39, A18, L74, N, O'F, S96, TC 10 first,] fruite or frutes A18,  
 H49, L74, N, TC first fruit P 14 keepe, 1635-39 keepe 1633,  
 1650-69 15 by Roes 1633 the Roes 1635-54 the Rows 1669  
 by rows A18, N, O'F, P, S96, TC 18 birds Ed birds, 1633-69  
 (Heavens choristers)] brackets from HN 27 lives, 1635-69, A25,  
 Cy, O'F, P, S lifes, HN life, 1633, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC  
 For,

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,  
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death 30  
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,  
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay  
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee  
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee  
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35  
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own  
 She was more stories high hopelesse to come  
 To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome  
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court  
 But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort 40  
 As houses fall not, though the King remove,  
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above  
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place  
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,  
 Both worke a separation, no divorce 45  
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse,  
 Which shall be'almost another soule, for there  
 Bodies are purer, then best Soules are here  
 Because in her, her virtues did outgoe  
 Her yeares, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so? 50  
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost  
 Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?  
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of  
 youth?  
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne purfueth  
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold, 55  
 Shortly, ambitious, covetous, when old,  
 She might have prov'd and such devotion  
 Might once have stray'd to superstition

34 to thee 1633 for thee 1635-69 35 thou hast 1633-69 hast  
 thou HN 36 blow] blow 1633 41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy,  
 D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC Kings 1635-69 45 worke 1633-69,  
 HN, O'F, S workes A18, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC makes Lec See  
 note 56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633 ambitious, 1635-69 ambitious,  
 1633

If all her vertues must have growne, yet might  
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight 60  
 Had she perseuer'd just, there would have bin  
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne  
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faime  
 To sociablenesse, a name profane,  
 O! sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65  
 By wishing, though they never told her what  
 Thus mightst thou have slain more soules, hadst thou not  
 croft  
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost  
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,  
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone 70  
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,  
 Our teares are due, because we are not such  
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,  
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost

## ELEGIE

*Death*

**L**anguage thou art too narrow, and too weake  
 To ease us now, great sorrow cannot speake,  
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,  
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords

62 mis-thinking] mistaking *Cy, HN, O'F* (but altered to text) 64  
 profane, 1669 profane, 1635-54 profane 1633 74 though 1635-69,  
*A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* but 1633, *D, H40, H49, Lec*  
 Here follow in 1635-54 By our first strange (*p* 111), Madame, That I  
 (*p* 291), and Death be not proud, (*p* 422) In 1669 My Fortune and  
 (*p* 292) precedes Madame, That I  
 Elegie 1633 Elegie XI Death 1635-54 (being placed among the Elegies)  
 Elegie XI 1669 An Elegie upon the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Boulstied *A18, B,*  
*Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD* no title, *HN* 2 sorrow 1633,  
*B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC* sorrowes 1635-69, *O'F, S*

Sad

Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5  
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)  
 Not that they know not, feelee not their estate,  
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate  
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee,  
 Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10  
 Was't, that shee did possesse all hearts before,  
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?  
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,  
 As in a deluge perish th'innocent?  
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15  
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?  
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,  
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,  
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,  
 They told not when, but did the day beginne 20  
 She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee,  
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be,  
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake,  
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?  
 And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall 25  
 Th'haft lost thy end, for in her perish all,  
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,  
 They know her better now, that knew her well  
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die,  
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie 30  
 Shee chang'd our world with hers, now she is gone,  
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression,  
 For of all morall vertues she was all,  
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall

8 desperate *Ed* desperate, 1633-69 10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669  
 (no comma) Tyran, 1635-54 20 beginne *Ed* beginne, 1633-69  
 21 for 1635-69 to 1633 26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS in  
 her we 1635-69, *Chambers* 28 They that well, 1633, *Cy*, *H40*,  
*HN*, *L74*, *N*, *S* *TC* That know her better now, who knew her well  
 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *P*, *S* 96 29 and pine, and ] or pine, or *Cy*, *H40*, *HN*,  
*O'F*, *P*, *S*, *S* 96 or pine, and *L74*, *TCC* 30 miserie *Ed* miserie,  
 1633-69 34 The Ethicks speake 1633, *Ar8*, *Cy*, *H40*, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *TC*  
 That Ethickes speake 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S* The ethenickes speake *HN*  
 Cardinall *Ed* Cardinall, 1633-69

Her foule was Paradise, the Cherubin 35  
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne  
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee  
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree  
 God tooke her hence, left some of us should love  
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40  
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,  
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is,  
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay  
 Wee had had a Saint, have now a holiday  
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45  
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire  
 Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,  
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,  
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,  
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last 50  
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,  
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)  
 Her body left with us, left some had said,  
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead,  
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautifullnesse, 55  
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse  
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be  
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*, and the tree  
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,  
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond, 60  
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part  
 Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart

36 that kept out] to keep out *HN, P* sinne *Ed* sinne, 1633-69  
 37 She had no more, then let in death for we 1669 38 tree *Ed*  
 tree, 1633-69 41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this  
 'Twill *Ed* S 44 holiday *Ed* holiday, 1633-69 *All the MSS*  
 omit have, but *O'F* inserts it later 48 That what 1633-69 That  
 when *HN* turne] turn'd *Cy, HN, P, S, 96* to *feast*, *Ed* to feast,  
 1633-69 feast] feasts *L74, N, O'F, TC* to *pray* *Ed* to play,  
 1633-69 50 last] last, 1633 53 Her body left 1633, *A18, HN,*  
*N, TC* Her bodie's left 1635-69 56 fram'd] fram'd *Cy, P* form'd  
*H40, HN* 57 wooes] woes 1633 be] be, 1633 58 *All the*  
*MSS* omit a before *Lemnia*, but *O'F* inserts 61 sad glad 1633-69  
 glad sad *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, 96* 62 waste 1633, *A18, Cy, H40,*  
*HN, L74, N, P, TC* breake 1635-69, *B, O'F*

*Elegie on the L C*

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way  
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey  
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us  
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus  
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5  
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve  
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,  
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store  
 Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,  
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10  
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,  
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,  
 As we for him dead though no familie  
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie  
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15  
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share  
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him, he gaine now  
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,  
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew  
 All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew 20  
 What ease, can hope that wee shall see him, beget,  
 When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?  
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee  
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he  
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25  
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone

Elegie &c 1635-69, following Death be not proud (p 422) Elegie,  
 Funerall Elegie, or no title, B, Cy, HN, O'F, S96 Elegie VI (being placed  
 among the Elegies) 1633 Elegie (being eighth among Elegies) D, H49, Lec  
 Elegia tertia S Elegie XIII<sup>a</sup> JC, W 1 who 1633-39 that 1650-69  
 2 prey 1633 prey, 1635-54 Pay 1669 4 thus 1669 thus, 1633-54  
 13 dead 1633-69 dead HN, Grolier 16 Venture their states] Venter  
 estates B share D, H49, Lec, W share 1633 share, 1635-69, Chambers  
 and Grolier See note 17 him,] him, 1633 20 names] name 1635-69  
 knew Ed knew, 1635-69 24 he 1650-69 he, 1633-39

*An*



*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquess  
Hamylton*

*To Sir Robert Carr*

S I R,

**I** Prefume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse, you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity, But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and  
servant in Christ Iesus

I D

**W**Hether that soule which now comes up to you  
Fill any former ranke or make a new,  
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,  
Or be a name it selfe, and order more

An hymne *c* 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading similarly in *A18, OF, TCC* See note 2 verse, 1635-69 verse, 1633 3 best] at the best *A18, TCC* subjects 1635-69 subjects, 1633 subject, *A18, TCC* 6-7 of him sacrifice 1635-69 of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice 1633 of him, nor of you, nor of anye, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice *A18, ICC* 9 the 1635-69 your 1633, *A18, TCC* more] much 1633 10 loath] loather 1633 in Christ Iesus] om *A18, TCC*

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3 2 new, *Ld* new, 1633-69  
Then

Then was in heaven till now, (for may not hee 5  
 Bee fo, if every severall Angell bee  
 A *kind* alone?) What ever order grow  
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so  
 One of your orders growes by his accessse,  
 But, by his losse grow all our *orders* lesse, 10  
 The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name  
 Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame,  
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,  
 The *household* widdow'd, and the *garter* slack,  
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue, 15  
*Story*, a theame, and *Musicke* lacks a song,  
 Bleft *order* that hath him! the losse of him  
 Gangreend all *Orders* here, all lost a limbe  
 Never made body such haft to confesse  
 What a foule was, All former comelineesse 20  
 Fled, in a minute, when the foule was gone,  
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none,  
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one instant growne  
 Not to lesse houfes, but, to heapes of stone,  
 So sent this body that faire forme it wore, 25  
 Unto the speare of formes, and doth (before  
 His foule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)  
 Anticipate a Resurrection,  
 For, as in his fame, now, his foule is here,  
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there 30  
 And if, faire foule, not with first *Innocents*  
 Thy station be, but with the *Pœnituents*,  
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am  
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,

6 fo,] fo' 1633      7 alone?) 1635-54 alone,) 1633 alone) 1669  
 8 fo *Ed* fo, 1633-69      12 are 1633, *A18, TCC* 15 1635-69, O'F  
 16 song, 1633 song 1635-69      17 him! *Ed* him, 1633-69      18  
 Gangreend 1635-69 Gangred 1633 limbe 1633-35 limbe 1639-69  
 22 none, *Ed* none 1650-69 none, 1633-39      23 one instant 1633  
 an instant 1635-69      25 this 1633, *A18, TCC* his 1635-69      29  
 For, as in his 1633-39 For, as it his 1650-54 For, as it is his 1669  
 30 there *Ed* there, 1633-39 there, 1650-69

Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,  
Were black or white before in eyes of men ?)

When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde  
Amongst those many friends now left behinde,  
And seest such finners as they are, with thee  
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee  
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane ,  
With *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*

36 in eyes] in the eyes *AI8, O'F, TCC*

# EPITAPHS.

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## EPITAPH

### ON HIMSELFE

*To the Countesse of Bedford*

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,  
 And for my fame which I love next my foule,  
 Next to my foule provide the happiest roome,  
 Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle  
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I  
 Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie 5

My fortune and my will this custome breake,  
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,  
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou  
 In my graves inside see what thou art now 10  
 Yet th'art not yet so good, till us death lay  
 To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,  
 Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie  
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie,  
 Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pampered is, 15  
 Our foules become worme-eaten Carkasses

Epitaph *B, D, H40, H49* On himselve 1635-69 To the  
 Countesse of Bedford *O'F, S96* no heading, and epistle only, *A25, C*  
*The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with*  
*heading Elegie, is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies The full*  
*epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselve is included among*  
*the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy In*  
*his note Chambers (II 234) reverses these facts In 1669 On himselve*  
*is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the*  
*Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph They are here given for the*  
*first time in a separate group* 5 Others by Wills 1635-69 Others by  
 testaments *A25, C, O'F* (altered to wills), *S96* Men by testament *B*  
 Then by testament *H40* O then by testament *D, H49* 10 now  
 1650-69 now, 1635-39 12 there, 1635, 1669 thee, 1639-54

## Omnibus

**M**Y Fortune and my choice this custome break,  
 When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speake,  
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou  
 In my graves inside seest what thou art now  
 Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay 5  
 To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay  
 Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie  
 Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie  
 Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pamper'd is,  
 Our foules become wormeaten carkases, 10  
 So we our felves miraculously destroy  
 Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy  
 Such priuiledges, enabled here to scale  
 Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale  
 Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me, 15  
 By making me being dead, doe good to thee,  
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now  
 A last-ficke houre to syllables allow

Omnibus *D, H49* To all *H40, RP31* Another on the same (i.e. *Mrs Boulfred*) *P* On himselfe 1635-69 no title, *B, S96* in *MSS* this complete epitaph follows the epistle (p 291), but in *B* they are separated by various poems and in *P* the epistle is not given 3 tell] tel 1635  
 4 seest] see *D, H49* compare incomplete version 5 Yet 1635-69  
 Nay *S96* thou'art *Ed* thou art 1635-69 8 lie *Ed*  
 lie, 1635-69 14 them] then 1669 16 to thee, *B, D, H40, H49,*  
*O'F, S96* for thee, 1635-69

# INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

*Poëma Satyricon*

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### EPISTLE



Others at the Porches and entrie of their  
Buildings fet their Armes, I, my picture,  
if any colours can deliver a minde so  
plaine, and flat, and through light as  
mine Naturally at a new Author, I  
doubt, and sicke, and doe not say quickly,  
good I censure much and taxe, And  
this liberty costs mee more then others,  
by how much my owne things are worfe then others Yet  
I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe  
it, since I love it, nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine*  
*talione* As long as I give them as good hold upon mee,  
they must pardon mee my bitings I forbid no repre-  
hender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not  
bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name  
hath or shall write None writes so ill, that he gives not  
some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie Now when I  
beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any  
mans debt<sup>1</sup>, how my stocke will hold out I know not,  
perchance waste, perchance increase in use, if I doe

*Infinitati &c* 1633-69 (in 1633 it is the first poem, in 1635-69 it  
follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters,  
and precedes Divine Poems as here), *Ad* 8, *G*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD* Metempsy-  
chosis 1650-69 Metempsychosis 1633-39 <sup>1</sup> debt, *Ed* debt, 1633-69  
borrow

borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron,<sup>1</sup> since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,<sup>2</sup> at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple<sup>3</sup> which Eve eate,<sup>4</sup> to this time when shee is hee,<sup>5</sup> whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke

<sup>1</sup> Mucheron, 1633, *N, TC* Mushrome, *G* Maceron, 1635-69, *O'F*  
<sup>2</sup> and can now tell mee, 1635-69 <sup>3</sup> apple] aple 1633 <sup>4</sup> eate,  
 1633-69 ate, *O'F* eat, *mod editors* <sup>5</sup> shee is hee, 1633, *A18, G, N,*  
*TC* shee is shee, 1635-69

# THE P R O G R E S S E O F T H E S O U L E.

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## *First Song*

---

### I

**I** Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,  
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,  
 Plac'd in most shapes, all times before the law  
 Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing  
 And the great world to his aged evening, 5  
 From infant morne, through manly noone I draw  
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,  
 Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one,  
 A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and stone,  
 And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none 10

### II

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,  
 By thy male force, is all wee have, begot  
 In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,  
 Suck'ft early balme, and Iland spices there,  
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere 15  
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,  
 And see at night thy Western land of Myne,  
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene then thee,  
 That before thee, one day beganne to bee,  
 And thy fraile light being quenched, shall long, long out  
 live thee 20

7 gold] cold 1635-54      10 writt 1635-69, G      writs 1633, A18, N,  
 TC Writ's Chambers      12 begot ] begot, 1633      13 East] east  
 1633 some copies      beginst] begins 1633      16 Danow dine,] Danon  
 dine 1633      17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies)      Mine, 1635-69  
 19 one day before thee O'F

### III.



III

Nor, holy *Ianus*, in whose soveraigne boate  
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate,  
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall  
 Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie  
 Of fowles, and beafts, in whose wombe, Destinie 25  
 Us, and our latestt nephewes did install  
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)  
 Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke  
 So diverse shapés into that floating parke,  
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly  
 sparke 30

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,  
 That hast mark'd out a path and period  
 For every thing, who, where wee of-spring tooke,  
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant, Thou 35  
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow  
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke  
 And shew my story, in thy eternall booke  
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand  
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,  
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand 40

V

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,  
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,  
 Except my legend be free from the letts  
 Of steepe ambition, sleepeie povertie,  
 Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45

21 Nor, holy *Ianus*, *Ed* Nor holy *Ianus* 1633-69 27 From thence]  
 For, thence G All,)] All) 1633-69 31 Commissary] commissary 1633  
*some copies* 33 every thing, *Ed* every thing, 1633-69 34 instant,  
 1633 instant 1635-69 36 vouch thou safe *At8, G, N, O'F, TC* vouch  
 safe thou 1633-69 37 booke *Ed* booke 1633-69 45 Spirit  
 quenching] Spright-quenching G

Distracting bufinesse, and from beauties nets,  
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,  
O let me not launch out, but let mee save  
Th'expense of braine and spirit, that my grave  
His right and due, a whole unwafted man may have 50

VI

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,  
In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough  
It selfe, for I will through the wave, and fome,  
And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,  
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light 55  
For though through many freights, and lands I roame,  
I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home,  
The course I there began, shall here be staid,  
Sailes hoisted there, stroke here, and anchors laid  
In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates  
waide 60

VII

For the great foule which here amongst us now  
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,  
Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us, to heare  
Whose story, with long patience you will long,  
(For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) 65  
This foule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were  
Prisons of flesh, this foule which oft did teare,  
And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,  
And liv'd when every great change did come,  
Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome 70

54 shall, *Ed* shall 1633 hold 1635-69 lone 1635-69 love 1633,  
*A18, G, N, TC* wayes *Ed* wayes, 1633-69 spright, *Ed* spright  
1633-69 59 hoisted] hoisted *G* 61 For the] For this *G, N, TC*  
For that *O'F* 63 Which, *Ed* Which 1633-69 us, *Ed* us,  
1633-69 69 when] where *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*

## VIII

Yet no low roome, nor then the greatest, lesse,  
 If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)  
 That Crosse, our joy, and grieve, where nailes did tye  
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where,  
 Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare, 75  
 Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die,  
 Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,  
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,  
 For on that tree hung in security  
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling  
 free 80

## IX

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,  
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne  
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,  
 Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps  
 For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes, 85  
 Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive  
 (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)  
 He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate,  
 So perished the eaters, and the meate  
 And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and  
 sweate 90

## X

Man all at once was there by woman flaine,  
 And one by one we're here flaine o'er againe  
 By them The mother poison'd the well-head,  
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,  
 No smalnesse escapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets, 95

71 no low] nor low *Chambers* 74 every where, *Ed* every where  
 1633 every where, 1635-69 83 enlive, *G* enlive 1633-69 *om* 1633  
 some copies, and *A18, N, TC* 93 poyson'd 1669 poisoned 1633-54  
 94 corrupt us, 1635-69 corrupts us, 1633 corrupt as *G* Rivolets,  
*Ed* Rivolets, 1635-69 *om* 1633, *A18, N, TC* 95 breaks] breake  
 1633 some copies nets, *Ed* nets, 1633-69

She

She thrust us out, and by them we are led  
Altray, from turning, to whence we are fled  
Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,  
Shee finn'd, we beare, part of our paine is, thus  
To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoa'k'd  
us 100

XI

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,  
That now wee dare aske why wee should be so  
Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make  
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can  
His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man 105  
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?  
Who finn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake  
Nor her, who was not then made, nor is't writ  
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple, yet  
The worrne and she, and he, and wee endure for it 110

XII

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine  
Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine  
Then hazard still, to meditate on ill,  
Though with good minde, their reasons, like those toyes  
Of glasse bubbles, which the gamesome boyes 115  
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill  
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill  
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise  
As wraistlers, perfects them, Not liberties  
Of speech, but silence, hands, not tongues, end  
heresies 120

96 thrust] thrusts 1633 (thrust in some copies) 97 fled] fled, 1633  
99 beare, 1635-69, G here, 1633 heare, A18, N, TC 108 is't] i't 1633  
112 vanities, 1633, G vanitie, 1635-69 114 minde, Ed minde, 1633-69  
reasons, Ed reasons 1633 reason's 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier 115  
which] with 1633 some copies 117 breake, doe 1633, A18, G, N, TC  
breake, and doe 1635-69, Chambers spill Ed spill, 1633-69 119  
perfects] perfect 1633 some copies

XIII

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,  
 Broke the slight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,  
 Through which this soule from the trees root did draw  
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away  
 This loofe soule, old, one and another day 125  
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,  
 'Tis so soone gone, (and better prooffe the law  
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew  
 To a darke and foggie Plot, Her, her fates threw  
 There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant houf'd  
 her anew 130

XIV

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force  
 A place, where no place was, by natures course  
 As aire from water, water fleets away  
 From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so  
 His spungie confines gave him place to grow 135  
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay  
 To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way  
 That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere  
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,  
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were 140

XV

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,  
 West-ward his left, th'ends did themselves digest  
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were  
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,  
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145

125 day 1635-69 day, 1633 (*corrected in some copies*) 126 dares]  
 dare 1669 127 prooffe] proofes O'F 130 earths pores, 1669,  
 Ar8, G, N earths-pores, 1633 earth-pores, 1633 (*some copies*), 1635-54  
 anew] a new 1633 135 grow 1650-69 grow, 1633-39 137 the  
 Prince, and have so fill'd G. the Princeesse, and so fill'd 1633 (*but some copies*  
*read the Prince, and so fill'd*) the Prince, and so fill up 1635-69 the Prince,  
 and so fill'd Ar8, N, TC 144 bed, Ed bed, 1633-69

His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare  
 Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,  
 To show, that in loves businesse hee should still  
 A dealer bee, and be uf'd well, or ill  
 His apples kinde, his leaves, force of conception kill 150

XVI

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath, blinde eyes, deafe eares,  
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire,  
 A young *Coloffus* there hee stands upright,  
 And as that ground by him were conquered  
 A leafie garland weares he on his head 155  
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright  
 That for them you would call your Loves lips white,  
 So, of a lone unhaunted place posselt,  
 Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest,  
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest 160

XVII

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,  
 But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve  
 And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite,  
 Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,  
 And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165  
 Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light,  
 Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,  
 And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood,  
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood,  
 But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most  
 good 170

146 upbeare *Ed* upbeare, 1633 up beare, 1635-69 147 middle  
 parts 1633, *G, O'F* middle part 1635-69 mid-parts *A18, N, TC* 150  
 kinde, *G* kinde, 1633, *A18, N, O'F, TC* kinde, 1635-69 157 white,  
 1633 white, 1635-69 159 guest, *Ed* guest 1633-69 See note  
 165 moist red 1633-35 moist-red 1639-69 166 slept | slept 1633-35  
 light, *Ed* light, 1633-69 167 mandrakes might, *Ed* mandrakes  
 might, 1633-54 mandrakes-might, 1669

XVIII.

## XVIII

To an unfetterd foules quick nimble haft  
 Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac'd  
 Thinner then burnt aire flies this foule, and she  
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns  
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes 175  
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny  
 Confin'd, and enjayld her, that seem'd so free,  
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore  
 Warne bird orespread, and sat still evermore,  
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a  
 dore 180

## XIX

Outcrept a sparrow, this foules moving Inne,  
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,  
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,  
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,  
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185  
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe  
 As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,  
 And chirps alowd for meat Meat fit for men  
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then  
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his  
 hen 190

## XX.

In this worlds youth wise nature did make haft,  
 Things ripened sooner, and did longer last,  
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,  
 In field and tent, oreflutters his next hen,  
 He asks her not, who did so tast, nor when, 195

180 inclos'd 1635-69, *G* encloth'd *A18, N, TC* encloth'd *altered to*  
 unclothed *then to* enclosed *O'F* uncloath'd 1633 pick'd] peck'd *A18,*  
*G, TC* 181 Outcrept 1633-35 Out crept 1639-69 185  
 a new downy 1635-69, *A18, G, TC* downy a new 1633 overspreades,  
 1633-39 overspreads 1650-69 193 cocke, *Ed* cocke 1633-69  
 tree,] tree 1633 194 tent, *Ed* tent 1633-69 hen, *Ed* hen,  
 1633-69

Nor

Nor if his fifter, or his neece shee be,  
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie  
 If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse  
 The next that calls, both liberty doe use,  
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely  
 chufe 200

XXI

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome leffe,  
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse,  
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not  
 So jolly, that it can move, this soule is,  
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205  
 That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,  
 And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,  
 Which temperance streightens, freely on his she friends  
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,  
 Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends 210

XXII

Else might he long have liv'd, man did not know  
 Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,  
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive  
 With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,  
 The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire 215

196 be, *Ed* be, 1633-69 202 ingresse, *Ed* ingresse, 1633-69  
 203-5 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not  
 So jolly, that it can move this soule, Is  
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 1633, and 1669 (Till now,)  
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not  
 So jolly, that it can move this soule Is  
 The body, so free of his kindnesse, 1635-54  
 Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not  
 So jolly, that it can move this soul, is  
 The body, so free of his kindnesses, *Chambers, and Grolier but*  
 203 not, and no commas in 204 See note 206 selfe preserving]  
 no hyphen 1633-39 207 soules,] souls 1669 208 temperance]  
 tẽperance 1633-39 212 grow,] grow 1633-39 214 hid G his  
 1633-69, A18, N, TC snare,] snare 1633-69

Man



Man to beget, and woman to conceive  
 Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave  
 Yet chufeth hee, though none of thefe he feares,  
 Pleasantly three, then freighted twenty yeares  
 To live, and to encrease his race, himfelfe outweares 220

## XXIII

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,  
 The Soule from her too active organs fled  
 T'a brooke A female fishes fandie Roe  
 With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,  
 For they had intertouch'd as they did paffe, 225  
 And one of thofe fmall bodies, fitted fo,  
 This foule inform'd, and abled it to rowe  
 It felfe with finnie oares, which fhe did fit  
 Her fcales feem'd yet of parchment, and as yet  
 Perchance a fifh, but by no name you could call it 230

## XXIV

When goodly, like a fhip in her full trim,  
 A fwan, fo white that you may unto him  
 Compare all whiteneffe, but himfelfe to none,  
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,  
 And with his arched necke this poore fifh catch'd 235  
 It mov'd with fteate, as if to looke upon  
 Low things it fcorn'd, and yet before that one  
 Could thinke he fought it, he had fwallowed cleare  
 This, and much fuch, and unblam'd devour'd there  
 All, but who too fwift, too great, or well armed were 240

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633 223 brooke A Ed brooke,  
 a 1633-69 225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F they intertouched  
 1633 they intertouch'd A18, N, TC 227 abled] able 1669 rowe] roe  
 1633 228 fit Ed fit, 1633-69 240 armed were] arm'd were 1633

XXV

Now fwome a prifon in a prifon put,  
 And now this Soule in double walls was fhut,  
 Till melted with the Swans digeftive fire,  
 She left her houle the fh, and vapour'd forth,  
 Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245  
 For her as yet, bids her againe retire  
 T'another fh, to any new defire  
 Made a new prey, For, he that can to none  
 Refiftance make, nor complaint, fure is gone  
 Weakneffe invites, but filence feafts oppreffion 250

XXVI

Pace with her native ftream, this fh doth keepe,  
 And journeyes with her, towards the glaffie deepe,  
 But oft retarded, once with a hidden net  
 Though with greate windowes, for when Need firft taught  
 Thefe tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255  
 As now, with curious greedineffe to let  
 None fcape, but few, and fit for ufe, to get,  
 As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,  
 Who, though himfelfe diftreft, would faine have flain  
 This wretch, So hardly are ill habits left again 260

XXVII.

Here by her smallneffe fhee two deaths orepaft,  
 Once innocence fcap'd, and left the oppreffor faft  
 The net through-fwome, fhe keepes the liquid path,  
 And whether fhe leape up fometimes to breath  
 And fuck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265

249 fure is gone 1633-39 is fure gone 1650-54 is fure gone, 1669  
 251 her *AI8, G, N, O' F, TC* the 1633-69 254-7 for when ufe,  
 to get,] in brackets 1635-69 254 Need G need 1633-69 255 then]  
 the 1633 257 ufe, *Ed* ufe 1633-69 262 faft *Ed* faft, 1633-69  
 917 8 X Or

Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath  
 To make the water thinne, and arelike faith  
 Cares not, but fave the Place she's come unto  
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe  
 She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or  
 two 270

## XXVIII

So farre from hiding her guefts, water is,  
 That she shoves them in bigger quantities  
 Then they are Thus doubtfull of her way,  
 For game and not for hunger a sea Pie  
 Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high, 275  
 The feely fish where it disputing lay,  
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away  
 Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,  
 As are by great ones, men which lowly stood  
 It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food 280

## XXIX

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?  
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish  
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,  
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey  
 Of beafts, nor their yong fonnes to beare away, 285  
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake  
 To spoile the nests industrious birds do make,  
 Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,  
 To kill them is an occupation, 289  
 And lawes make Fafts, and Lents for their destruction

266 mills *Ed* mills, 1633-69 267 water 1635-69, *G* wether 1633,  
*Ar8, TC* arelike 1633-35 ayre like 1639-69 and *Chambers* faith  
 1633-69 faith, *Chambers* See note 268 not, *Ed* not, 1633-69  
 270 two ] two 1633 271 is, ] is 1633 273 Thus doubtfull  
 1633, *Ar8, G, N, TC* Thus her doubtfull 1635-69 277 away *Ed*  
 away, 1633-69 279 in brackets 1635-69 stood 1633-39 stood,  
 1650-69 280 It's rais'd 1633-69 It rais'd some copies of 1633, *Ar8,*  
*G, N, TC* 287 industrious ] industrious 1633 290 Fafts, and Lents  
 1635-69 fafts, and lents 1633

XXX.

XXX

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that felfe houre  
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour  
 The fish, he cares not, for with ease he flies,  
 Fat gluttonies best orator at last  
 So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast 295  
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,  
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies  
 The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,  
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender  
 Of the other, he lives yet in some great officer 300

XXXI

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,  
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne  
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled  
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some  
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome, 305  
 Or seas from Africks body had severed  
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head,  
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,  
 A great ship overfet, or without faile  
 Huling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this  
 whale 310

XXXII

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,  
 More circles in the broken sea they make  
 Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare  
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd rooffe  
 Of barke that blunts best Steele, is thunder-prooffe 315

296 That many leagues at sea, *G* That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69  
 That leagues at sea, *A18, N, O'F* (*which inserts o'r past*), *TC* See note  
 297 dies ] dies, 1633 301 throwne, ] throwne 1633 303 vast-  
 nesse as, if *Grolier* vastnesse, as if 1633-69, *Chambers* 307 head,  
 1633 head, 1635-69 head *Chambers* See note 311 take, ] take 1633  
 315 thunder-prooffe *Ed* thunder-prooffe, 1633-69

Swimme in him fwallow'd Dolphins, without feare,  
 And feele no fides, as if his vaft wombe were  
 Some Inland fea, and ever as hee went  
 Hee fpouted rivers up, as if he ment  
 To joyne our feas, with feas above the firmament 320

## XXXIII

He hunts not fifh, but as an officer,  
 Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there  
 All fuitors of all forts themselves enthrall,  
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,  
 And in his gulfe-like throat, fucks every thing 325  
 That paffeth neare Fish chafeth fifh, and all,  
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall,  
 O might not ftates of more equality  
 Confit<sup>r</sup> and is it of neceffity  
 That thoufand guiltleffe fmals, to make one great, muft  
 die<sup>r</sup> 330

## XXXIV

Now drinckes he up feas, and he eates up flocks,  
 He juffles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes  
 Now in a roomefull houfe this Soule doth float,  
 And like a Prince fhe fends her faculties  
 To all her limbes, diftant as Provinces 335  
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate  
 Parched, fince firft lanch'd forth this living boate,  
 'Tis greateft now, and to deftruction  
 Neareft, There's no pause at perfection,  
 Greatneffe a period hath, but hath no ftation 340

316 fwallow'd] fwallowed 1633 322 at] as *A18, G, TCC* 337  
 this 1633 his 1635-69 boate, *Ed* boate, 1635-69 boate 1633  
 339 perfection, *Ed* perfection 1633-35 perfection, 1639-69

## XXXV

XXXV.

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,  
 Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd  
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe  
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate  
 His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outfreat) 345  
 Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe  
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,  
 But that they fishes were, and could not speake  
 How shall a Tyran wife strong projects breake,  
 If wrechcs can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish  
 Onely attempt to doe, what all doe with  
 The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins,  
 The sluggish Whale yeelds to oppression,  
 And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355  
 Begins to sinke, the Swordfish upward spins,  
 And gores him with his beake, his staffe-like finnes,  
 So well the one, his sword the other plyes,  
 That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes, 359  
 And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies

XXXVII

Who will revenge his death? or who will call  
 Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?  
 The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so  
 Tranfported with the joy of what they get,  
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365

344-5 *brackets*, 1719 death outfreat, 1633-69 did not eate]  
 doe not eate G 349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669 351 flaile finn'd] flaile-  
 find 1633 flaile-finnd 1635-39 358 well] were 1633 359 tyran]  
 tyrant 1669 365 they, revenge 1635-69 they revenge, 1633 they,  
 revenge, 1633 *some copies*

Nor will againſt ſuch men the people goe,  
 Becauſe h'is now dead, to whom they ſhould ſhow  
 Love in that act, Some kings by vice being growne  
 So needy of ſubjects love, that of their own  
 They thinke they loſe, if love be to the dead Prince  
 ſhown 370

## XXXVIII

This Soule, now free from priſon, and paſſion,  
 Hath yet a little indignation  
 That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoone downe beat  
 So great a caſtle And having for her houſe  
 Got the ſtreight cloyſter of a wretched mouſe 375  
 (As beſeſt men that have not what to eate,  
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great  
 Then they, who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſſe)  
 This Soule, latē taught that great things might by leſſe  
 Be ſlain, to gallant miſchiefe doth herſelfe addreſſe 380

## XXXIX

Natures great maſter-peece, an Elephant,  
 The onely harmleſſe great thing, the giant  
 Of beaſts, who thought, no more had gone, to make one  
 wife  
 But to be juſt, and thankfull, loth to offend,  
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385  
 Himſelfe he up-props, on himſelfe relies,  
 And foe to none, ſuſpects no enemies,  
 Still ſleeping ſtood, vex't not his fantaſie  
 Blacke dreames, like an unbent bow, careleſſy  
 His ſinewy Proboscis did remiſſly lie 390

367 h'is 1633 he's 1635-69 368 act, *Ed* act 1633-69 383  
 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, *G*, *A18*, *N*, *TC* (*the*  
*last four MSS all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space*) who thought  
 none had, to make him wife, 1635-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389  
 dreames, *Ed* dreames, 1633-69 390 lie 1635 lie 1633, 1639-69  
 XL.

XL.

In which as in a gallery this mouse  
 Walk'd, and furveid the roomes of this vast house,  
 And to the braine, the foules bedchamber, went,  
 And gnaw'd the life cords there, Like a whole towne  
 Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beaft tumbled downe, 395  
 With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent  
 To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment  
 To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)  
 And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe  
 Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come 400

XLI

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,  
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,  
 To issue It could kill, as foone as goe  
 Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,  
 (Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405  
 Was the first type) was still infested foe,  
 With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe,  
 And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends  
 The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,  
 That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends 410

XLII

Hee tooke a course, which since, successefully,  
 Great men have often taken, to espie  
 The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes  
 To Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,  
 On whose skirts the bitch slept, ere she could barke, 415

395 downe, *Ed* downe, 1633-69 396 dies,] dies 1633 397-8  
*brackets, Ed* scape, roome, 1633 scape, roome, 1635-69  
 ment] went *Ar8, N, TC* 403 goe *Ed* goe, 1633 goe 1635-69  
 405 Who,] Who 1633 trade, 1635-69 trade 1633 413 foes *Ed*  
 foes, 1633-69

Attach'd



Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,  
 Embracements of love, to loves worke he goes,  
 Where deeds move more then words, nor doth she show,  
 Nor <make> refist, nor needs hee streighten fo  
 His prey, for, were shee loofe, she would nor barke, nor  
 goe

420

## XLIII

Hee hath engag'd her, his, she wholly bides,  
 Who not her owne, none others secrets hides  
 If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,  
 She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not,  
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot 425  
 At last a trap, of which some every where  
 Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,  
 By the Wolves death, and now just time it was  
 That a quicke soule should give life to that masse  
 Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe 430

## XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,  
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not  
 Reade of a lust the which may equall this,  
 This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished  
 What he began alive, when hee was dead, 435  
 Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is  
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse  
 A proper name The whelp of both these lay  
 In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,  
 His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play 440

419 Nor <make> refist, *Ed* Nor much refist, 1633-69 Nowe must refist  
*N* Nowe much refist *Ar8, G, TC* Resistance much *O'F* needs] need  
*O'F* 420 nor barke, 1633-39 not barke 1650-69, *Ar8, N, TC* 422  
 hides] hides, 1633 427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies  
 435 dead, *Ed* dead, 1633-39 dead 1650-69

XLV

Hee foone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,  
 And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new  
 For the field Being of two kindes thus made,  
 He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,  
 And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey 445  
 Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,  
 Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid  
 Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,  
 From dogges, a wolfe, from wolves, a dogge he fled,  
 And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished 450

XLVI

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so  
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe  
 From tent to tent, and with the children play  
 His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,  
 That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455  
 He wonders Much with all, most he doth stay  
 With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,  
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,  
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,  
 And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was 460

XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have  
 One then another, first that ere did crave  
 Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake,  
 First that could make love faces, or could doe  
 The valters somberfalts, or us'd to wooe 465

443 field Being *Ed* field, being 1633-69 thus] *om* 1633 453  
 play *Ed* play, 1633-69

With

With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake  
 To make his mistresse merry, or to wreake  
 Her anger on himselfe Sinnes against kinde  
 They easily doe, that can let feed their minde  
 With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beafts  
 do find

470

## XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,  
 And too high, beafts and angels have beene lov'd.  
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,  
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way  
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay, 475  
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,  
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,  
 And up lifts subtly with his rufflet pawe  
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe  
 Of nature, nature hath no gaole, though shee hath  
 law

480

## XLIX

First she was filly and knew not what he ment  
 That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,  
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,  
 She knew not first, nowe cares not what he doth,  
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loth), 485  
 She neither puls nor pushes, but outright  
 Now cries, and now repents, when *Tethlemite*  
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw  
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew 489  
 This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule posselt a new

470 beauty, *Ed* beauty, 1633-69 472 lov'd *Ed* lov'd, 1633-69  
 479 or] of 1669 480 shee hath] shee have *Ar8, N, TC* 481  
 ment *Ed* ment, 1633-69 483 quite, *Ed* quite, 1633-69 484  
 nowe 1633, *G* nor 1635-69, *Chambers* then *Ar8, TC* 485 (loth),  
*Ed* Tooth 1633, *G* *Ar8, N, TC* leave a blank space in *TCC* a later hand  
 has inserted loath wroth, 1635-69 487 Tethlemite *Ar8, G, N, O'F,*  
*TC* Tethlemite 1633 Thelemite 1635-69 489 flew 1635-69  
 flew, 1633

L

And whether by this change she lose or win,  
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.  
*Adam* and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now  
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe  
 Had stew'd and form'd it and part did become 495  
 A spungie liver, that did richly allow,  
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,  
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part,  
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,  
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart 500

LI

Another part became the well of sense,  
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,  
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,  
 Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,  
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend, 505  
 And now they joyn'd keeping some quality  
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,  
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow  
 To be a woman *Themech* she is now,  
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that first did plow 510

LII

Who ere thou beest that readst this fullen Writ,  
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,  
 Let me arrest thy thoughts, wonder with mee,  
 Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,  
 Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515

492 in 1650-69 in, 1633-39 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping  
 1633 part, *Ed* part, 1633-69 502 well-arm'd 1669 well arm'd  
 1633-54 503 sinowie] finewy 1639-54 finew 1669 504 out, *Ed*  
 out, 1633-69 505 this Soule] a Soule *A18, N, TC* attend, *Ed*  
 attend, 1633-69 506-7 joyn'd past shape, 1633 joyn'd,  
 past shape, 1635-69, *Chambers, Grolier* See note 513 thoughts, 1650-69  
 thoughts, 1633-39

By curfed *Cams* race invented be,  
 And blest *Seth* vext us with Aftronomie  
 Ther's nothing fimply good, nor ill alone,  
 Of every quality comparifon,  
 The onely meafure is, and judge, opinion

520

*The end of the Progreffe of the Soule*

517 Aftronomie ] Aftronomie, 1633      519 comparifon, 1633, 1669  
 (no comma) Comparifon, 1635-54      520 opinion 1633 Opinion 1635-69  
 The end &c 1635-69 om 1633

# DIVINE POEMS.

---

To *E* of *D* with fix holy Sonnets

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame  
 Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,  
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme  
 (For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same,  
 But though the ingendring force from whence they came 5  
 Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit  
 Seaven to be borne at once, I fend as yet  
 But fix, they say, the seaventh hath still some maime  
 I choose your judgement, which the same degree  
 Doth with her sifter, your invention, hold, 10  
 As fire these droffie Rymes to purifie,  
 Or as Elixar, to change them to gold,  
 You are that Alchimist which alwaies had  
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert of St Mary  
 Magdalen*

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance  
 Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo  
 An active faith so highly did advance,  
 That she once knew, more than the Church did know,

Divine Poems A18, N, TC In 1635-69 this is the title at head of each page, but the new section is headed Holy Sonnets To E of D &c so headed 1633-69 but placed among Letters &c, and so in O'F and (but L of D) W removed hither by Grosart 4 their fruits] the fruit W 6 doe 1633 doth 1635-69 8 fix, ] fix, 1633 maime W maime, 1633-69 11 droffie] droffe 1650-54

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert &c Ed To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of &c Walton's The Life of M<sup>r</sup> George Herbert (1670, pp 25-6) See note 4 know, 1675 know 1670

The

The Refurrection, so much good there is 5  
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be  
 Loth to believe one Woman could do this,  
 But, think these Magdalens were two or three  
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame  
 To their Devotion, add your Innocence, 10  
 Take so much of th'example, as of the name;  
 The latter half, and in some recompence  
 That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,  
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address J D

## HOLY SONNETS.

### *La Corona*

1. **D**Eigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,  
 Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,  
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,  
 All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes,  
 But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, 5  
 Reward my mufes white sincerity,  
 But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,  
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes,  
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,  
 For, at our end begins our endlesse rest; 10  
 The first last end, now zealously posselt,  
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends  
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,  
*Salvation to all that will is nigh*

HOLY SONNETS 1633-69, being general title to the two groups Holy  
 Sonnets written 20 years since H49

*La Corona* 1633-69, A18, D, H49, N, S, TCC, TCD, W The Crowne  
 B, O'F, S96 2 low 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC, W (spelt lowe in MSS)  
 lone 1635-69, B, O'F, S loves S96 3 treasury, 1633-69 a Treasure,  
 B, O'F, S, S96 4 dayes, Ed dayes, 1633-69 10 For] So W  
 end 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W ends 1635-69, S96 rest,  
 Ed rest, 1633-69 11 The] This B, S, S96, W zealously] soberly  
 B, S96, W O'F corrects 13 heart and voice] voice and heart B, O'F, S,  
 S96, W 14 nigh] nigh, 1633

ANNUNCIATION.

ANNUNCIATION

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*  
 That All, which alwayes is All every where,  
 Which cannot sinne, and yet all finnes must beare,  
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,  
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye 5  
 In prison, in thy wombe, and though he there  
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'll weare  
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie  
 Ere by the spheares time was created, thou  
 Waft in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother, 10  
 Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd, yea thou art now  
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,  
 Thou' hast light in darke, and shutst in little roome,  
*Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe*

NATIVITIE

3 *Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe,*  
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,  
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent  
 Weake enough, now into our world to come,  
 But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome? 5  
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,  
 Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent  
 Th'effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome  
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he  
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lye? 10  
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,  
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?  
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,  
*With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe*

Annunciation 1 nigh, 1669 nigh, 1633-54 9 created,] begotten,  
 B, S, S96, W O'F corrects 10 Brother, Ed Brother, 1633-69 11  
 conceiv'st, 1633 conceiv'st 1635-69 conceiv'dst, O'F, S, W, and Grolier  
 conceiv'd,] conceived, 1635-69 12 mother, Ed mother, 1633-69  
 Nativite 6 this] his 1669 7 will] shall B, O'F, S, S96, W  
 8 effect 1669, A18, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W effects 1633-54, D, H49  
 jealous] dire and B, O'F, S, S96, W zealous A18, N, TC doome ]  
 doome, 1633 9 eyes, 1633, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W eye, 1635-69,  
 A18, N, TC

TEMPLE



## TEMPLE

4 *Wish his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,*  
*Ioseph* turne backe, see where your child doth sit,  
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,  
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow,  
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe, 5  
 It fodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,  
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,  
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?  
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,  
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse, 10  
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,  
 With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,  
 He in his ages morning thus began  
*By miracles exceeding power of man*

## CRUCIFYING

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*  
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,  
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate,  
 In both affections many to him ran,  
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can, 5  
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,  
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,  
 Measuring selfe-lives infinity to'a span,  
 Nay to an inch Loe, where condemned hee  
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by 10  
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die  
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,  
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,  
*Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule*

Temple 5 loe, *Ed* loe 1633-69 6 wonders, 1633-39 wonders  
 1650-69 11 for] to *W* a long taske, 1633-69, *D, H* 49 long  
 taskes *B, N, O'F, S, S* 96, *TCD, W* long taske *A* 18, *TCC* 'tis] 'Tis  
 1633 thinks *W*

Crucifying 3 weake] meeke *B, O'F, S, S* 96, *W* 8 to'a span, *B, N,*  
*O'F, S, S* 96, *TC, W* to span, 1633-69, *A* 18, *D, H* 49 9 inch Loe,  
 1635-69 inch, loe, 1633 11 die 1635-69 die, 1633

RESURRECTION

RESVRRECTION

6 *Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule*  
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree  
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee  
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,  
 And life, by this death abled, shall controule 5  
 Death, whom thy death slue, nor shall to mee  
 Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,  
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,  
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,  
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas, 10  
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified  
 May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,  
 That wak't from both, I againe risen may  
*Salute the last, and everlasting day*

ASCENTION

7 *Salute the last and everlasting day,*  
 Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,  
 Yee whose iust teares, or tribulation  
 Have purely washt, or burnt your droffie clay,  
 Behold the Higheft, parting hence away, 5  
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,  
 Nor doth hee by ascending, shew alone,  
 But first hee, and hee first enters the way  
 O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,  
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path, 10  
 Bright Torch, which shin'ft, that I the way may see,  
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne iust wrath,  
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,  
*Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praise*

Refurrection 1 *soule* 1635 *soule*, 1633, 1639-69 5 this] thy  
*B, O'F, S, Sg6, W* 6 shall to] shall nowe to *A18, N, O'F, TC* 8  
 little 1633, *A18, D, H49, TC* life 1635-69, *B, O'F, S, Sg6, W* 9 that  
 long] that last long *O'F, S, Sg6, W* that *D, H49* 11 glorified]  
 purified *S, Sg6, W*, and *O'F* (*which corrects to glorified*) 12 deaths  
*A18, N, Sg6, TC, W* death 1633-69, *D, H49*

Ascension 3 iust 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TC* true 1635-69, *B, S,*  
*Sg6, W*, 8 way] way, 1633 10 Lambe, *D, W* lambe 1633-69  
 11 Torch, *D, W* torch, 1633-69 the way] thy wayes *B, S, Sg6, W*  
 thee *A18, TCC*

## Holy Sonnets.

## I

THOU hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?  
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haſte,  
 I runne to death, and death meets me as faſt,  
 And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday,  
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,  
 Deſpaire behind, and death before doth caſt  
 Such terrour, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte  
 By ſinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,  
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee  
 By thy leave I can looke, I riſe againe,  
 But our old ſubtle foe ſo tempteth me,  
 That not one houre my ſelfe I can ſuſtaine,  
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart

5

10

## II

AS due by many titles I reſigne  
 My ſelfe to thee, O God, firſt I was made  
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd  
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,  
 I am thy ſonne, made with thy ſelfe to ſhine,  
 Thy ſervant, whoſe paines thou haſt ſtill repaid,  
 Thy ſheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd  
 My ſelfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine,  
 Why doth the devill then uſurpe on mee?  
 Why doth he ſteale, nay raviſh that's thy right?  
 Except thou riſe and for thine owne worke fight,  
 Oh I ſhall ſoone deſpaire, when I doe ſee  
 That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chuſe me,  
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to loſe mee

5

10

Holy Sonnets 1633-69 (following La Coïona as second group under the same general title), *W* Devine Meditations *B, O'F, Sg6* no title, *A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* See note I 1635-69, *B, O'F, Sg6, W* omitted 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* 4 yesterday, *Ed* yesterday, 1635-69 7 feeble 1635-69 febled *B, O'F, Sg6, W* 12 my ſelfe I can 1635-69 I can myſelf *B, Sg6, W* ſuſtaine, 1669 ſuſtaine, 1635-54 II 1635-69, *B, O'F, Sg6, W* I 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TCC, TCD* 2 God, firſt 1633 God Firſt 1635-69 4 thine, 1650-69 thine,

III

III

O Might those fighes and teares returne againe  
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,  
 That I might in this holy discontent  
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine,  
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5  
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?  
 That sufferance was my sinne, now I repent,  
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine  
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,  
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10  
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe  
 Of comming ills To (poore) me is allow'd  
 No ease, for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene  
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne

IV

O H my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned  
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion,  
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done  
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,  
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, 5  
 Wisheeth himselfe delivered from prison,  
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,  
 Wisheeth that still he might be imprisoned  
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke,  
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? 10  
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,  
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne,  
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might  
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white

1633-39 thine *W* 7 and, *Ed* and 1633-69 9 on 1633-69, *D*,  
*H49* in *A18, B, N, S96, TC, W* 10 steale,] steale 1633-39 that's]  
 what's *A18, TCC* 12 doe 1633 and most *MSS* shall 1635-69, *O'F, S96*  
 13 me,] me 1633

III 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96, W* omitted 1633, *A18, D, C-c* 7 sinne,  
 now I *Ed* sinne, now I *B, W* sinne I now 1635-69 repent, *Ed*  
 repent, 1633-69

IV 1635-69 II 1633, *A18, D, C-c* V *B, O'F, S96, W* 1 Soule!  
 1633 Soule 1635-69 8 imprisoned *W* imprisoned, 1633-69

## V

I Am a little world made cunningly  
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,  
 But black finne hath betraid to endlesse night  
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die  
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high 5  
 Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,  
 Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might  
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,  
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more  
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire 10  
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,  
 And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,  
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale  
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale

## VI

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint  
 My pilgrimages last mile, and my race  
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,  
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,  
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5  
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,  
 But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,  
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt  
 Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,  
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10  
 So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,  
 To where they're bred, and would presse me, to hell  
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,  
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill

V 1635-69 omitted 1633, A18, D, &c VII B, O'F, S96, W 6 lands  
 B, S96, W land 1635-69, O'F 7 I 1635-54 he 1669 9 it,  
 Ed it W it 1635-69 10 burnt! Ed burnt, 1635-69 11  
 have B, S96, W hath O'F om 1635-69 12 fouler, W fouler,  
 1635-69 their] those W 13 Loid] God W  
 VI 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W III 1633, A18, D, &c 6 and soule,  
 1635-69 and my soule, 1633 7 Or presently, I know not, see that  
 Face, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W 10 earth-borne 1635-69 earth borne  
 1633 14 flesh,] flesh 1633 the devill ] and devill A18, B, D, H49,  
 N, O'F, S96, TC, W

## VII

VII

**A**T the round earths imagin'd corners, blow  
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
 From death, you numberlesse infinities  
 Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,  
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, 5  
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,  
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe  
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,  
 For, if above all these, my finnes abound, 10  
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,  
 When wee are there, here on this lowly ground,  
 Teach mee how to repent, for that's as good  
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood

VIII

**I**F faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd  
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,  
 And adds this even to full felicitie,  
 That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride  
 But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd 5  
 By circumstances, and by signes that be  
 Apparent in us, not immediately,  
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?  
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,  
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10  
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall  
 Dissemblers feigne devotion Then turne  
 O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best  
 Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast

VII 1635-69 IV 1633, A18, D, &c VIII B, O'F, S96, W 5  
 o'erthrow] overthrow 1669 6 dearth, W death, 1633-69, A18, B,  
 D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC 8 woe W woe, 1633-54 owe, 1669  
 12 lowly] holy 1669 14 thy] my 1669  
 VIII 1635-69 omitted 1633, A18, D, &c X B, O'F, S96, W 7  
 in us, W in us 1635-69 See note 8 by] to B, S96, W 10 vile W  
 vild B, O'F, S96 stile 1635-69 14 true W om 1635-69, B, S96  
 in W into 1635-69, B, O'F, S96 my] thy B, S96

IX

## IX

IF poysonous mineralls, and if that tree,  
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us,  
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious  
 Cannot be damn'd, Alas, why should I bee?  
 Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, 5  
 Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?  
 And mercy being easie, and glorious  
 To God, in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?  
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee  
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10  
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,  
 And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie,  
 That thou remember them, some claime as debt,  
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget

## X

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not foe,  
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee  
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5  
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie  
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell, 10  
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
 And better then thy stroake, why swell'st thou then?  
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die

IX 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W V 1633, A18, D, &c 1 poysonous]  
 poysons 1639-54 and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96 2 (else  
 immortall) 1635-69 5 or] and B, O'F, S96 6 mee] mee, 1633  
 8 God,] God, 1633 9-10 thee O God? W thee? O God, 1633-69  
 12 memorie,] memoire, 1633 14 forget] forget, 1633  
 X 1635-69 VI 1633, A18, D, &c XI B, O'F, S96, W 4 mee]  
 mee, 1633 5 pictures 1633 and MSS picture 1635-69 8 deliverie]  
 deliverie 1633-69 9 Chance, W chance, 1633-69 10 dost] doth  
 1633 dwell,] dwell 1633 12 better] easier B, O'F, S96, W 13  
 wake] live B, S96, W 14 more, death, Ed more, death 1633-69

## XI

XI

SPit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my side,  
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,  
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,  
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed  
 But by my death can not be satisfied  
 My finnes, which passe the Jewes impiety  
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I  
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified  
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire  
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment 10  
 And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire  
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent  
 God cloth'd himsele in vile mans flesh, that so  
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe

XII

WHy are wee by all creatures waited on?  
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply  
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,  
 Simple, and further from corruption?  
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection? 5  
 Why dost thou bull, and bore so feelily  
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by one mans stroke die,  
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?  
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse then you,  
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous 10  
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us  
 Created nature doth these things subdue,  
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,  
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed

XI 1635-69 VII 1633, A18, D, &c omitted B, S96 added among  
 Other Meditations O'F XIII W 3 onely] humbly W 6  
 impiety] iniquitye D, H49 8 glorified ] glorified, 1633 12 intent ]  
 intent 1633

XII 1635-69 VIII 1633, A18, D, &c omitted B, S96 among Other  
 Meditations O'F XIV W 1 wee] ame I W 4 Simple,  
 1633, D, H49, W Simpler 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers 9  
 Weaker I am, ] Alas I am weaker, W 10 timorous W timorous,  
 1633-69 11 a greater wonder, 1633, D, H49, N, O'F (greate), TC, W  
 a greater, 1635-69

XIII



## XIII

**W**Hat if this present were the worlds last night?  
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,  
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell  
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,  
 Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light, 5  
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell  
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,  
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?  
 No, no, but as in my idolatrie  
 I said to all my profane mistresses, 10  
 Beauty, of pittie, foulness onely is  
 A signe of rigour so I say to thee,  
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapcs assign'd,  
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde

## XIV

**B**atter my heart, three person'd God, for, you  
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend,  
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend  
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new  
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due, 5  
 Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,  
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,  
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue  
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved faine,  
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy 10  
 Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,  
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I  
 Except you'enthral mee, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee

XIII 1635-69 IX 1633, A18, D, &c om B, S96 among Other  
 Meditations O'F XV W 2 Marke] Looke W 4 that A18, N,  
 O'F, TC, W his 1633-69, D, H49 6 fell 1639-69 fell 1633-35  
 8 fierce] ranck W 14 assures A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W assumes  
 1633-69

XIV 1635-69 X 1633, A18, D, &c om B, O'F, S96 XVI W  
 7 mee should] wee should 1669 8 untrue W untrue, 1633-69  
 9 loved MSS lov'd 1633-69 10 enemy W enemy, 1633-69

XV

XV

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,  
 My Soule, this wholfome meditation,  
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on  
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest  
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, 5  
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)  
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,  
 Coheire to his glory, and Sabbaths endlesse rest  
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde  
 His stolne stufte sold, must lose or buy't againe 10  
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine,  
 Us whom he had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde  
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,  
 But, that God should be made like man, much more

XVI

Father, part of his double interest  
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,  
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie  
 Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest  
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5  
 Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he  
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie  
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest  
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet  
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill, 10  
 None doth, but all-healing grace and spirit  
 Revive againe what law and letter kill  
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command  
 Is all but love, Oh let this last Will stand!

XV 1635-69 XI 1633, A18 D, &c XII B, O'F, S96, W 4 brest  
 W brest, 1633-69 8 rest ] rest, 1633 11 Sonne 1633 Sunne 1635-69  
 12 stolne, 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC stole, 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers  
 XVI 1635-69 XII 1633, A18, D, &c IV B, O'F, S96, W 3 Trinitie]  
 Trinitie, 1633 8 doe 1633 om 1635-69 doth A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,  
 S96, TC, W invest W invest, 1633-39 invest 1650-69 9 thy O'F,  
 S96, W these 1633-69 those A18, D, H49, N, TC 11 doth, ] doth, 1633  
 but all-healing A18, D, H49, N, TC, W but thy all-healing 1633-69 See note  
 spirit ] Spirit, 1633-69 12 Revive againe ] Revive and quicken B, O'F,  
 S96, W kill 1635-69 kill, 1633 14 this 1633-69 that A18, D,  
 H49, N, TC, W thy B, O'F, S96

XVII

## XVII

S<sup>i</sup>nce she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt  
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,  
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,  
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett  
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett 5  
 To seeke thee God, so streames do shew their head,  
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,  
 A holy thirsty dropfy melts mee yett  
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou  
 Dost wooe my soule for hers, offring all thine 10  
 And dost not only feare least I allow  
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,  
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt  
 Least the World, Flefhe, yea Devill putt thee out

## XVIII

S<sup>h</sup>ow me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear  
 What<sup>1</sup> is it She, which on the other shore  
 Goes richly painted<sup>2</sup> or which rob'd and tore  
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here<sup>3</sup>  
 Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare<sup>4</sup> 5  
 Is she selfe truth and errs<sup>5</sup> now new, now outwore<sup>6</sup>  
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore  
 On one, on feaven, or on no hill appeare<sup>7</sup>  
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights  
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love<sup>8</sup> 10  
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our fights,  
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,  
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then  
 When she's embrac'd and open to most men

XVII *W* first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne,  
 1899 2 dead,] dead *W* 6 their] y<sup>r</sup> *W* head,] head, *W*  
 10 wooe] spelt woe *W* 12 divine,] divine *W*

XVIII *W* first printed in Gosse's Life &c 2 What<sup>1</sup>] What *W*  
 3 tore] so I read *W* lore Gosse

XIX

OH, to vex me, contraries meet in one  
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott  
 A constant habit, that when I would not  
 I change in vowes, and in devotione  
 As humorous is my contritione 5  
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott  
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,  
 As praying, as mute, as infinite, as none  
 I durst not view heaven yesterday, and to day  
 In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God 10  
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod  
 So my devout fitts come and go away  
 Like a fantastique Ague save that here  
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare

*The Croffe*

Since Christ embrac'd the Croffe it selfe, dare I  
 His image, th' image of his Croffe deny?  
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,  
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?  
 It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit 5  
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?  
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,  
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?  
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,  
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Croffe withdraw, 10  
 It shall not, for it cannot, for, the losse  
 Of this Croffe, were to mee another Croffe,  
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,  
 No Croffe is so extreme, as to have none

XIX *W* first printed in Gosse's Life &c 3 that] y<sup>t</sup> *W*, so always  
 4 and] & *W*, so always  
 The Croffe 1633-69 (following, 1635-69, In that, 8 Queene &c  
 p 427) similarly, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD  
 8 paines] pangs JC 12 Croffe, 1635-69 Croffe 1633 13 affliction,  
 Ed affliction 1633-69 14 none Ed none, 1633-54 none 1669  
 Who

Who can blot out the Croſſe, which th'inſtrument 15  
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?  
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty  
 To ſtretch mine armes, and mine owne Croſſe to be?  
 Swimme, and at every ſtroake, thou art thy Croſſe,  
 The Maſt and yard make one, where ſeas do toſſe, 20  
 Looke downe, thou ſpieſt out Croſſes in ſmall things,  
 Looke up, thou ſeeſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings,  
 All the Globes frame, and ſpheares, is nothing elſe  
 But the Meridians croſſing Parallels  
 Materiall Croſſes then, good phyſicke bee, 25  
 But yet ſpirituall have chiefe dignity  
 Theſe for extracted chimique medicine ſerve,  
 And cure much better, and as well preſerve,  
 Then are you your own phyſicke, or need none,  
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation 30  
 For when that Croſſe ungrudg'd, unto you ſtickes,  
 Then are you to your ſelfe, a Crucifixe  
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,  
 But that away, which hid them there, do take,  
 Let Croſſes, ſoe, take what hid Chriſt in thee, 35  
 And be his image, or not his, but hee  
 But, as oft Alchimifts doe coyners prove,  
 So may a ſelfe-diſpiſing, get ſelfe-love,  
 And then as worſt ſurfets, of beſt meates bee,  
 Soe is pride, iſſued from humility, 40  
 For, 'tis no child, but monſter, therefore Croſſe  
 Your joy in croſſes, elſe, 'tis double loſſe  
 And croſſe thy ſenſes, elſe, both they, and thou  
 Muſt periſh ſoone, and to deſtruction bowe  
 For if the'eye ſeeke good objects, and will take 45

19 Croſſe, *Ed* Croſſe, 1633 Croſſe 1635-69 20 make] makes  
*B, D, H49, Le, S* where] when *O'F* toſſe, 1635-69 toſſe 1633  
 21 out] our 1669 23 is] are *A25, B* 26 But yet] And yet  
*Ar8, D, JC, N, TC* 27 medicine] medicines *A25, B, JC* 33 make,  
 1635-69 make 1633 34 take, *Ed* take 1633 take 1635-69  
 37 oft *Ed* oft, 1633-69 38 ſelfe-love, *D* ſelfe-love 1633-69 42  
 loſſe *Ed* loſſe, 1633-69 44 deſtruction] corruption *O'F* 45  
 ſeeke] ſee 1650-69

No

No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake  
 So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest,  
 Make them indifferent all, call nothing best  
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,  
 And move, To th'other th'objects must come home 50  
 And crosse thy heart for that in man alone  
 Points downwards, and hath palpitation  
 Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,  
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends  
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55  
 By futures, which a Croffes forme present,  
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,  
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt  
 Be covetous of Croffes, let none fall  
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all 60  
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully  
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly  
 That Croffes pictures much, and with more care  
 That Croffes children, which our Croffes are

*Resurrection, imperfect*

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast  
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last,  
 Sleepe then, and rest, The world may beare thy stay,  
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,  
 Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell 5  
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,  
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,

48 all, call nothing best *Ed* indifferent, call nothing best 1633  
*and MSS* indifferent, all, nothing best 1635-69 50 To th'other  
 th'objects 1633 To th'others objects 1635-69 52 Points *A18*,  
*A25, N, P, S, TC* Pants 1633-69, *B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F* 53 dejections  
 1633 detorions 1635-69, *O'F* 55 the thy *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F*,  
*P, TC* 61 fruitfully *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC*  
 faithfully 1633-69 63 That *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P*,  
*S, TC* The 1633-69

Resurrection, imperfect 1633-69 (following By Euphrates &c p 424),  
*A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD*

As,

As, at thy prefrence here, our fires grow pale  
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now  
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10  
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,  
 For these three daies become a minerall,  
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose  
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose  
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15  
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his  
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie  
 Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see  
 Goe from a body, at this sepulcher been,  
 And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, 20  
 He would have justly thought this body a foule,  
 If not of any man, yet of the whole

*Defunt cætera*

*The Annuntiation and Pafion*

TAmely, fraile body, 'abstaine to day, to day  
 My foule eates twice, Christ hither and away  
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,  
 That of them both a circle embleme is,  
 Whose first and last concurre, this doubtfull day 5  
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away  
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who's all,  
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,  
 Her Maker put to making, and the head  
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead 10

15 good, 1633-69 and MSS Chambers queries gold 22 If] If, 1633-69

The Annuntiation and Pafion 1633-69. Upon the Annuntiation and Pafion falling upon one day Anno Dñi 1608 B, O'F, S, S96 similarly, N, TCD The Annuntiation D, H49, Lec no title, P 1 Tamely, fraile body, Ed Tamely fraile body 1633 Tamely fraile flesh, 1635-69, O'F, S96 (1650-69 accidentally drop second to day) 6 away | away, 1633 away, 1635-39 10 yet dead Ed yet dead, 1633, B, P, S and dead, 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD (full stop, MSS)

She

She fees at once the virgin mother stay  
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha,  
 Sad and rejoyc'd thees seen at once, and seen  
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiteene  
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15  
 Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John,  
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,  
 At once receiver and the legacie  
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,  
 Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one 20  
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)  
 Of the'Angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*  
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties  
 Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these!  
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25  
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,  
 Which shoves where the'other is, and which we say  
 (Because it strays not farre) doth never stray,  
 So God by his Church, neereft to him, wee know,  
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe, 30  
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth  
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both  
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown  
 Death and conception in mankinde is one,  
 Or'twas in him the same humility, 35  
 That he would be a man, and leave to be  
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,  
 With the last judgement, but one period,  
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one  
 Manhoods extremes He shall come, he is gone 40  
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,  
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all,

12 at Golgotha, *Ed* at Golgotha 1633-69 13 Sad and rejoyc'd]  
 Rejoyc'd and sad *B, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 legacie *Ed* legacie, 1633-69  
 24 these! *Ed* these! *D, TCD* these, 1633 these 1635-69 31  
 as 1633 and 1635-69 32 both 1635-69 both 1633 33 these  
*B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD* those 1633-69 daies 1633, *D, H49,*  
*Lec, N, TCD* feasts 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96* 34 one, *Ed* one 1633  
 are one 1635-69 (one 1669) 37 hath] had *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD*  
 So



So though the leaft of his paines, deeds, or words,  
 Would bufie a life, ſhe all this day affords,  
 This treasure then, in groſſe, my Soule uplay, 45  
 And in my life retaile it every day

*Goodfriday, 1613 Riding Weſtward*

**L** Et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,  
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne  
 Subject to forraigne motions, loſe their owne,  
 And being by others hurried every day, 5  
 Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey  
 Pleaſure or buſineſſe, ſo, our Soules admit  
 For their firſt mover, and are whirld by it  
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the Weſt  
 This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the Eaſt 10  
 There I ſhould ſee a Sunne, by riſing ſet,  
 And by that ſetting endleſſe day beget,  
 But that Chriſt on this Croſſe, did riſe and fall,  
 Sinne had eternally benighted all  
 Yet dare I' almoſt be glad, I do not ſee 15  
 That ſpectacle of too much weight for mee  
 Who ſees Gods face, that is ſelfe life, muſt dye,  
 What a death were it then to ſee God dye?  
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature ſhrinke,  
 It made his footſtoole crack, and the Sunne winke 20  
 Could I behold thoſe hands which ſpan the Poles,  
 And turne all ſpheares at once, peirc'd with thoſe holes?

Goodfriday, &c 1633-69 Good Friday (*with or without date and Riding &c*) A18, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD Good Friday 1613 Riding towards Wales D, Lec, O'F Good Friday 1613 Riding to St Edward Harbert in Wales H49 Mr J Duſſi going from Sir H G on good friday ſent him back this meditation on the way A25 4 motions A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC motion, 1633-69 8 and] his 1650-54 10 toward 1633 do or towards MSS to 1635-69, O'F 12 beget, 1633 beget 1635-69, Chambers 13 this Croſſe, 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TCC his Croſſe, 1635-69, B, Cy, N, TCD 16 too] two 1639-69 22 turne A18, B, Cy, N, S, TC tune 1633-69, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 once,] once 1633

Could

Could I behold that endlesse height which is  
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,  
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25  
 The feat of all our Soules, if not of his,  
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne  
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?  
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I  
 Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, 30  
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus  
 Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?  
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,  
 They are present yet unto my memory,  
 For that looks towards them, and thou look'st towards mee,  
 O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree, 36  
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive  
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave  
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,  
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity, 40  
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,  
 That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face

30 Upon his miserable 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD  
 On his distressed 1635-69 40 rusts, 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec N, O'F,  
 S96, TCD rust, 1635-69, A18, S, TCC

## THE LITANIE.

## I

*The FATHER*

Father of Heaven, and him, by whom  
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us  
 Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come  
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous  
     My heart is by dejection, clay, 5  
     And by selfe-murder, red  
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away  
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned  
 I may rise up from death, before I'am dead

## II

*The SONNE*

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things, 10  
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,  
 By bearing one, tryed't with what stings  
 The other could thine heritage invade,  
     O be thou nail'd unto my heart,  
     And crucified againe, 15  
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,  
 But let it be, by applying so thy paine,  
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine

## III

*The HOLY GHOST*

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I  
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust, 20  
 And being sacrilegiously  
 Halfe waisted with youths fires, of pride and lust,

The Litanie 1633-69 A Letanie Ar8, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S,  
 596, TCC, TCD 17 be, D be 1633-69

Must

Must with new stormes be weatherbeat,  
 Double in my heart thy flame,  
 Which let devout sad teares intend, and let 25  
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)  
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same

IV.

*The TRINITY*

O Blessed glorious Trinity,  
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,  
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30  
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,  
 As you distinguish'd undistinct  
 By power, love, knowledge bee,  
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct  
 Of these, let all mee elemented bee, 35  
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three

V

*The Virgin MARY*

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,  
 Whose flesh redeem'd us, That she-Cherubin,  
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made  
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne, 40  
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there  
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,  
 Our zealous thanks wee poure As her deeds were  
 Our helpes, so are her prayers, nor can she sue  
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you 45

30 serpents, *Ed* serpents 1633-69 34 a such 1633 such 1635-69,  
*JC* such a 118, *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *TC* instinct 1633 instinct, 1635-69  
 35 these, *Ed* these, *D*, *H49*, *Lec* these 1633-69 thee 118, *N*, *TC*

## VI

*The Angels*

And since this life our nonage is,  
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,  
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,  
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,  
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50  
 Yeelds faire diversitie,  
 Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,  
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee  
 Worthy their fight, though blinde in how they see

## VII

*The Patriarches*

And let thy Patriarches Desire 55  
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw  
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,  
 Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,  
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee  
 May use our new helpes right,) 60  
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee,  
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light  
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her fight

## VIII

*The Prophets*

Thy Eagle-fighted Prophets too,  
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found 65  
 That harmony, which made of two  
 One law, and did unite, but not confound ,

48 Native] Natives *B, JC, S* in heavens faire Palaces, *D* in heavens  
 faire Palaces 1633-39 in heavens Palaces, 1650-69 52 which 1633  
 what 1635-69 56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633 58 then] that  
 1635-39 58 Grace and Law, *D* grace and law, 1633-69 61  
 satisfy'd, 1635-69, *Ar8, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TC* sanctified, 1633 fructifie]  
 fructified *Ar8, JC* 63 Faith, *D* Faith 1633-69

Those

Those heavenly Poets which did see  
 Thy will, and it expresse  
 In rhythique feet, in common pray for mee, 70  
 That I by them excuse not my excesse  
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse

IX

*The Apostles*

And thy illustrious Zodiacke  
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,  
 (From whom whosoever do not take 75  
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)  
 As through their prayers, thou'haſt let mee know  
 That their bookes are divine,  
 May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I goe  
 Th'old broad way in applying, O decline 80  
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine

X

*The Martyrs*

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly  
 Did'ſt long to die, that long before thou could'ſt,  
 And long ſince thou no more could'ſt dye,  
 Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body would'ſt 85  
 In Abel dye, and ever ſince  
 In thine, let their blood come  
 To begge for us, a diſcreet patience  
 Of death, or of worſe life for Oh, to ſome  
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdom 90

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whosoever] whoever most MSS 76 throw  
 downe, and fall, 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC thrown down do fall)  
 1635-69 78 bookes] works B, O F, S96 87 thine,] thine, 1633

## XI.

*The Confessors*

Therefore with thee triumpheth there  
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,  
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,  
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers  
 They know, and pray, that wee may know, 95  
 In every Christian  
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow,  
 Tentations martyr us alive, A man  
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian

## XII

*The Virgins*

The cold white snowie Nunnery, 100  
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbessē, sent  
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,  
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,  
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,  
 That or thy Church, or I, 105  
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity,  
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,  
 And call chafft widowhead Virginitie

## XIII

*The Doctors*

Thy sacred Academie above  
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110  
 Both bookes of life to us (for love  
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote

93 were, *Ed* were, 1633-69 97 grow, *Ed* grow, 1633-69  
 100 The] Thy *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96* 109 Thy] The 1635-69  
 Academie 1633, *D, H49, Lec* Academ 1635-69 Academe *N, O'F, S96,*  
*TC* 112 thy] the 1650-69 Scriptures] Scripture 1669 wrote]  
*spelt wrought 1633 and MSS*

In thy other booke) pray for us there  
 That what they have misdōne  
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere, ¶115  
 Their zeale may be our sinne Lord let us runne  
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne

XIV

And whil't this universall Quire,  
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,  
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire ¶120  
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,  
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too,  
 (Since to be gracious  
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)  
 Heare this prayer Lord O Lord deliver us ¶125  
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus

XV

From being anxious, or secure,  
 Dead clods of fadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,  
 From thinking, that great courts immure  
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth ¶130  
 Is only for our prison fram'd,  
 Or that thou art covetous  
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd  
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,  
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us ¶135

115 adhere, *Ed* adhere, 1633-69 122 too, *D* too 1633-69  
 125 Lord *Ed* Lord, 1633-69 128 clods 1633 clouds 1635-69,  
*B, O'F* (which corrects), *S96* 133 whom] *om D, H49, Lec* them]  
*om A18, N, TC* 134 sweet, 1633, *D, H49, JC, Lec, S96* sweets, 1635-  
 69, *A18, N, O'F, S, TC*

XVI



## XVI

From needing danger, to bee good,  
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,  
 From trusting so much to thy blood,  
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,  
     From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140  
     Some sinne more burdenous,  
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,  
 From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus  
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us

## XVII

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145  
 By our connivence, or slack companie,  
 From meafuring ill by vitious,  
 Neglecting to choake sins spawn, Vanitie,  
     From indiscreet humilitie,  
     Which might be scandalous, 150  
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,  
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,  
 From thirft, or scorne of fame, deliver us

## XVIII

Deliver us for thy descent  
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place 155  
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent  
 To'ungratious us, staid'ft at her full of grace,  
     And through thy poore birth, where first thou  
     Glorifiedst Povertie,  
 And yet soone after riches didst allow, 160  
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,  
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free

137 owing] owning 1669 139 soule] souls 1669, *JC, O'F, S* 153  
 fame,] flame, 1633 154 for 1633, *D, H49, N, S, TC* through 1635-69,  
*JC, O'F, S, 96, Chambers* 156 middle] midle 1633, *D* 157 grace,]  
 grace, 1633 159 Glorifiedst] Glorified 1633 some copies, *D, H49*  
 162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and *Chambers*

## XIX

XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,  
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,  
Disputing what distorted thee, 165  
And interrupted evennesse, with fits,  
And through thy free confession  
Though thereby they were then  
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,  
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170  
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men

XX

Through thy submitting all, to blowes  
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile, thy fame to scorne,  
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,  
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born, 175  
And through thy gallant humbleness  
Which thou in death did'st shew,  
Dying before thy foule they could expresse,  
Deliver us from death, by dying so,  
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe 180

XXI

When senses, which thy souldiers are,  
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,  
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre  
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,  
When plenty, Gods image, and seale 185  
Makes us Idolatrous,  
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,  
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious  
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us

163 through] though 1633 that] thy *B, JC, O'F, S96* 164 is still]  
still is 1633 some copies, 1635-69 166 fits,] fits, 1633 173 clothes  
1633, *Ar8, D, H49, Lcc, N, S, TC* robes 1635-69, *B* (robe), *JC, O'F, S96*  
175 born, *Ed* born, 1633-69

XXII

## XXII

In Churches, when the'infirmities  
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word, 190  
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply  
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,  
     When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,  
     Or wars, thy Champions, swaie, 195  
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines,  
 In th'houre of death, the'Eve of last judgement day,  
 Deliver us from the sinister way

## XXIII

Heare us, O heare us Lord, to thee  
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes, 200  
 Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,  
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes,  
     Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord  
     We know not what to say,  
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and  
     word 205  
 O Thou who Satan heard't in Jobs sicke day,  
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray

## XXIV

That wee may change to evennesse  
 This intermitting aguish Pietie,  
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse 210  
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die,  
     That musique of thy promises,  
     Not threats in Thunder may  
 Awaken us to our iust offices,  
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, 215  
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray

196 When] Where many MSS 197 last judgement] the last JC, S  
 Gods judgement B 202 Allelujaes, 1635-69 Allelujaes, 1633 204  
 say, D say 1633-69 209 Pietie, Ed Pietie, 1633-69 214  
 offices,] offices, 1633

## XXV

XXV

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,  
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,  
 That wee, by harkning, not procure  
 Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite, 220  
 That wee get not a slipperinesse  
 And senslesly decline,  
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,  
 To'admit the like of majestie divine,  
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine 225

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,  
 Which to give us, and make us phyficke, doth  
 Our vices often aggravate,  
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,  
 That Satan, and invenom'd men 230  
 Which well, if we starve, dine,  
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then  
 Us, to amendment, heare them, thee decline  
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine

XXVII

That learning, thine Ambassador, 235  
 From thine allegiance wee never tempt,  
 That beauty, paradises flower  
 For phyficke made, from poyson be exempt,  
 That wit, borne apt high good to doe,  
 By dwelling lazily 240  
 On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,  
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,  
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry

217 wee 1633 me 1635-69 219 wee, Ed wee 1633-69 harkning,  
 not 1633-69 heark'ning not Chambers 231 well, 1633 (but altered to  
 will, in some copies), A18, B, D, H49, N, S, TC will, 1635-69, Lec, Chambers,  
 Grolier 233 decline Ed decline, 1633-69 239 apt doe,]  
 apt, doe 1633 243 weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry 1633-69,  
 A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC weake wretches, O thou eare and eye B, S, S96  
 Chambers adopts Eye from S, O'F reads eye, and TCC alters eye to eye,  
 all retaining ecchoes See note

XXVIII

## XXVIII

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou  
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe, 245  
     Gaine to thy self, or us allow,  
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine,  
     O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne  
     Which could not stick to thee,  
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250  
 But Patient and Phyfition being free,  
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be

*Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Phi-  
 lip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke  
 her Sister*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare  
 Seeke new expreffions, doe the Circle square,  
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit  
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)  
 I would but bleffe thy Name, not name thee now, 5  
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou )  
 Fixe we our prayfes therefore on this one,  
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon  
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue,  
 (For 'twas a double power by which he fung 10  
 The highest matter in the noblest forme,)  
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe  
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon  
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one,  
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15  
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony

245 againe,] againe 1633 246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N,  
 S, TC and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers 248 O Lambe] O lambe  
 1633

Vpon the &c 1635-69 no extant MSS

Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce,  
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,  
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,  
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe 20  
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,  
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing,  
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears,  
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,  
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25  
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung,  
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,  
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)  
 This Quire hath all The Organist is hee  
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we 30  
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse  
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes  
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,  
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale  
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35  
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe  
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become  
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,  
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,  
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40  
 This be reform'd, Would a whole State present  
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?  
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King  
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?  
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45  
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is  
 Already done, and as those Psalmes we call  
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all  
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,  
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, 50

17 voyce, 1635-39 voyce, 1650-69 22 sing,] sing 1635-69  
 23 three Quires, 1669 3 Quires, 1635-54 28 here 1669 hear  
 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note) 46 this Moses  
 Grosart thy Moses 1635-69

And,

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,  
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,  
 Who hath translated those translators) may  
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way  
 Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,  
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part

55

*Ode Of our Sense of Sinne*

- 1 **V**engeance will fit above our faults, but till  
     She there doth fit,  
 We see *her* not, nor *them* Thus, blinde, yet still  
 We leade her way, and thus, whil't we doe ill,  
     We suffer it
- 2 Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware  
     Of doing ill  
 Enough we labour under age, and care,  
 In number, th'errours of the last place, are  
     The greatest still
- 3 Yet we, that should the ill we now begin  
     As soone repent,  
 (Strange thing!) perceive not, our faults are not seen,  
 But past us, neither felt, but onely in  
     The punishment
- 4 But we know our selves least, Mere outward shews  
     Our mindes so store,  
 That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose  
 But forme and colour Onely he who knowes  
     Himselfe, knowes more

5

10

15

20

*I D*

55 tuning, 1719 tuning, 1635-69 part, 1719 part 1635-69  
 Ode 1635-69, O'F Of our Sense of Sinne H40, RP31 (in margin,  
 S<sup>r</sup> Edw Herbert) no title, B, Cy, P, S 2 doth 1635-39 do 1650-69  
 11 now] new B 15 The 1635-69, Cy, P Our B, H40, O'F

To

*To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders*

**T**Hou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now  
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,  
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,  
 Not an impediment, but victory,  
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind      5  
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde  
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele  
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?  
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,  
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,      10  
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine  
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?  
 Thou art the same materials, as before,  
 Onely the stampe is changed, but no more  
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face,      15  
 But not the monies substance, so hath grace  
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,  
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation,  
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because  
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes,      20  
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,  
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?  
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew  
 What thy advantage is above, below  
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expreffion,      25  
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,  
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit  
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?  
 As if their day were onely to be spent  
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement,      30  
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust  
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust,  
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,  
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)

To Mr Tilman &c 1635-69 no variant MSS      18 Christs] Christs  
 1635      34 clay) Ed clay) 1635-69

Let



Let then the world thy calling disrespect,  
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect 35  
 What function is so noble, as to bee  
 Embassadour to God and destinie?  
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more  
 Than Kings give dignities, to keepe heavens doore? 40  
*Maries* prerogative was to beare Christ, so  
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe  
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake,  
 And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake  
 If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie 45  
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,  
 How brave are those, who with their Engine, can  
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?  
 These are thy titles and preheminenes,  
 In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences, 50  
 And so the heavens which beget all things here,  
 And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,  
 Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit,  
 And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite

*A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last  
 going into Germany*

**I**N what torne ship soever I embarke,  
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke,  
 What sea soever swallow mee, that flood  
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood,  
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5  
 Thy face, yet through that maske I know those eyes,  
 Which, though they turne away sometimes,  
 They never will despise

52 beare, 1650-69 beare 1635-39

A Hymne &c 1633-69 A Hymne to Christ *AI8, N, TCC, TCD*  
 At his going with my Lord of Doncaster 1619 *B*, and similarly, *O'F, P*,  
*S96* in *MSS* last two lines of each stanza given as one 2 my  
 thy] an the *P* 3 soever swallow mee, that] foe'er swallows me up,  
 that *O'F*

I sacrifice

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,  
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee, 10  
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,  
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my finnes and thee  
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below  
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,  
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15  
 Of true Love I may know

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,  
 The amoroufnesse of an harmonious Soule,  
 But thou would'ft have that love thy selfe As thou  
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20  
 Thou lov'ft not, till from loving more, thou free  
 My soule Who ever gives, takes libertie  
 O, if thou car'ft not whom I love  
 Alas, thou lov'ft not mee

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25  
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall,  
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee  
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee  
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have leaft light  
 To see God only, I goe out of sight 30  
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse  
 An Everlasting night

10 I lov'd there, 1633, A18, N, TCC I love here, 1635-69 I love  
 there P who lov'd mee, 1633, A18, N, TC who love mee, 1635-69,  
 B, O F, P, S96 11 our seas 1633, A18, N, TC this flood 1635-69  
 these (or those) seas B, O'F, P, S96 12 sea A18, B, N, O'F, S96, TC  
 seas 1633, P blood 1635-69 15 thee, th'Eternall root] thy eternall  
 work B, O'F (where it is altered to reading of text), P (externall workes), S96  
 28 Fame, 1633, A18, N, TC Face, 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most  
part according to Tremelius*

C H A P I

- 1 **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,  
Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus!  
Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces  
She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5  
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all  
Her lovers comfort her, Perfidiously  
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie
- 3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions  
Juda is captive led, Those nations 10  
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,  
In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies  
Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes  
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, 15  
And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,  
Because when her transgressions did increase,  
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse Th'enemie  
Doth drive her children to captivitie 20
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,  
Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,  
Her Princes are, and now before the foe  
Which still pursues them, without strength they go

The Lamentations &c 1633-69 (Tremellius 1639-69), B, N, O'F, TCD  
Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, Vulg for Vulgate See note full stops  
after verse-numbers 1635-69 2-4 thus<sup>1</sup> 15<sup>1</sup>] thus<sup>2</sup> 18<sup>2</sup>  
1633-69 22 Harts] hearts 1669

- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerufalem 25  
 (Her men flaine by the foe, none succouring them)  
 Remembers what of old, thee esteemed moſt,  
 Whileſt her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt
- 8 Jerufalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhee  
 Remov'd, as women in uncleaneſſe bee, 30  
 Who honor'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they  
 Have ſeene, her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away
- 9 Her foulneſſe in her ſkirts was ſeene, yet ſhe  
 Remembred not her end, Miraculoſly  
 Therefore ſhee fell, none comforting Behold 35  
 O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold
- 10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,  
 The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhee hath ſeene  
 Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not doe ſo,  
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe 40
- 11 And all her people groane, and ſeeke for bread,  
 And they have given, only to be fed,  
 All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay  
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh
- 12 All this concernes not you, who paſſe by mee, 45  
 O ſee, and marke if any ſorrow bee  
 Like to my ſorrow, which Jehova hath  
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- 13 That fire, which by himſelfe is governed  
 He hath caſt from heaven on my bones, and ſpred 50  
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,  
 And made me languish all the day alone

25 hei O'F their 1633-69, N, ICD the B diebus afflictionis ſuae  
 et ploratuum ſuorum Tr 28 Whileſt B, O F Whiles 1633-69  
 32 ſeene,] ſeene, 1633 43 pleaſure] pleaſures N

- 14 His hand hath of my finnes framed a yoake  
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke  
My strength The Lord unto those enemies 55  
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise
- 15 He under foot hath troden in my fight  
My strong men, He did company invite  
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath 60  
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath
- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye  
Casts water out, For he which should be nigh  
To comfort mee, is now departed farre,  
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are
- 17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand, 65  
To comfort her, it is the Lords command  
That *Iacobs* foes girt him *Ierusalem*  
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them
- 18 But yet the Lord is iust, and righteous still,  
I have rebell'd against his holy will, 70  
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,  
My maides, my young men in captivit e
- 19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they  
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay  
Dead in the citie, for they fought for meat 75  
Which should refresh their soules, they could not get
- 20 Because I am in freights, *Iehova* see  
My heart o'turn'd, my bowells muddy bee,  
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast  
The sword without, as death within, doth waft 80
- 53 hand] hands 1650-69 manu ejus Tr 56 from whom 1635-69,  
B, N, O'F, TCD from whence 1633 58 invite 1633, N, TCD accite  
1635-69, B, O'F 59 men, Ed men, 1633-69 63 farre,] farre  
1633 65 hand,] hand 1633-35 76 they could not get 1633 and  
none could get 1635-69 Norton conjectures that in 75 we should read  
the sought-for meat but see note 78 o'turn'd,] return'd, 1633

- 21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,  
My foes have heard my grieffe, and glad they be,  
That thou hast done it, But thy promis'd day  
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they
- 22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85  
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,  
For all my finnes The sighs which I have had  
Are very many, and my heart is sad

CHAP II

- 1 **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung  
His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath  
flung 90  
To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath  
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!
- 2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed  
All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished  
To ground the strengths of *Iuda*, and prophan'd 95  
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land
- 3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee  
Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemy  
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,  
But is towards *Iacob*, All-devouring fire 100
- 4 Like to an enemy he bent his bow,  
His right hand was in posture of a foe,  
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,  
'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire
- 5 For like an enemy *Iehova* is, 105  
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,  
Destroying holds, giving additions  
To *Iuda's* daughters lamentations

81 heare I mourne, 1633-35, B, O'F, TCD heare me mourn, N heie  
I mourn, 1639-69, and mod edd Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo  
confolatur me Tr 87 sighs] fights 1669 90 cloud! Ed cloud?  
1633-69 flung] flung 1633 92 wrath! Ed wrath? 1633-69 95  
strengths 1633, N, I CD strength 1635-69, B, O'F munitiones Tr and Vulg  
6 Like

- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe  
 The place where was his congregation, 110  
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot,  
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not
- 7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests  
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests  
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115  
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities
- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound  
 And levell *Sions* walls unto the ground,  
 He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturue  
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne 120
- 9 Their gates are funke into the ground, and hee  
 Hath broke the barres, their King and Princes bee  
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there  
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare
- 10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 123  
 And filence keepe, Dust on their heads they cast,  
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low  
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw
- 11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes  
 Are faint with weeping and my liver lies 130  
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie  
 That sucking children in the streets doe die
- 12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where  
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,  
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135  
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away

110 where] which *B, O'F* locum conventus sui *Tr* 112 regardeth]  
 regarded 1669 114 hand *B, N, O'F, TCD* hands 1633-69 tradit in manum  
 inimici muros, palatia illius *Tr* 118-9 ground, hand,] ground,  
 hand, 1633 121 Their 1633 The 1635-69 122 barres, *B,*  
*O'F* barre, 1633-69, *N, TCD* vinctus ejus *Tr* 124 then] the 1669  
 134 there,] there 1633-39 135 streets *B, O'F* street 1633-69, *N,*  
*TCD* in plateis civitatis *Tr*

13 *Daughter Ierusalem*, Oh what may bee  
 A witnesse, or comparison for thee?  
 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?  
 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140

14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets fought,  
 Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,  
 Which might disturne thy bondage but for thee  
 False burthens, and false causes they would see

15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, 145  
 And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this  
 That citie, which so many men did call  
 Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,  
 And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150  
 For this is certainly the day which wee  
 Expected, and which now we finde, and see

17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,  
 Fulfill'd his word of old determined,  
 He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155  
 Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so

18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,  
 Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall  
 Downe like a river, day and night, take thee  
 No rest, but let thine eye incessant be 160

19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy finnes,  
 Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins,  
 Lift up thy hands to God, left children dye,  
 Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye

141 For thee 1635-54 For, the 1633 For the 1669 143 disturne  
 1633-54 and MSS dis-urn 1669 disturb Chambers ad avertendum  
 captivitatem tuam Tr 145 hisse, Ed hisse 1633-39 157 against  
 1633 unto 1635-69, and MSS clamat cor istorum contra Dominum Tr  
 ad Dominum Vulg 161 poure, for 1633 and MSS poure out  
 1635-69, Chambers

20 Behold



- 20 Behold O Lord, confider unto whom 165  
 Thou haft done this, what, fhall the women come  
 To eate their children of a fpanne? fhall thy  
 Prophet and Priest be flaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in ftreets, the yong and old do lye,  
 My virgins and yong men by fword do dye, 170  
 Them in the day of thy wrath thou haft flaine,  
 Nothing did thee from killing them containe
- 22 As to a folemne feaft, all whom I fear'd  
 Thou call'ft about mee, when his wrath appear'd,  
 None did remaine or fcape, for thofe which I 175  
 Brought up, did perifh by mine enimie

## CHAP III

- 1 **I** Am the man which have affliction feene,  
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,  
 2 He hath led mee to darkneffe, not to light,  
 3 And againft mee all day, his hand doth fight 180
- 4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flefh and kinne,  
 5 Built up againft mee, and hath girt mee in  
 With hemlocke, and with labour, 6 and fet mee  
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee
- 7 Hee hath hedg'd me left I fcape, and added more 185  
 To my fteele fetters, heavier then before
- 8 When I crie out, he out fhuts my prayer 9 And hath  
 Stop'd with hewn ftone my way, and turn'd my path
- 10 And like a Lion hid in fecrecie,  
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee 190
- 11 He ftops my way, teares me, made defolate,  
 12 And hee makes mee the marke he fhooteth at

174 his 1633 thy 1635-69 CHAP ] ital 1633 182 girt]  
 hemde B, O'F 186 before 1650-69 before, 1633-39 187 8 Ed  
 8 1635-69, om 1633 190 mee ] mee, 1633

13 Hee

- 13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe  
 Into my reines, 14 I with my people was  
 All the day long, a song and mockery 195  
 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterneffe, and he  
 Hath made me drunke with wormewood 16 He hath burst  
 My teeth with stones, and covered mee with duft,  
 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,  
 And my prosperity I did forget 200  
 18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)  
 Which from the Lord should come, is perished  
 19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,  
 My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,  
 20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this, 205  
 21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is  
 22 'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly  
 Consum'd, for his compassions do not die,  
 23 For every morning they renewed bee,  
 For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity 210  
 24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,  
 And therefore in him will I hope alone  
 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,  
 And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly  
 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215  
 (The Lords salvation) unto the end  
 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare,  
 28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,  
 Because he hath borne it 29 And his mouth he layes  
 Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he staves 220  
 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will  
 Strike him, and so he is reproched still  
 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,  
 32 But when he hath stricke with sadnes, hee doth take  
 202 perished 1633 perished, 1635-69 203 mournings 1633-69,  
 N, O'F, TCD mourning B 216 (The Lords salvation) 1633 no  
 brackets, 1635-69

Compassion,

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite, 225  
 33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,  
 34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,  
 35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see  
 To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is  
 In his iust cause, the Lord allowes not this 230  
 37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,  
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?  
 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds,  
 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?  
 40 Tuine wee to God, by trying out our wayes, 235  
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise  
 42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,  
 Thou pardon'ft not, 43 Ufeste no clemencie,  
 Pursuest us, kill'ft us, coverest us with wrath,  
 44 Cover'ft thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath  
 No power to passe 45 And thou hast made us fall 241  
 As refuse, and off-scouring to them all  
 46 All our foes gape at us 47 Feare and a snare  
 With ruine, and with waste, upon us are  
 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow 245  
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so,  
 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,  
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see  
 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye  
 Doth breake mine heart 52 Causles mine enemy, 250  
 Like a bird chac'd me 53 In a dungeon  
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone

226 smite, *Ed* smite, 1633-69 229 wrung] wrong 1633 him,  
*Ed* him 1633-69 230 this ] this 1633 231 doth] will *B, O'F*  
 238 not, 1650-69 not 1633-35 not 1639 239 coverest us with  
 wiath] coverest with thy wrath *B, O'F* 243 47 *Ed* 47, 1633  
 47 1635-69 245 watry] water 1633 246 daughter *B, N, O'F*,  
*TCD* daughters 1633-69 propter contritionem filiae populi mei *Tr* 249  
 citys *O'F* city 1633-69 propter omnes filias civitatis meae *Tr* 252 on  
 me *B, N, TCD* me on 1633-69 projiciunt lapides in me *Tr* posuerunt  
 lapidem super me *Vulg*

- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am  
 Destroy'd, 55 I called Lord, upon thy name  
 Out of the pit 56 And thou my voice didst heare, 255  
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare  
 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st neere  
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare  
 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou  
 Rescud'st my life 59 O Lord do thou judge now, 260  
 Thou heard'st my wrong 60 Their vengeance all they  
 have wrought,  
 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they  
 thought,  
 62 What their lips uttered, which again'st me rose,  
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes  
 63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 265  
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,  
 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse 66 And with thy might  
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite

CHAP I V

- 1 **H**OW is the gold become so dimme? How is  
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270  
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,  
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye  
 2 The pretious finnes of Sion, which should bee  
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see  
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275  
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand  
 3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their breasts, and give  
 Sucke to their young, my peoples daughters live,  
 By reason of the foes great cruelnesse,  
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse 280

256 sigh,] fight, 1650-69 260 Rescud'st *B, O'F* Rescuest 1633-69,  
*N, TCD* vindicabis *Tr* now, 1633-39 now 1650-69, *Chambers*  
 CHAP ] CAP 1633 270 Purest] *P* dropped 1650-54 274 at  
 1633-39 as 1650-69, *B, N, O F, ICD* qui tax indi cr int auro purgatissimo  
*Tr* 278 live,] live 1633

4 And

- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,  
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw  
And when for bread the little children crye,  
There is no man that doth them satisfie
- 5 They which before were delicately fed, 285  
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,  
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,  
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,  
Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before, 290  
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine  
No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe
- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite  
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white,  
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine, 295  
And all their polish'dneffe was Saphirine
- 8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know  
Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,  
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,  
And withered, is like to dry wood growne 300
- 9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye,  
And better through pierc'd, then through penury
- 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate  
Their children drest with their owne hands for meat
- 11 *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath 305  
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,  
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power  
To eate, and her foundations to devour

283 little children] little *om Chambers* 296 Saphirine 1635-69.  
Seraphine 1633 Sapphuina polities eorum *Tr* 298 streets *B, O'F*  
street 1633-69, *N, TGD* in vicis *Tr* in plateis *Vulg* 299 the  
*B, O'F* their 1633-69 302 through penury ] by penury, 1633, *N,*  
*TGD* confossi gladio quam confossi fame *Tr. See note* 304 hands  
*B, O'F* hand 1633-69

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live  
 In the inhabitable world belevee, 310  
 That any adversary, any foe  
 Into *Ierusalem* should enter fo

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed  
 Blood in the streets, and the iust murdered  
 14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did  
 stray 315  
 Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was  
 Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,  
 15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,  
 Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then 320

They fled, and frayd, and with the *Gentiles* were,  
 Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there,  
 16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face  
 Who never will regard them more, No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford, 325  
 Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword  
 17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries  
 Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes

And such a nation as cannot fave,  
 We in desire and speculation have 330  
 18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare  
 To goe our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day  
 19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they  
 Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye 335  
 At us, and for us in the desert lye

312 fo ] fo, 1633 316 Thorough] Through 1669 318 gai-  
 ments 1633 garment 1635-69 quem non possunt quin tangant vestimentis  
 suis *Tr* 320 not, *O'F,N,TCD* not, 1633-69 322 dwell there,  
*Ed* dwell, there 1633 dwell there 1635-39 dwell there 1650-54  
 dwell there 1669 325 their the 1633-39 the their 1650-69  
 333-4 day 19 Eagles *Ed* The old editions place a comma after day, and  
 19 at the beginning of 335, wrongly 335 mountaine tops 1633-39  
 mountaines tops 1650-69, B

- 20 The annoynted Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee  
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee  
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,  
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell 340
- 21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee  
 Thou which inhabitst *Huz*, for unto thee  
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenness  
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakedness
- 22 And then thy finnes O *Sion*, shall be spent,  
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment 345  
 Thy finnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will see,  
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie

## CHAP V

- 1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us,  
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
- 2 For unto strangers our possession  
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
- 3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee  
 As Orphans all, and without father be,
- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, 355  
 And upon our owne wood a price they lay
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit,  
 They make us travaile, and not intermit,
- 6 We stretch our hands unto th' *Egyptians*  
 To get us bread, and to the *Assyrians* 360

340 fell ] fell 1633 342 which 1633 that 1635-69 Huz B  
 Hus N, TCD her, 1633 Uz, 1635-69 in terra Hutzl Tr 345  
 And then] And om Chambers CHAP ] CAP 1633 349 us,]  
 us, 1633-35 354 father B, O'F fathers 1633-69 Pupilli sumus 1c  
 nullo patre Tr absque patre Vulg 355 drunke, 1633, N, TCD drinke  
 1635-69, B, O'F 356 lay 1650-69 lay, 1633-39

7 Our

- 7 Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,  
But wee do beare the finnes they did before  
8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,  
Yet from their hands none would deliver us  
9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat, 365  
For in the wilderness, the sword did wait  
10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,  
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne  
11 In *Iudaes* cities they the maids abus'd  
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd 370  
12 The Princes with their hands they hung, no grace  
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face  
13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,  
And children fell under the wood they bare  
14 Elders, the gates, youth did their songs forbear, 375  
15 Gone was our joy, our dancings, mournings were  
16 Now is the crowne false from our head, and woe  
Be unto us, because we have sinned so  
17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this  
Over our eyes a cloudy darkness is 380  
18 Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lye,  
And foxes there do goe at libertie  
19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne  
From generation, to generation  
20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally? 385  
Or leave us thus long in this misery?  
21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may  
Returne, and as of old, renew our day  
22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,  
And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 390

368 Oven 1635-69 Ocean 1633 Pelles nostrae ut funus atratae sunt  
Tr 374 fell bare 1633-69 full beare B.O.F 376 15  
Gone &c ] Old edd transfer 15 to next line, wrongly In consequence, the  
remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is  
made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughtest thou &c,' into two I have  
corrected throughout 389 thus, ] thus 1633

Hymne



*Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse*

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,  
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,  
 I shall be made thy Musique, As I come  
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,  
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before 5

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne  
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie  
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne  
 That this is my South-west discoverie  
*Per fretum febris*, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West,  
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,  
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East  
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,  
 So death doth touch the Resurrection 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are  
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?  
*Anyan*, and *Magellan*, and *Gibaltare*,  
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,  
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem* 20

We thinke that *Paradyse* and *Calvarie*,  
*Christs* Croffe, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place,  
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me,  
 As the first *Adams* sweat furrounds my face,  
 May the last *Adams* blood my foule embrace 25

Hymn to God &c 1635-69, Sg6, and in part Walton (Life of  
 Dr John Donne 1670), who adds March 23, 1630 2 thy 1635  
 and Walton (1670) the 1639-69 4 the Instrument 1635-69 my  
 instrument Walton 6 Whilst love] Since loves Walton 10  
 to die, 1635 to die 1639-54 to dy 1669 12 their Sg6 those  
 1635-69 18 *Gibaltare*, 1635-54 *Gabaltare*, 1669 *Gibraltar*? 1719,  
*Chambers* *Gibraltar* are *Grosari* See note 19 but streights, Ed but  
 streights 1635-69 24 first] list 1669

So,





JOHN DONNE

From the frontispiece to *Death's Duel*, 1632

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,  
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne ,  
 And as to others foules I preach'd thy word,  
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,  
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down 30

*A Hymne to God the Father*

I

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,  
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne, through which I runne,  
 And do run still though still I do deplore?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5  
 For, I have more

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne  
 Others to sinne<sup>2</sup> and, made my sinne their dooie?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne  
 A yeare, or two but wallowed in, a score<sup>2</sup> 10  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For I have more

III

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne  
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore,  
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15  
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore,  
 And, having done that, Thou hast done,  
 I feare no more

28 others fouls] other fouls *Walton and S96* 30 That, he may raise,  
 therefore, *Walton*

A Hymne &c 1633-69 To Christ *A18, N, TCC, TCD* Christo  
 Salvator *O'F, S96* for the text of the MSS see next page 2 Which]  
 which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two 1633 two, 1635-69

## To Christ

Wilt thou forgive that finne, where I begunn,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> is my finne, though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive those sinns through w<sup>ch</sup> I runn  
 And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 for I have more 5

Wilt thou forgive that finne, by w<sup>ch</sup> I have wonne  
 Others to sinne, & made my sinne their dore?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne w<sup>ch</sup> I did shunne  
 A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 for I have more 10

I have a sinne of feare y<sup>t</sup> when I have spunn  
 My last thred, I shall perishe on the shore,  
 Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunne  
 Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore,  
 And having done that, thou hast done,  
 I have noe more 15

To Christ *Ar8, N, ICC, ICD* Christo Salvatori *O'F, Sg6* text from  
*ICD* 1 begunn, *El* begunn *ICD* 2 were *Ar8, N, IC* was *O'F, S*  
 before? *Ed* before *ICD* 4 them *Ar8, N, IC* runne *O'F, Sg6*  
 5 done, *Ed* done *ICD* and so 11 and 17 14 shone, *Ed* shone  
*ICD* 15 thy Sunne *O'F, S* this Sunne *Ar8, N, IC* 16 heretofore,  
*El* heretofore *ICD*

# ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

## TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

D<sup>r</sup> DONNE

**T**O have liv'd eminent, in a degree  
 Beyond our lofty<sup>st</sup> flights, that is, like Thee,  
 O! t'have had too much merit, is not safe,  
 For, such excesses finde no Epitaph  
 At common graves we have Poetique eyes 5  
 Can melt themselves in easie Elegies,  
 Each quill can drop his tributary verse,  
 And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hea<sup>l</sup>se  
 But at Thine, Poeme, or Inscription  
 (Rich soule of wit, and language) we have none 10  
 Indeed a silence does that tombe befit,  
 Where is no Herald left to blazon it  
 Widow'd invention justly doth forbear  
 To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here  
 Late her great Patron, Whose Prerogative 15  
 Maintain'd, and cloth'd her so, as none alive  
 Must now perfume, to keepe her at thy rate,  
 Though he the Indies for her dowrie estate  
 Or else that awfull fire, which once did burne  
In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Urne 20  
 Lives there, to fight rude Empiricks from thence,  
 Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance  
 Who ever writes of Thee, and in a stile  
 Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile  
 Thy precious Duft, and wake a learned Spirit 25  
 Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit  
 For, all a low pitch't phansie can devise,  
 Will prove, at best, but Hallow'd Injuries  
 Thou, like the dying Swanne, didst lately sing  
 Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King, 30  
 When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,  
 Presented so, to life, that peece of death,  
 That it was feai'd, and prophesi'd by all,  
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall

To the *Sc* Also in Deaths Duell 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's  
 Poems 1657, 1664, 1700 14 here] there 1632 31 faint]  
 weak 1632

O' had'st Thou in an Elegiacke Knell  
 Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,  
 And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate  
 The solemnē meafure of thy griev'd Retreat,  
 Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist  
 As well, as then thou did'st prevent the Priest,  
 And never to the world beholding bec  
 So much, as for an Epitaph for thee  
 I doe not like the office Nor is 't fit  
 Thou, who did'st lend our Age such summes of wit,  
 Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,  
 That Ore to Buie Thee, which once was Thine,  
 Rather full leave us in thy debt, And know  
 (Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe  
 Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,  
 Then, with embased Come those Rites defray  
 Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe Nor blame.  
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame  
 Leave Thee Executour Since, but thine owne,  
 No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne  
 Thy vast desert, Save that, wee nothing can  
 Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian  
 So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust  
 To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust

H K

To the deceased Author,

Upon the *Promiscuous* printing of his Poems, the  
*Loofer sort*, with the *Religious*

W Hen thy *Loofer* raptures, *Donne*, shall meet with Those  
 That doe confine  
 Tuning, unto the *Duller Line*,  
 And sing not, but in *Sanctified Prose*,  
 How will they, with sharper eyes,  
 The *Fore-skinne* of thy phantasie circumsese?  
 And feare, thy wantonnesse should now, begin  
 Example, that hath ceased to be *Sin*?

57 or] nor 1632

And

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat*, whilst knowing eyes  
Will not admire 10  
At this *Strange Fire*,  
That here is *mingled with thy Sacrifice*  
But dare reade even thy *Wanton Story*,  
As thy *Confession*, not thy *Glory*  
And will so envie *Both* to future times, 15  
That they would buy thy *Goodnesse*, with thy *Crimes*

*Tho Browne*

---

*On the death of D<sup>r</sup> DONNE*

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,  
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell  
In tunefull *Elegies*, there's not language knowne  
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas fitt thy owne,  
The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft 5  
Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left  
Enough to weepe thee, what hencefoith we see  
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee  
There may perchance some busie gathering friend  
Steale from thy owne woikes, and that, varied, lend, 10  
Which thou bestow'ft on others, to thy Hearse,  
And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse,  
Hee that shall venturie farther, may commit  
A pitied errour, shew his zeale, not wit  
Fate hath done mankinde wrong, vertue may aime 15  
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,  
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give  
Faith to the world, command it to beleewe,  
Hee then must write, that would define thy parts  
*Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts* 20

*Edw Hyde*

On the &c Also in Deaths Duell 1632  
6 tongue] pens 1632

4 thy] thine 1632

*On*



*On Doctor Donne,**By D' C B of O*

**H**Ee that would write an Epitaph for thee,  
 And do it well, must first beginne to be  
 Such as thou wert, for none can truly know  
 Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so,  
 He must have wit to spare and to hidle downe 5  
 Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne  
 He must have learning plenty, both the Lawes,  
 Civill, and Common, to judge any cause,  
 Divinity great store, above the rest,  
 Not of the last Edition, but the best 10  
 Hee must have language, triavaile, all the Arts,  
 Judgement to use, or else he wants thy parts  
 He must have friends the highest, able to do,  
 Such as *Mecenas*, and *Augustus* too  
 He must have such a sicknesse, such a death, 15  
 Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath,  
 Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,  
 He must be dead first, let it alone for mee

*An Elegie upon the incomparable*

D' DONNI

**A**Ll is not well when such a one as I  
 Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*,  
 When smaller *Starrs* appeare, and give their light,  
*Phæbus* is gone to bed We're it not night,  
 And the world witleffe now that *DONNE* is dead,  
 You sooner should have broke, then scene my head  
 Dead did I say? Forgive this *Injury*  
 I doe him, and his worthes *Infinity*,  
 To say he is but dead, I dare averre  
 It better may be term'd a *Massacre*, 10  
 Then *Sleepe* or *Death*, See how the *Muses* mourne  
 Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrue*  
 Threaten the World with this *Calamity*,  
 They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*

On *Sc* Also in Corbet's Poems 1647*Language*

*Language* lyes speechlesse, and *Divinity*, 15  
 Loft such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*  
 Could chaime the Soule, and had an *Influence*  
 To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*  
 The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,  
 Loft *Chaplaime*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three 20  
 It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*  
 Could cause a losse so *great* and *generall*

If there be any Spirit can answer give  
 Of such as hence depart, to such as live  
 Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate, 25  
 Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?  
 Me thinks, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule  
 Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*  
 I could beleeve they doe, but that I know  
 What inconvenience might hereafter grow 30  
 Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,  
 And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize

If that Philosopher, which did avow  
 The world to be but Motes, was living now  
 He would affirme that th'*Atomes* of his mould 35  
 Were they in severall bodies blended, would  
 Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,  
 Of *Linguists*, *Poets* sith these severall *lines*  
 In him concentred were, and flowing thence  
 Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference* 40  
 I could beleeve this too, and yet my faith  
 Not want a *President* The *Phoenix* hath  
 (And such was He) a power to animate  
 Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate  
 But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry 45  
 Into these Secrets, *Griefe*, and *Iealousie*,  
 The more they know, the further still advance,  
 And finde no way so safe as *Ignorance*  
 Let this suffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew  
 A pitch of all admu'd, known but of few, 50  
 (Save those of purer mould) is now translated  
 From Earth to Heav'n, and there *Constellated*  
 For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,  
 His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre

HEN VALENTINE

*An*

## An Elegie upon Dr Donne

**I**S Donne, great Donne deceas'd? then England say  
 Thou'haſt loſt a man where language choſe to ſtay  
 And ſhew it's gracefull power I would not praiſe  
 That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vaine dayes  
 Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd to unlock  
 That Cabinet, his minde where ſuch a ſtock  
 Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament  
 (Or ſhould) this generall cauſe of diſcontent  
 And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,  
 But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare  
 For his deceaſe, Such ſad extremities  
 May make ſuch men as I write *Elegies*  
 And wonder not, for, when a generall loſſe  
 Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſſe,  
 God hath rais'd *Prophets* to awaken them  
 From ſtupifaction, witneſſe my milde pen,  
 Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it muſt  
 Freely and boldly, for, the cauſe is juſt  
 Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th'art wiſe,  
 Thou art not onely dull, but haſt a curſe  
 Of black ingratitude, if not, couldſt thou  
 Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow  
 For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay  
 A ſad remembrance to his dying day?  
 Did his youth ſcatter *Poetrie*, wherein  
 Was all Philoſophie? Was every ſinne,  
 Character'd in his *Satyres*? made ſo foule  
 That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their ſoule  
 Freer by reading verſe? Did he give *dayes*  
 Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe, whoſe praiſe  
 He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare  
 The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth yeare?  
 But, more matur'd Did his full ſoule conceive,  
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave  
 A *Crowne of ſacred ſonets*, fit to adorne  
 A dying Martyrs brow or, to be worne  
 On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*  
 After ſhe wip'd Chriſts feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c See note

1-3 Our Donne is dead, England ſhould mourne, may ſay  
 We had a man where language choſe to ſtay  
 And ſhew her gracefull power 1635-69

35 *Crowne*] Crowme 1633

Did

Did hee (fit for such penitents as thee  
 And hee to use) leave us a *Litany*? 10  
 Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,  
 As times grow better, grow more classically  
 Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety and wit  
 Equall to those great grave *Prudentius* writ?  
 Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Larves*? 45  
 The grounds and use of *Physicke*, but because  
 'Twas mercenary way'd it? Went to see  
 That blessed place of *Christs nativity*?  
 Did he returne and preach him? preach him so  
 As none but hee did, or could do? They know 50  
 (Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth  
 Did he consume thy age? convert thy youth?  
 Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse  
 Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a losse)  
 But sure the silent are ambitious all 55  
 To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall,  
 If not, In common pittie they forbare  
 By repetitions to renew our care,  
 Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes  
 Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes 60  
 Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way  
 To enlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,  
 (Materialls of this body) to remaine  
 With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous paine  
 Lessens the joy wee have, for, with *him*, all 65  
 Are satisfi'd with *joyes essentiall*  
 My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call  
 Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall,  
 Forget he lov'd mee, Waste not my sad yeares,  
 (Which haste to  *Davids* seventy, fill'd with feares 70  
 And sorrow for his death,) Forget his parts,  
 Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts,  
 And, (for, my fiſt is daily paid for sinne)  
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him  
 Forget his powerfull preaching, and forget 75  
 I am his *Convert* Oh my frailtie! let  
 My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude  
 This lethargie so should my gratitude,  
 My vowes of gratitude should so be broke,  
 Which can no more be, then *Donnes* vertues spoke 80  
 By any but himſelfe, for which cause, I  
 Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*

IZ WA

An

## An Elegie upon the death of the

Deane of Pauls, D<sup>r</sup> Iohn DonneBy M<sup>r</sup> Tho Carie

CAn we not force from widdowed Poetry,  
 Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie  
 To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust  
 Though with unkneced dowe-bak't prose thy dust,  
 Such as the uncor'd Churchman from the flower 5  
 Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,  
 Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay  
 Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?  
 Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense  
 Through all our language, both the words and sense? 10  
 'Tis a sad truth, The Pulpit may her plaine,  
 And sober Christian precepts still retaine,  
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,  
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame  
 Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light, 15  
 As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,  
 Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,  
 Did through the eye the melting heart distill,  
 And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,  
 As sense might judge, what phansie could not reach, 20  
 Must be desir'd for ever So the fire,  
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,  
 Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,  
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death,  
 The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes 25  
 O'rspred, was purg'd by thee, The lazie seeds  
 Of servile imitation throwne away,  
 And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay  
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,  
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage 30  
 A Mimique fury, when our soules must bee  
 Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,  
 Or Pindars, not their owne, The subtle cheat  
 Of the Exchanges, and the juggling feat  
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong 35  
 By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,  
 Thou hast redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine  
 Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line

An Elegie &amp;c Also in Carew's Poems 1640 See note

Of

Of masculine expreffion, which had good  
 Old Orpheus feene, Or all the ancient Brood 40  
 Our fuperftitious fooles admire, and hold  
 Their lead more precious, then thy burnifht Gold,  
 Thou hadft beene their Exchequer, and no more  
 They each in others duft, had rak'd for Ore  
 Thou fhalt yield no precedence, but of time, 45  
 And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime  
 More charmes the outward fenfe, Yet thou maift claime  
 From fo great difadvantage greater fame,  
 Since to the awe of thy imperiouſ wit  
 Our ftubborne language bends, made only fit 50  
 With her tough-thick-rib'd hoops to gird about  
 Thy Giant phanſie, which had prov'd too ſtout  
 For their loft melting Phraſes As in time  
 They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime  
 Buds of invention many a hundred yeare, 55  
 And left the uſſed fields, beſides the feare  
 To touch their Harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands  
 Of what is purely thine, thy only hands  
 (And that thy ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more  
 Then all thoſe times, and tongues could reape before 60  
 But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict lawes will be  
 Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie  
 They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine  
 Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raigne  
 Were baniſh'd noble Poems, now, with theſe 65  
 The ſilenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoſes  
 Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windy Page,  
 Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age,  
 Turne ballad rime, Or thoſe old Idolls bee  
 Ador'd againe, with new apoſtaſie, 70  
 Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verſe  
 The reverend ſilence that attends thy herſe,  
 Whoſe awfull ſolemne murmures were to thee  
 More then theſe faint lines, A loud Elegie,  
 That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence 75  
 The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence  
 Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies  
 Gaſping ſhort winded Accents, and ſo dies  
 So doth the ſwiftly turning wheele not ſtand  
 In th'inſtant we withdraw the moving hand, 80  
 But ſome ſmall time maintaine a faint weake courſe  
 By vertue of the firſt impulſive force

And so whil'ft I caft on thy funerall pile  
 Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,  
 And spit difdaine, till the devouring flames  
 Suck all the moyfture up, then turne to afhes  
 I will not draw the envy to engioffe  
 All thy perfections or weepe all our loffe,  
 Thofe are too numerous for an Flegie,  
 And this too great, to be expiefs'd by mee  
 Though every pen fhould fhare a diftinct part,  
 Yet art thou Theme enough to tyie all Art,  
 Let others carve the reft, it fhall fuffice  
 I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incife

*Here lies a King, that wuld as hee thought fit  
 The univerfall Monarchy of wit,  
 Here lie two Flamens, and both thofe, the beft,  
 Apollo's firft, at laft, the true Gods Priest*

*An Elegie on D' DONNE By Sir Lucius Carie*

POets attend, the Elegie I fing  
 Both of a doubly-named Priest, and King  
 In ftead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verfe,  
 For you muft bee chiefe mourners at his Hearfe,  
 A Tombe your Mufe muft to his Fame fupply,  
 No other Monuments can never die,  
 And as he was a two-fold Priest, in youth,  
 Apollo's, afterwards, the voice of Truth,  
 Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who chofe him for  
 His extraordinary Embaffador,  
 So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,  
 Both having fhares, both muft in grieve combine  
 Whil'ft Johnfon forceth with his Elegie  
 Teares from a grieve-unknowing Scythians eye,  
 (Like Mofes at whole ftroke the waters gusht  
 From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruft)  
 Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and fhew  
 Thofe vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,  
 Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appeares  
 To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares,

20  
Yet

Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,  
Least that his funerall Sermon should prove ours  
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,  
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,  
Preacher and Orator dischaig'd both parts 25  
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,  
And the first such (Though a long studied Art  
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)  
None was so maible, but whil't him he heares,  
His Soule so long dwelt only in his eares 30  
And from thence (with the fiercenesse of a flood  
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that blest food  
Their hearts, His seed in none could faile to grow,  
Fertile he found them all, or made them so  
No Druggist of the Soule bestow'd on all 35  
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall  
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,  
His words work'd much, but his example more,  
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie  
It selfe was oftentimes divinity, 40  
Those Anthemes (almost second Psalmes) he wrot  
To make us know the Crosse, and value it,  
(Although we owe that reverence to that name  
Wee should not need warmth from an under flame)  
Creates a fire in us, so neare extreme 45  
That we would die, for, and upon this theme  
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can  
But count Divine, except a Puritan,  
And that but for the name, nor this, nor those  
Want any thing of Sermons, but the prose 50  
Experience makes us see, that many a one  
Owes to his Countrey his Religion,  
And in another, would as strongly grow,  
Had but his Nurse and Mother taught him so,  
Not hee the ballast on his Judgement hung, 55  
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong,  
He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne  
By time or carelesnesse had entred in,  
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath  
A too hot zeale should force him, burne them both, 60  
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,  
Which to save blotting often would blot all,  
Nor did those barbarous opinions owne,  
To thinke the Organs sinne, and faction, none,

Nor



Nor was there expectation to gaine grace 65  
 From forth his Sermons only, but his face,  
 So Primitive a looke, such giavitie  
 With humbleness, and both with Pietie,  
 So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd  
 For them whose Satanisme his power gain'd, 70  
 And such his giavitie, when all Gods band  
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,  
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move  
 Then ever Argive Hellens could of love  
 Now to conclude, I must my reason bring, 75  
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,  
 That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd  
 To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd  
 By feare of losse (that being such a Prey  
 No stronger then ones selfe can force away) 80  
 The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,  
 And his authoritie so well employ'd,  
 That never any could before become  
 So Great a Monarch, in so small a roome,  
 He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so, 85  
 As under-spheares by the first Mover goc,  
 Banish't so farre then working, that we can  
 But know he had some, for we knew him man  
 Then let his last excuse his first extremcs,  
 His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams 90

*On D<sup>r</sup> DONNES death*

*By M<sup>r</sup> Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford*

WHO shall presume to moun thee, *Donne*, unlesse  
 He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,  
 And teach his griefe that reverence of thy Hearse,  
 To weepe lines, learned, as thy Annivers, 5  
 A Poeme of that worth, whose every teare  
 Deserves the title of a severall yeare  
 Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,  
 That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,  
 There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve?  
 After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live, 10

72 Receiv'd] Receiv' 1633

And

And her faire vertues in anothers line,  
 Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine  
Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,  
Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,  
To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe 15  
 Had not beene speechelesse, or our Muses dumbe,  
 But now wee dare not write, but must conceale  
 Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,  
 For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,  
 That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth 20  
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play  
 Was happier, then our serious time of day?  
So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit  
 And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.  
What was thy recreation turnes our braine, 25  
Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine  
And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our blisse  
To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse  
 Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,  
 And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke, 30  
 In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,  
 Just as your recknings use, that wee may know  
 In your whole carriage of your worke, that here  
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,  
 This is to tap your Muse, which running long 35  
 Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong,  
 Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,  
 Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up  
 Could you but reach this height, you should not need  
 To make, each meale, a project ere you feed, 40  
 Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and baie,  
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,  
 Nor should your love, in verse, call Mistresse, those,  
 Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose,  
 From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move 45  
A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love,  
 And would convey such errands to their care,  
 That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare,  
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise  
Is written onely for thy yonger dayes 50  
 I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,  
 Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Aits,  
 And have that deepe Divinity, to know,  
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,  
 Who

Who with thy words could chaime thy audience, 55  
 That at thy sermons, eare was all our sense,  
 Yet have I seene thee in the pulpit stand,  
 Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and hand,  
 And from thy speaking action beare away  
 More Sermon, then some teachers use to say 60  
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,  
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch  
 Thy motion did confute, and wee might see  
 An error vanquish'd by delivery  
 Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme 65  
 Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit stoime,  
 And beate the cushion into worse estate,  
 Then if they did conclude it reprobate,  
 Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about  
 Till all Predestination be runne out 70  
 And from the point such tedious uses draw,  
 Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law  
 No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,  
 So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,  
 And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee, 75  
 The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee  
 And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,  
 Would heare thee, in their unbought looks, and face  
 More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,  
 Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne 80

*Upon Mr J Donne, and his Poems*

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see  
 (Unburied yet) this living part of thee?  
 This part that to thy being gives fresh flame,  
 And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name -  
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimfen hew, 5  
 And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)  
 May shew thee mortall, a dead pallie may  
 Seise on't, and quickly turne it into clay,  
 Which like the Indian earth, shall use refin'd  
 But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde, 10  
 This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)  
 Shall live, for all the World to imitate,  
 But

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight  
 Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar fight,  
 But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit, 15  
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it,  
Admire they may Each object that the Spring  
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring  
 T'adorn Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive  
 To beauties elements, and thence derive 20  
 Unspotted Lillies white, which thou did'st set  
 Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,  
 Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,  
 Could'st give both life, and sense, unto a flower  
 The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee 25  
 Sweete: unto the taste, then from the tree  
 And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow  
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow  
 The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,  
 Have sent thee Pearles and Rubies from the deepe 30  
 To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they diew  
 More lustre to them, then where first they grew  
 All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold  
 Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,  
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine, 35  
 That it was much more pure then in the Mine  
 The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,  
 They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day,  
 For there would be more vertue in such spells,  
 (Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels 40  
 What ever was of worth in this great Frame,  
 That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,  
 It was thy theme for Beauty; thou didst see,  
 Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie  
 Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine 45  
 (With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,  
 Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,  
 If they admit of any others praise  
 But thy diviner Poems (whose cleare fire  
 Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire 50  
 Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set  
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)  
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,  
 In Panegyrique Alleluiaes

*As th Wilfon*

*In memory of Doctor Donne**By M<sup>r</sup> R B*

**D***onne* dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I  
 Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,  
 'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,  
 Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill  
 But must poore fame tell us his fatall day, 5  
 And shall we know his death, the common way,  
 Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold  
 The death of such a man, for though of old  
 'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,  
 Why should not his, have needed one as well? 10  
 Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,  
 High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?  
 Yet wants he not his signe, for wee have seene  
 A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,  
 Treading on harvests heeles which doth presage 15  
 The death of wit and learning, which this age  
 Shall finde, now he is gone, for though there bee  
 Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,  
 Or men are misers, or if true want raises  
 The dearth, then more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praises 20  
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence,  
 And Poesie, (past ravishing of sense,)  
 He had a magazine, wherein such store  
 Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poore  
 But he is gone, O how will his desire 25  
 Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire?  
 Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,  
 Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,  
 Where wee that heard him, to our selves did faine  
 Golden Chrysofome was alive againe, 30  
 And never were we wear'd, till we saw  
 His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw  
 How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,  
 With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse  
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence 35  
 Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,  
 With markes also, enough whereby to know,  
 The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so  
 'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,  
 They humm'd against him, And with face most sowe 40  
 Call'd

Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,  
 And no way fit to speake to clouted thooone  
 As fine words [truly] as you would desire,  
 But [verily,] but a bad edifier )  
 Thus did these beetles slight in him that good, 45  
 They could not see, and much lesse understood  
 But we may say, when we compare the stuffe  
 Both brought, He was a candle, they the snuffe )  
 Well, Wisedome's of her children justifi'd,  
 Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside, 50  
 Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,  
 Would I his booke should save him, Rather silly  
 I should advise his Clergie not to pray,  
 Though of the learn'dst sort, Me thinkes that they  
 Of the same trade, are Judges not so fit, 55  
 There's no such emulation as of wit  
 Of such, the Envy might as much perchance  
 Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance  
 It was his Fate (I know't) to be enviy'd  
 As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd, 60  
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,  
 And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they  
 No more of this, least some should say, that I  
 Am staid to Satyre, meaning Elegie  
 No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd, 65  
 A Juzy I would summon on his side,  
 That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch  
 Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such  
 As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,  
 These would I bring, though called from the dead 70  
 Southampton, Hambleton, Pembroke, Doisets Earles,  
 Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Peailes  
 Once of each sexe) If these suffice not, I  
 Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by  
 All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give, 75  
 As can belong to none, that now doth live  
 But what doe I? A diminution 'tis  
 To speake of him in verse, so short of his,  
 Whereof he was the master, All indeed  
 Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed 80  
 O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers  
 Could write for him, as he hath done for others  
 (Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,  
 My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,

Meane time a quariell I shall ever have 85  
 Agamst these doughty keepers from the grave,  
 Who use it seemes then old Authoritie,  
 When (Verfes men immortall make) they cry  
 Which had it been a Recipe true tū'd,  
*Probatum esset*, DONNE had never dy'd 90  
 For mee, if e'r I had least sparke at all  
 Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,  
 Here I confesse it fetched from his heath,  
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth  
 This only a poore flash, a lightning is 95  
 Before my Muses death, as after his  
 Farewell (*faire foule*) and deigne receive from mee  
 This Type of that devotion I owe thee,  
 From whom (while living) as by voice and penne  
 I learned more, then from a thousand men 100  
 So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,  
 And now beleeeve that miracles are ceas'd

*Epitaph*

**H**ere lies Deane Donne, Enough, Those words alone  
 Shew him as fully, as if all the stone  
 His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib'd  
 Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib'd 5  
 None can mistake him, for one such as Hee  
 DONNE, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see  
 Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye  
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie  
 A bold brave woid, Yet such brave Spirits as knew  
 His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true 10

*Epitaph upon Dr DONNE,**By Endy Porter*

THIS decent Urne a sad inscription weares,  
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheares ,  
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell  
The changes of this life, wherein is well  
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease, 5  
And never let our sorrowes more take ease,  
For now it is impossible to finde  
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde ,  
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand  
At one rude stroke impoverish a land? 10  
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,  
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate  
To his rare Parts? O! didst thou throw thy dart,  
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart ,  
And he with pious vertue stept betweene 15  
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene  
By thee? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,  
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto  
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisf'd,  
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de 20  
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,  
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares?  
O! tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,  
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?  
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe, 25  
~~For he is gone that did all phantasie keepe ,~~  
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse ,  
Which with amazements, we may now reherse



In obitum venerabilis viri *Iohannis Donne*, sacrae  
Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi *Pauli*, nu-  
per Decani, Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende  
Vir) observanti: ergo Hæc ego

**C**onquerar? ignaror? sequar tua funera planctu?  
Sed lachrimæ clausistis iter nec muta querelas  
Lingua potest proferre prias ignoscite manes  
Defuncti, & tacito sinite indulgere dolori

Sed scelus est tacuisse cadant in mæsta lituræ  
Verba Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe iussis  
Captæ, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri  
Aversare tuæ non dignum laude Poëtam

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset  
Inq; meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus  
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret una furores  
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto  
Tecum abui summoq; sedens jam monte Thalia  
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates  
Desperare iubet Verum hæc nolente coactos  
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen  
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexistis) habendum

Succine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus  
Claudit? & immerito merguntur funeri virtus  
Et pietas? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum  
Cætera, sed nec tu poterant servare beatum

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis  
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfecisse lucernas?  
Decolor & longos studius deperdere Soles  
Vt prius aggredior, longamque accessisse famam  
Omnia sed frustra mihi dum cunctisque minatur  
Exitum crudele & inexorabile fatum

Nam post te sperare nihil decet hoc mihi restat  
Vt moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras  
Spiritus ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris  
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo  
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertæ  
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces  
Quibus ferus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ  
Auditus Nilusq; minus stupuisset Arion

In obitum &c 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho Browne  
10 pectore] pectore, 1635 21 beatum ] beatum 1635 23 olfecisse]  
olfecisse 1635 25 prius aggredior, 1635-69 prius, aggredior, 1719  
arcessere Ed accessere 1635-69 26-7 mihi dum Exitum 1719  
mihi, dum Exitum, 1635-39 mihi dum, . Exitum, 1650-69

*Cederet,*

*Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus*  
*Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere*  
*Voce feros potuit quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam*  
*Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo*  
*Hortante, & blando victus sermone fileret?* 40  
*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,*  
*Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia Vidi,*  
*Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde*  
*Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes*  
*Corda, oculosq; viros tenuit dum Nestoris ille* 45  
*Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)*  
*Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi*  
*Non concessa prius nondum intellecta revolvunt*  
*Mirantes, tacitque arrectis auribus astant*  
*Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq; loquendi* 50  
*Tristia pertractat fatumq; & flebile mortis*  
*Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos*  
*Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,*  
*Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque*  
*Ex oculis largum stillat rorem, ætheris illo* 55  
*Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turban,*  
*Affectusq; ciere suos, & ponere notæ*  
*Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis*  
*Dum narrat, rostrisq; potens dominatur in altis*  
*Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti* 60  
*In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim*  
*Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus*  
*Omnibus, inferior quanto est, et pessimus, impar*  
*Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poeta*  
*Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poetæ* 65  
*Definite en fati certus, sibi voce canorâ*  
*Inferias præmiffit olor, cum Carolus Albâ*  
*(Ultima volventem et Cynæâ voce loquentem)*  
*Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ*  
*Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi* 70  
*Aula frequens Soldâ nunc in tellure recumbit,*  
*Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere quidni*  
*Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones*  
*Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ*  
*Bellua non ausa est quàmquam jejuna, sitimq;* 75  
*Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore*  
*At non hæc de te sperabimus, omnia carpit*  
*Prædator vermis nec talis contigit illi*  
*Præda du, forſan metrico pede serpet ab inde*

*Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine Iam nos* 80  
*Adsumus, et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te*  
*Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est*  
*Et tamen ingratas ignari ducimus auras*  
*Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere parce*  
*Non festinanti iterum requiescere turbæ* 85  
*Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit Parca morari,*  
*Nunc iugere colum, trahere atq; occidere videmus*  
*Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale ordine nos te*  
*Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequimur*  
*Depositum intus ea lapides servati fidelis* 90  
*Fœlices illâ quis Adis parti locari*  
*Quâ jacet iste datur Forsan lapis inde loquetur,*  
*Parturietq; viro plenus testantia luctus*  
*Verba & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi*  
*Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calor es* 95  
*Incipiet (non sic Pyri hæc jactante calebat)*  
*Mole sub hæc tegitur quicquid mortali velutū est*  
*De tanto mortale viro Qui præfuit. Eddi hunc,*  
*Fors mosi pecoris pastor, for mosior ipsi*  
*Ite igitur, dignisq; illum celebrate loquelis,* 100  
*Et quæ dimuntur vitæ date tempora fama*  
*Indignus tantorum meritorum PIAÇO, virtutum*  
*tuaum cultor religiosissimus,*

DANIEL DARNLEY

*Elegie on D. D*

**N**OW, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have  
 Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave  
 Clos'd thy deare Ashes, and the teares which flow  
 In these, have no springs, but of solid woe  
 Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze 5  
 At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose  
 All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,  
 Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay,  
 But they have lost their saltnesse, which the eye  
 In recompence of wit, strives to supply 10

86 Parca] parca 1635-69 morari,] morari 1635 88 rursus 1719 rursus  
 1635 nusus 1639-69 96 Incipiet calebat 1719 no stops, 1635-69  
 Elegie on D D 1635-69 it follows Walton's elegy

Passions

Passions exceſſe for thee wee need not feare,  
Since fiſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were,  
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrowes, which before had bin  
Onely for the Succeſſe, ſorrowes for ſinne,  
We owe thee all thoſe teares now thou art dead, 15  
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed  
Nor didſt thou onely conſecrate our teares,  
Give a religious tincture to our feares,  
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,  
Thou didſt from gladneſſe ſeparate offence. 20  
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where  
(The curſe revok'd) the Nations had one eare  
Pious diſſector thy one houre did treat  
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deceit,  
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtill ſinne, 25  
Through all the foldings wee had wiapt it in,  
And in thine owne large minde finding the way  
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,  
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame  
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame 30  
How ſhort of praife is this? My Muſe, alas,  
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can paſſe,  
Hee that writes beſt, may onely hope to leave  
A Character of all he could conceive  
But none of thee, and with mee muſt confeſſe, 35  
That fanſie findes ſome checke, from an exceſſe  
Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun,  
And truth, as reaſons task and theame, doth ſhunne  
She makes a faulſe flight in emptineſſe,  
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſſe 40  
Reason againe denies her ſcales, becauſe  
Hers are but ſcales, ſhee judges by the lawes  
Of weake compariſon, thy vertue ſleights  
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights  
What prodigie of wit and pietie 45  
Hath ſhe elſe knowne, by which to meaſure thee?  
Great foule we can no more the worthineſſe  
Of what you were, then what you are, expreſſe

*Sidney Godolphin*

*On Dr John Donne, late Deane of S. Pauls,  
London*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,  
 Long since, o Poets, he did die to you,  
 Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight  
 On divine wings, and foard out of your fight  
 Preachers, 'tis you must weep, The wit he taught 5  
 You doe enjoy, the Rebels which he brought  
 From ancient discoid, Giants faculties,  
 And now no more religions enemies,  
 Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,  
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet, 10  
 He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe,  
 Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow,  
 He kept his loves, but not his objects, wit  
 Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,  
 Taught it his place and use, and brought it home 15  
 To Pietie, which it doth best become,  
 He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,  
 And how to sing Christs Epithalamy  
 The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke  
 Incense of loves, and fanies holy smoake 20  
 Religion thus enrich'd, the people tram'd,  
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd  
 The first effects sprung in the giddy minde  
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,  
 By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit, 25  
 Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,  
 As if their longings too must set us free,  
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree  
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,  
 Have you knowne ~~times so shap'd~~ or touchnelse 30  
 Such as his lips did cloth religion in?  
 Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?  
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood  
 So neare the danger of becomming good,  
 And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt 35  
 From piety that had such power to tempt  
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile  
 Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,

On Dr John Donne &c 1635-69, where it follows *Godolphin's Elegie*  
*Pension'd*

Pension'd our vanitie, and man grew well  
 Through the same frailtie by which he fell 40  
 O the sick state of man, health does not please  
 Our tafts, but in the shape of the difeafe  
 Thiftleffe is charitie, coward patience,  
 Iuftice is cruell, meicy want of fenfe  
 What meanes our Nature to barie vertue place, 45  
 If ſhee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?  
 Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?  
 Senfe the foules fervant, doth it keep us fo  
 As we might ftarve for good, unleffe it firft  
 Doe leave a pawne of reliſh in the guſt? 50  
 O! have we to falvation no tie  
 At all, but that of our infirmities?  
 Who treats with us muſt our affections move  
 To th' good we flie by thoſe ſweets which we love,  
 Muſt feeke our palats, and with their delight 55  
 To gaine our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite  
 Theſe traines he knew, and laying nets to fave,  
 Temptingly fugied all the health hee gave  
 But, where is now that chime? that harmony  
 Hath left the world, now the loud organ may 60  
 Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have  
 A thouſand times the ſweetneſſe which it gave  
 I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits  
 The ſingle happineſſe this foule inherits,  
 Damnes in the other world, foules whom no croſſe 65  
 O'th ſenſe afflicts, but onely of the loſſe,  
 Whom ignorance would halfe ſave, all whoſe paine  
 Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,  
 Selfe executing wretched ſpirits, who  
 Carrying their guilt, tranſport their envy too 70  
 But thoſe high joyes which his wits youngeſt flame  
 Would hurt to chuſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?  
 Verſe ſtatues are all robbers, all we make  
 Of monument, thus doth not give but take  
 As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit, 75  
 By a reſiſtance, goe along with it,  
 So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left,  
 A weake aſſiſtance is a kinde of theft  
 Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,  
 Muſt weep here if he have ambition

*I Chudleigh*

*F I N I S.*



# APPENDIX A.

## LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

### DE LIBRO CVM MVTV-

aretur Impreffo, Domi à pueris fru-  
 statim lacerato, et post reddito  
 Manuscripto

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v  
 D D Andrews

**P**Arturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,  
 Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis  
 Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos,  
 Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit,  
 Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur, 5  
 Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum  
 Dicat Apollo modum, Pueros infundere libro  
 Nempe vetustatem canthemque novo  
 Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,  
 Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo 10  
 Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon  
 Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte senem?  
 Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus  
 Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem  
 Hoc tibi servasti praeftandum, Antiquae Dierum, 15  
 Quo viso, et vixit, et juvenescit Adam  
 Interea, infirmas fallamus taedia vitae,  
 Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitia  
 Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,  
 Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit 20

#### <Epigramma>

Transit in Sequanam Moenus, Victoris in aedes,  
 Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat

DE LIBRO &c 1635-69 among certain prose letters in Latin and  
 English Title — mutuaaretur Impreffo, ] mutuaaretur, Impreffo, 1635-69  
 frustratum] frustratim 1635-69 lacerato, ] lacerato, 1635-69 2 manu,  
 sunt] manu sunt, 1635-69 4 abit, ] abit, 1635-69

<Epigramma> Ed in old edd these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem See  
 note 1 aedes ] aedes, 1635-69

Amicissimo



Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN JONSON  
In Vulponem

**Q**uod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,  
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris  
 Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,  
 O omnes saperemus ad salutem  
 His sed sunt veteres ataneosi, 5  
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut iu  
 Illos quod sequeris novator audis  
 Fac tamen quod agis, tuique primâ  
 Libri canine induantur hora  
 Nam charnis pueritia est neganda, 10  
 Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi  
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem  
 Præcis, ingenium facit, laborque  
 Te parem, hos superes, ut et futuros,  
 Ex nostrâ viciositate sumas, 15  
 Quâ præcos superamus, et futuros

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my  
Seal(s), of the Anchor and Christ

**Q**ui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas  
 Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)  
 Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto  
 Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova  
 Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro, 5  
 Fimbis extensis, anchora facta patet

Amicissimo &c in sheets added 1650 prefixed originally to Quarto edition of Jonson's Volpone 1607, later to Folio edition of The Workes of Beniamin Jonson 1616, when In Vulponem was added in both signed I D 11 Nascanturque 1607 Nascanturque 1616, 1650-69

To Mr George Herbert &c 1650-69, in sheets added 1650 two and a half lines in Walton's Life of Donne (1658) for Herbert's reply see note Title — sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69 Seales Walton 1 fasce] falce Walton 5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

*Anchorae*

*Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,  
 Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu  
 Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso  
 Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu 10  
 Nec Natalitus penitus serpentibus orbor,  
 Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data  
 Quâ sapiens, Dos est, Quâ terram lambit et ambit,  
 Pests, At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,  
 Serpens, fixa Cruci si fit Natura, Crucique 15  
 A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat  
 Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum  
 Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit  
 Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,  
 Pignora amicitiae, et munera, Vota, preces 20  
 Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille  
 Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo*

A Sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be  
 My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family  
 Adopted in Gods Family, and so  
 Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go  
 The Croffe (my seal at Baptism) spred below, 5  
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow  
 Croffes grow Anchors, Bear, as thou shouldst do  
 Thy Croffe, and that Croffe grows an Anchor too  
 But he that makes our Croffes Anchors thus,  
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us 10  
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,  
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old,  
 The Serpent, may, as wife, my pattern be,  
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me

17 *facta,*] *fixa*, 1650-69 19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69  
 A sheafe &c ] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all  
 of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are  
 printed as a title, Walton bracketing them —

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be  
 my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family  
 4 Our unto] My into Walton 5 at] in Walton 11 with  
 this I may Walton

And

And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure, 15  
 My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure  
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore  
 All Grace from him, crucified there before,  
 When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,  
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone 20  
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,  
 <Wishes,> and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend  
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,  
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal

Translated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amico*  
*facta fol 160.*

G<sup>O</sup>d grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,  
 Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine,  
 May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,  
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haire  
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base hold, 5  
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds  
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,  
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling  
 Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,  
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies 10  
 Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine,  
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine

15 to murder sure,] to murder, sure *Walton* 16 He is my death,  
*Walton* 22 Wishes, *Ed Works, 1650-69* Both works *Walton* Lat  
*vota* 23-4 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,  
 To you that bear his name large bounty deal *Walton*  
 Translated &c ] 1650-69, in sheets added 1650 for original see note

## APPENDIX B.

POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED  
TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS  
AND THE PRINCIPAL MS COLLEC-  
TIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING  
TO THEIR PROBABLE  
AUTHORS

# I

## POEMS

PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT

*To S<sup>r</sup> Nicholas Smyth*

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,  
Mans best contentment, doth securely slip  
His passions and the worlds troubles Rock me  
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,  
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there  
Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear  
Here sleeps Houfe by famous Ariosto,  
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,  
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,  
(Which builded was some dozen Stories high)  
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,  
As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten  
And I will build no new, for by my Will,  
Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

To S<sup>r</sup> Nicholas Smyth *Ed* Satyra Sexta To S<sup>r</sup> &c S, Satures to S<sup>r</sup>  
 Nic Smith 1602 *B* A Satyre to S<sup>r</sup> Nicholas Smith 1602, *L74* A  
 Satyrinall Letter to S<sup>r</sup> Nich Smith Quere, if Donnes or S<sup>r</sup> Th Rowes  
*O'F* no title *N, TCD (JR in margin)* Satyre VI 1669 (*on which the*  
*present text is based*) 1 Sleep, next] Sleep next, 1669 2 slip  
 1669, *S* skipp *B, L74, N, O'F, TCD* In 1669 full stops after slip and  
 rock me and no stop after troubles 3 Rock] rock 1669 4 my  
*MSS* thy 1669 6 aleep] all leाप *B* 9 golden mouth'd] gold-  
 mouth'd *B, S* 14 still] still 1669

In Excester Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, 15  
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it  
 Without it there is no Sense, only in this  
 Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis  
 Not to save charges, but would I had slept  
 The time I spent in London, when I kept 20  
 Fighting and untruff gallants Company,  
 In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,  
 And offered me the experience he had bought  
 With great Expençe I found him throughly taught  
 In curing Burnes His thing hath had more scars 25  
 Then Things himselfe, like Epps it often wars,  
 And still is hurt For his Body and State  
 The Phyfick and Counfel which came too late,  
 'Gainst Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee bestowes  
 Most superficially hee speaks of those 30  
 (I found by him) least soundly who most knows  
 He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,  
 What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring  
 He had Living, but now these waies come in  
 His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells, 35  
 And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells  
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause  
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds To these some Laws  
 He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill  
 The least lot in that or those he quarrell will, 40  
 Though sober, but so never fought I know

25 hath had *L74, N, O'F, S, ICD* had had 1669 had *B* 26  
 Things *B, L74, N, O'F, S, ICD* T 1669 28-31 text from *B, L74,*  
*N, O'F, S, TCD*, which bracket which late see note

The Phyfick and Councel (which came too late  
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows  
 Most superficially he speaks of those

I found, by him, least found him who most knows 1669  
 33 what Winter] what What Winter 1669 35 each *B, L74, N, O'F, S,*  
*ICD* his 1669 37 cunningly 1669, *L74, N, ICD* perfectly *B,*  
*O'F, S* 39 Duello, *B, N, O'F, S, ICD* Duell, 1669 touch *B, L74,*  
*O'F, S* on 1669 only *N, ICD* 40 those *B, L74, O'F* these 1669  
 41 but so never fought *B, L74, O'F, S* (see as), *ICD* (here) but here  
 What

What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go,  
 Within a Pint at most yet for all this  
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is  
 More honest than himself Thus men may want 45  
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,  
 They use themselves to vice And besides those  
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,  
 Nor other Captain less than he, His Schools  
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools, 50  
 Or are for being there, His best bookes, Plaies,  
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praises  
 His first set prayer was for his father, ill  
 And sick, that he might dye That had, until  
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more 55  
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore  
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him She spent,  
 They left each other on even terms, she went  
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want  
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant 60  
 He is become Where, as they pass apace,  
 He steps aside, and for his Captains place  
 He praises again Tells God, he will confess  
 His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,  
 On this Condition, that his Captain dye 65  
 And he succeed, But his Prayer did not, They  
 Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now  
 Than his captain all men wonder, few know how  
 Can he rob? No Cheat? No Or doth he spend  
 His own? No Fidus, he is thy dear friend, 70  
 That keeps him up I would thou wert thine own,  
 Or thou hadst as good a friend as thou art one

fought 1669 42 Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, *Ed* Valour undubb'd  
 Windmill go 1669 valours undubb'd Wine-mill go *L74, N, TCD* his  
 undoubted valour windmill goe *B* his undaunted valour windmill goe  
*O'F, S* 45 want] vaunt *S* 47 besides] except *B, O'F, S* 49  
 he, *Ed* he, 1669 53 father, ill] fathers ill, 1669 65 his] if his  
 1669 66 succeed, *Ed* succeed, 1669 They *Ed* they 1669  
 68 Than his *Ed* Than his 1669 Then's *N, TCD* how *Ed* how,  
 1669 69 Or *Ed* or 1669 72 thou hadst *L74, N, TCD* thou  
 hadst 1669

No present Want nor future hope made me,  
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be  
 But he had cruelly posselt thee then, 75  
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,  
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny  
 Opprest) broke loofe, have since refus'd to be  
 Subject to good Kings, I found even so,  
 Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe 80  
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none  
 Thou should'st be second Turtle and Damon  
 Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick  
 Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick  
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85  
 Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine  
 Destroy'd, thy Symbol is O dire Misfchance!  
 And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France  
 Writes thus, and jests not Good Fidus for this  
 Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kifs 90  
 But as for Natta, we have since faln out  
 Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought  
 And because God would not he should be winner,  
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,  
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd, 95  
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)  
 His last, Fidus, and you, and I do know,  
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,  
 And would be either yet, But he dares be  
 Neither, Sleep blots him out and takes in thee 100  
 "The mind, you know is like a Table-book,  
 "Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took

81 love, *Ed* love 1669      82 Damon] damon 1669      83 thee]  
 the 1669      86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is  
*L74, N, TCD* Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is 1669 Oak  
 with ivy twine Destroy'd thy symbol is! *Chambers*      87 Misfchance!]  
 Misfchance? 1669      88 your *B, L74, N, S, TCD* our 1669      92  
 knees] knees, 1669      97 Fidus, and you, and I *N, TCD* and Fidus,  
 you and I 1669      Fidus, and you, and he *B, L74, O'F, S*      100 Neither,  
*L74, N, O'F, S, TCD* Neither yet 1669      Sleep] sleep 1669      102  
 Which, th'old unwipt, *B, O'F, S, TCD* "The old unwipt 1669

Hear

Hear how the Husfners Checques, Cupbord and Fire  
 I paff'd, by which Degrees young men aspire  
 In Court, And how that idle and she-state, 105  
 Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my foul did hate,  
 How I found there (if that my trifling Pen  
 Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,  
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre,  
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer, 110  
 And, as unthrifts had rather give away  
 Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay,  
 So they their weaknes hide, and greatnes show,  
 By giving them that which to worth they owe  
 What Treason is, and what did Effex kill, 115  
 Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill,  
 And which of them stood for their Countries good,  
 Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood  
 He said she stunk, and men might not have said  
 That she was old before that she was dead 120  
 His Case was hard, to do or suffer, loth  
 To do, he made it harder, and did both  
 Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,  
 Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives  
 Friends, like land-souldiers in a storm at Sea, 125  
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray  
 They told it all the world, where was their wit?  
 Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it  
 And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,  
 For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes 130  
 How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot  
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not  
 A Sumpter-dog But till that I can write  
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight

104-6 1669 has colon after paff'd, brackets by which Court and  
 Whenas cleer d, and p'aces comma after hate 107 there (if that 1669  
 then that (if B, O'F, S 111 And, as unthrifts Ed And, as unthrifts,  
 1669, Chambers 112 pay, Ed pay, 1669 pay Chambers 113  
 weaknes B, L74, O'F, S greatnes 1669, N, TCD 116 ill, Ed ill  
 1669 118 Blood Ed Blood, 1669 121 hard, Ed hard 1669  
 122 both Ed both 1669 127 world, Ed world, 1669 132  
 Hath rid,] Doth ryde, B 133 till that 1669 ull N, TCD untill  
 B, O'F, S



## Satyre

**M**EN write that love and reason disagree,  
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee  
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,  
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee  
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free, 5  
 All these are reasons why she should scorne thee  
 Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew  
 By matching her as she would match her foe  
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,  
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench 10  
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex  
 Her with example Say, for feare her sexe  
 Shunne her, she needs must change, I doe not see  
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee  
 Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce, 15  
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce  
 Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,  
 And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?  
 Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,  
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough, 20  
 In hating thee Thou maist one like this meet,  
 For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,  
 Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee  
 Honest children, let her dishonest bee  
 If shee be a widow, I'll warrant her 25  
 Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,  
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,  
 Shee'll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead

Satyre B, O'F A Satire upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes  
 Love *Aro* Satyre VI 1635-54 Satyre VII 1669 (*where* Satyre VI is  
 Sleep, next Society &c) 4 thine eyes 1635-69 thy eye's *Aro*  
 11 thee,] the, 1669 13 she needs must change, I 1635-69 she must  
 change, yet I *Aro* 16 and 1635-69 but *B* 17 Urg'd *Aro*, *B*, O'F  
 Dry'd 1635-69 19 some] 1635 duplicates 22 sweet, 1639-69  
 sweet 1635 27 maidenhead, *Ed* maidenhead, 1635-69 28 (Shee'll  
 love thee so) for, 1635-69

But

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast,  
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd 20  
 Yet pause a while, and thou maist live to see  
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee,  
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now  
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow  
 Besides, her(s) were too much gaine and merchandise, 35  
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies  
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt  
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out  
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,  
 And in the end the good on't will be thine 40  
 For thou must never think on other love,  
 And so wilt advance her as high above  
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee  
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee

## AN ELEGIE

*Reflecting on his passion for his mistress*

COME, Fates, I feare you not All whom I owe  
 Are paid, but you Then rest me ere I goe  
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,  
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not,

29 strong] firm *A10* 32 thee, *Grosart* thee 1635-69 33 now  
*Grosart* now, 1635-69 34 love for nothing shee'll 1635-69 she'll love  
 for nought *A10* 35 Besides, hers *Ed* Besides, here 1635-69 But  
 hers *A10* Besides her *O'F* 38-9 out Againe, 1635-69 out Againe,  
*A10* 40 And in 1635-69 And yet in *A10* thine *Ed* thine  
 1635-69 41 For thou must never think on *H-K* (*Grosart*) And thou  
 must never think on, *A10* For though thou must ne'r thinke of 1635-69  
 42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69 For that will her advance *A10*  
 43 bee *Ed* bee, 1635-69

An Elegie Reflecting on *Ec* *A10* An Elegie *H39, H40, I 74,*  
*RP31* Eleg XIII 1635-69 no title, *Cy* Elegie *P*

Else,

Else, if you were, and just, in equitie 5  
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me  
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live,  
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve*  
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd  
 So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid? 10  
 Or (the least comfort) have I company?  
 Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?  
 Yes, Fates doe filke unto her distaffe pay,  
 For their ransome, which taxe on us they laye  
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why 15  
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die  
 Poore Death can nothing give, yet, for her sake,  
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take  
 And if Death should prove false, she feares him not,  
 Our Muses, to redeeme her she hath got 20  
 That fatall night wee last kifs'd, I thus pray'd,  
 Or rather, thus despair'd, I should have said  
 Kisses, and yet despaire? The forbid tree  
 Did promise (and deceive) no more then shee  
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay, 25  
 A food, whose tast hath made me pine away  
*Drives*, when thou saw'st blisse, and crav'dst to touch  
 A drop of water, thy great paines were such  
 Here grieve wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,  
 And my fighes weary, groanes are all my rent, 30

5 Else, if you were, and just, in equitie *H39* Else, if you were, and just in equitie, 1635-54, *Grosart* True, if you were, and just in equitie, 1669, *Chambers* (True) 12 Orecame she Fates, Love, Death, *MSS*  
 Or can the Fates love death, 1635-69 13 distaffe 1635-69, *H39*, *L74*  
 distaves *A10*, *H40*, *RP31* 14 For their on us they laye *Cy*, *H39*, *H40*, *L74*, *P* For ransome, which taxe they on us doe lay 1635-69  
 For Ransome, but a taxe on us they lay *A10* 17-19 Death] death  
 1635-69 18 take *H40*, *L74* take 1635-69 21 That fatall  
 night we last kifs'd 1635-69 That last fatall night wee kifs'd *A10*, *H39*,  
*H40*, *L74*, *P*, *RP31* 22 in brackets 1635-69 said *Ed* said,  
 1635-69 23 despaire? *Ed* despaire 1635-69 24 shee ] yee  
*A10*, *H40* 28 A drop of water, thy greate 1635-69 A small  
 little drop, thy *Cy*, *H39* (then thy), *H40*, *L74*, *P* The poorest little drop,  
 thy *A10*

Vnable longer to indure the paine,  
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain  
 Thus, till dry teares foulder mine eyes, I weepe,  
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,  
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me I hate, 35  
 And pray Love, All may He pitties my state,  
 But sayes, I therein no revenge should finde,  
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind  
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare,  
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there 40  
 Your frowne undoes me, your smile is my wealth,  
 And as you please to looke, I have my health  
 Me thought, Love pittying me, when he saw this,  
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse  
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength, 45  
 And what it lost in force, it tooke in length  
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,  
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe,  
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,  
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true 50  
 This merits not your anger, had it beene,  
 The Queene of Chastitie was naked seene,  
 And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,  
 Was more then for *Aethon* not to looke  
 And that brest which lay ope, I did not know, 55  
 But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,  
 Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore  
 From the rose-bud, which for my sake you wore  
 These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,  
 Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love 60

33 dry] dry'd H39, H40, L74, RP31 36 Love, Ed Love 1635-69  
 Love A10 37 should most MSS shall 1635-69, Cy, P 44 the  
 1635-69 their A10, Cy, H40, L74, P, RP31 46 it it all  
 MSS is is 1635-69 50 prove most MSS be 1635-69, Cy, P  
 51 your all MSS our 1635-69 beene, Ed beene 1635-69 52  
 Chastitie Ed chastitie 1635-69 seene, Ed seene, 1635-69 53  
 feele, Ed feele 1635-69 56 snowe, ] snowe 1635-69, Cy, L74, P,  
 which end here text of rest from A10, H39, H40, RP31 60 or new  
 love ] and new love, A10

All

All would not doe The best at laft I tryde  
 Vnable longer to hould out I dyed  
 And then I found I loft life, death by flying  
 Who hundreds live are but foe long a dying  
 Charon did let me paffe I'le him requite 65  
 To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight  
 I'le fpeake but of thofe ghofts I found alone,  
 Thofe thoufand ghofts, whereof myfelf made one,  
 All images of thee I ask'd them, why?  
 The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye, 70  
 And therefore had for their Elifian bliffe,  
 In one another their owne Loves to kiffe  
 O here I mifs'd not bliffe, but being dead,  
 For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd, and waking faid,  
 Heaven, if who are in thee there muft dwell, 75  
 How is't, I now was there, and now I fell

*An Elegie to M<sup>rs</sup> Boulftred 1602*

SHALL I goe force an Elegie<sup>?</sup> abuse  
 S My witt<sup>?</sup> and breake the Hymen of my mufe  
 For one poore houres love<sup>?</sup> Deserves it fuch  
 Which ferves not me, to doe on her as much<sup>?</sup>  
 Or if it could, I would that fortune fhunn 5  
 Who would be rich, to be foe foone undone<sup>?</sup>  
 The beggars beft is, wealth he doth not know,  
 And but to fhew it him, encreafes woe  
 But we two may enjoye an hour<sup>?</sup> when never

63 life] lif's *Grosart* spelt *lif* *H40* 64 Who] Where *Grosart*  
 66 marke] walke *Grosart* or] and *A10* 67 but] out *Grosart*, from  
*H39* 68 Thofe thoufand] Thoufand *A10* 72 In one] omit *Grosart*  
 74 (For loe I dreamt) *H39* and *Grosart* 75 Heaven] O Heaven *A10*  
 An Elegie &c *A10*, L74 (I R in margin), *RP31* Elegie *N*, TCD  
 (J R) Elegie to his M<sup>rs</sup> promiffing to love him an hour *HN* (signed J R)  
 An Elegy 1602 To M<sup>rs</sup> Boulftrede *Le Prince d'Amour* &c 1660  
 7 text from *HN* The beggars beft is, that wealth he doth <not> know,  
*A10* The beggar's beft, his &c L74, *RP31*, *N*, TCD, *Sm* The beggar's  
 beft that *Grosart* 9 two *Sm* om *HN*, L74, *N*, *RP31*, TCD But we  
 an hour may now enjoy when never *A10* hour<sup>?</sup>] hour, L74

It

It returnes, who would have a losse for ever? 10  
 Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring  
 A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing  
 Before it, all howres were hope, and all are  
 (That shall come after it,) yeares of dispaire  
 This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more 15  
 To have enjoy'd it, or have died before?  
 T'is a lost paradise, a fall from grace,  
 Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race  
 Nor need those angells any other Hell,  
 It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell 20  
 Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;  
 That when I liste, shee under me may fall  
 And for this turne, both for delight and view,  
 I'll have a Succuba, as good as you  
 But when these toyes are past, and hott blood ends, 25  
 The best enjoying is, we still are frends  
 Love can but be frendshipp outside, their two  
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do  
 Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,  
 Vnles one houre, another happy make 30  
 Or, that I might forgett it instantlie,  
 Or in that blest estate, that I might die  
 But why doe I thus travaile in the skill  
 Of despis'd poetrie, and perchance spill  
 My fortune? or undoe myself in sport 35  
 By having but that dangerous name in Court?  
 I'll leave, and since I doe your poet prove,  
 Keep you my lines as secret as my Love

10 It returnes] Again't returnes *A10* 16 or have] or else *A10*  
 21 Besides, *A10* Beside, *L74* 23 delight] despite *A10* 27 but  
 be] be but *Sim* their *Ed* there *A10, L74* 30 one] on *L74* 32  
*Poem closes, A10* 34 despis'd poetrie,] deeper mysteries, *Sim*

*An Elegie*

**T**Rue Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move  
 Him to love, confesses he doth not love  
 And from his witt, passions and true desire  
 Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire  
 My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse, 5  
 Whose smokes are fighes, whose every sparke's a verse  
 Doth measure women win? Then I know why  
 Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie  
 A Scott is measur'd in each syllable, terse  
 And smooth as a verse and like that smooth verse 10  
 Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,  
 And they are rugged, Her state better standes  
 Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott  
 In brief she's out of measure, lost, foe gott  
 Greene-sickness wenchs, (not needes must but) may 15  
 Looke pale, breathe short, at Court none so long stay  
 Good witt ne're despair'd there, or *Ay me* said  
 For never Wench at Court was ravished  
 And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne  
 Thinking to share the sport, but not the finne 20

*Song*

**D**EARE Love, continue nice and chaste,  
 For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,  
 Let duller wits to loves end haste,  
 I have enough to wooe thee long

An Elegie *A10* similarly, *B, H40, L74, O'F, RP31* Elegia Undecima *S* no title, *Cy, P* (J D in margin) first printed by Grosart 1  
 findes] kindles *RP31* 5 do *A10, L74* doth Grosart and Chambers  
 7 women win? *A10* win women? *L74* 11 but in his handes, *A10, B, L74, O'F, P* but's in's bands *S* cut in bands Grosart and Chambers  
 writt in his hands *H-K* (teste Grosart) 14 she's *A10, L74, P, H-K*  
 (Grosart) theyre *S, Chambers* foe] if *A10* 17 ne're *A10* neare *L74*  
 Song 1635-69 no title, *A10, B, HN* (signed I R), *L74* (Finis *J*),  
*O'F, P, S96* Love,] Love 1635-69

All

All paine and joy is in their way, 5  
The things we feare bring lesse annoy  
Then feare, and hope brings greater joy,  
But in themselves they cannot stay

Small favours will my prayers increafe,  
Granting my suit you give me all, 10  
And then my prayers must needs surcease,  
For, I have made your Godhead fall

Beasts cannot with nor beauty see,  
They mans affections onely move,  
Beasts other sports of love doe prove, 15  
With better feeling farre than we

Then Love prolong my suite, for thus  
By losing sport, I sport doe win,  
And that may vertue prove in us,  
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne . 20

My comming neare may spee some ill,  
And now the world is given to scoffe,  
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,  
And so I shall admire thee still

Say I have made a perfect choyce, 25  
Satietie our Love may kill,  
Then give me but thy face and voyce,  
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,  
Give me not all, yet something lend, 30  
So I shall still my suite commend,  
And you at will doe lesse or more  
But, if to all you condescend,  
My love, our sport, your Godhead end

13 with] will, 1635-54 14 They, 1635-69 Those L74 18  
I sport] I sports 1635-54 19 that may A10, HN, L74 that doth  
1635-69 let that B 26 Satietie] Satietie 1635-39, L74 Love A10,  
B, HN, L74, S96 selves 1635-69 28 Mine MSS My 1635-39  
32 you at will] at your will S96



To Ben Iohnson, 6 Ian 1603

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes  
 Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise  
 Write, but touch not the much descending race  
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,  
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers 5  
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs  
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,  
 Though all the Court follow, Let them We know  
 Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,  
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie 10  
 Forget we were thrust out, It is but thus,  
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us  
 Iudge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,  
 And so me. And when I true friendship end,  
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stonge, 15  
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes* tongue  
 Traitors are Friends are our selves This I thee tell  
 As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell,  
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout  
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout 20  
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,  
 More then wee *that*, ere long God may forbear,  
 But Creditors will not Let them increase  
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease,  
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun 25  
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone  
 Them and their foules But, that they that allow

To Ben Iohnson, 6 Ian 1603 1635-69, O'F To Ben Iohnson 6 Jan  
 1603 T R B An Epistle to Ben Iohnson S' J R H40 An Epistle  
 to Benjamin Iohnson RP31 An Epistle To M<sup>r</sup> Ben Iohnson Ja 6  
 1603 L74 To M<sup>r</sup> Ben Iohnson S 2 yours, Ed yours, 1635-69  
 noi more] noe more L74 5 none thinke] none can thinke 1669 11  
 out, Ed out 1635-69 15 stonge, L74 spell stug, 1635 18  
 as Counsell,] is Counsell 1635-54 22 More then wee *that*, Ed  
 More then wee *that* H40, L74 More then wee them, *that*, 1635-69 (them  
 in ital 1635-54) 24 cease, Ed cease, 1635-69

But

But one God, should have religions enow  
 For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more.  
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore!<sup>30</sup>  
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks  
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe

To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe,  
 If meane, I will spare them I know that pelf  
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid  
 It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid  
 And a Iury, But 'twill revenge in this,  
 That, though himselfe be judge, hee guilty is  
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,  
 I had rather sufferer than doer be  
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,  
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase  
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise  
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise  
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,  
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery  
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble,  
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,  
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,  
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse  
 They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,  
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every sinne  
 The standing of great mens lives would afford

28 enow *H40, L74* enough *1635-69* 29 far *L74* for *1635-69*,  
*H40* 30 bore! *Ed* bore? *H40* bore *1635-69, L74*  
 To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603 *1635-69, B* (subscribed doubtfull  
 author), *O'F, S* Another Epistle to M<sup>r</sup> Ben Iohnson No 9 1603 *L74*  
 Another to Ben Iohnson *H40* 2 them ] them, *1635-69* that  
*B, H40, L74, S* the *1635-69* 3 upbraide *Ed* upbraide, *1635-69*  
 5 Iury, *Ed* Iury *1635-69* 18 goodnesse ] goodnesse *1635-69*  
 19 odds *B, H40, L74, S* gaine *1635-69, O'F*

A pretty fumme, if God would sell his Word  
 He cannot, they can theirs, and breake them too  
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?  
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,  
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils

25

To S<sup>r</sup> Tho Roe 1603

Deare Thom

TELL her if she to hired servants shew  
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe,  
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,  
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face  
 If then why I tooke not my leave she aske,  
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?  
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee  
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?  
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?  
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe?  
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully  
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee  
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie  
 How in her service I would fructifie  
 Ladies have boldly lov'd, bid her renew  
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true  
 Then he whose wit and verbe goes now so lame,  
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame  
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,  
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand

5

10

15

20

To Sir Tho Rowe, 1603 1635-69, O'F An Elegie To S<sup>r</sup> Tho  
 Roe B (subscribed J R), L74 An Elegie, complayning a want of com-  
 plement in his mistrisse, at his leave taking A10 Elegia Vicefima Septima  
 To S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Roe 1603 S Thom B, L74, O'F, S Tom 1635-69  
 5 tooke A10, B, L74, O'F, S take 1635-69 14 I would 1635-69  
 it will A10, L74, S 17 goes now so Ed goe now so B growes now  
 so 1635-69, O'F now goes thus A10, L74, S

I doe

I doe esteeme her favours, not their stuffe,  
 If what I have was given, I have enough  
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had had  
 All my friends hate, for now, departing sad  
 I feele not that, Yet as the Rack the Gout 25  
 Cures, so hath *this* worse grieve *that* quite put out  
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,  
 Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death  
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,  
 That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not 30  
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse  
 Willing, then those which die, and not confesse

II

To the Countesse of Huntington

**T**Hat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime  
 That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time  
 Before he ate, mans shape, that would yet bee  
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beafts companie)  
 So naked at this day, as though man there 5  
 From Paradise so great a distance were,  
 As yet the newes could not arrived bee  
 Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree,  
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,  
 And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne 10

21 favours, not their *B, L74, S* favour, not the 1635-69 22  
 enough *Ed* enough, 1635-69 23 had had] had not had 1635-69,  
*O'F* 24 hate, ] hate 1635 hate, 1639-69 now, *Ed* now  
 1635-69 not *A10, B, L74, S* 26 out ] out 1635 28 Which (which  
 I dare foresee) nought *A10, B, L74, S* Which (I dare foresay) nothing  
 1635-69 32 Willing, *Ed* Willing 1635-69 Willing, *A10*  
 To the Countesse of Huntington 1635-69 *S' Wal Afton* to y<sup>e</sup> Countesse  
 of Huntingtowne *P, TCD (II)* 2 man] men *P* 3 ate, 1635-39  
 eat, 1650-69

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,  
 Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,  
 And loseth younger formes, so, to your eye,  
 These (Madame) that without your distance lie,  
 Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be, 15  
 Who are at home but wits mere *Atom*  
 But, I who can behold them move, and stay,  
 Have found my selfe to you, just their midway,  
 And now must pittie them, for, as they doe  
 Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you 20  
 Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see  
 A fighting Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie  
 I come not to call pittie from your heart,  
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part  
 Elfe from his slipperie soule with a faint groane, 25  
 And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone  
 I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,  
 I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down  
 Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,  
 I hate that thing whispers it selfe away 30  
 Yet since all love is fever, who to trees  
 Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze  
 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,  
 That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade  
 Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine, 35  
 Was he that first taught women, to disdain  
 As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,  
 Vntill this raw disorderd heape did breake,  
 And severall desires led parts away,  
 Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay, 40  
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,  
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd

11 downward] inward TCD 14 without] om TCD 17 who]  
 that P, TCD 20 you ] you, 1635-69 26 faithfully, 1635-69 finally  
 P, TCD you smil'd 1635-54 your smile 1669, P, TCD 28 down  
 1635-54 down, 1669 30 whispers] whispered P vapours TCD 31  
 fever] feverish 1669 32 doth yet] yet doth 1669 ague] feaver P  
 35 paine,] paine 1635-39 36 women] woman TCD 37 were  
 one] were but one 1669

So was love, first in vast confusion hid,  
 An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,  
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease, 45  
 That found a want, but knew not what would please  
 What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?  
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd,  
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,  
 Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why 50  
 That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,  
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become  
 As all discoverers whose first assay  
 Findes but the place, after, the nearest way  
 So passion is to womans love, about, 55  
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out  
 It is not love that sueth, or doth contend,  
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend  
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,  
 And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire 60  
 Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway,  
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way  
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,  
 Is sport for every girle to practise on  
 Who strives through womans scornes, women to know, 65  
 Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe,  
 It must bee sicknesse, after one disdain,  
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe  
 Let others sigh, and grieve, one cunning sleight  
 Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night 70  
 I can love first, and (if I winne) love still,  
 And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will  
 It is her fault if I unsure remaine,  
 Shee onely can untie, and binde againe

47 those dayes] that day 1669 50 both knew 1635-54 but knew  
 P, TCD yet, knew 1669 52 consider'd Ed considered 1635-69  
 57 sueth, or] sues and P 65 womans] womens P women] woman  
 TCD know, 1650-69 know 1635-39 67 It must be] It is  
 meer 1669 sicknesse,] sicknesse 1635-69 69 sigh P, TCD sinne,  
 1635-69 74 and P I 1635-69, TCD

The honesties of love with ease I doe, 75  
 But am no porter for a tedious woo  
 But (madame) I now thinke on you, and here  
 Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,  
 We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray  
 But a foule shadow, not your breake of day 80  
 You are at first hand all that's faire and right,  
 And others good reflects but backe your light  
 You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,  
 That youngest flatteries doe scandall it  
 For, what is more doth what you are restraine, 85  
 And though beyond, is downe the hill againe  
 We have no next way to you, we crosse to it  
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,  
 Each good in you's a light, so many a shade  
 You make, and in them are your motions made 90  
 These are your pictures to the life From farre  
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are  
 So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow  
 In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew  
 Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, 95  
 Your purest luster must that shadow move  
 The foule with body, is a heaven combin'd  
 With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd  
 Where thoughts the starres of foule we understand,  
 We guesse not their large natures, but command 100  
 And love in you, that bountie is of light,  
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite  
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,  
 But foule we finde too earthly to ascend,

76 woo TCD wooe P woe 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier  
 77 I now] now I TCD 78 hights] height TCD 79 clouds you rise  
 from, our noone ray Grolier clouds, you rise from our noone-ray, 1635-69,  
 TCD, and Chambers 81 right] bright P 83 a perfectnesse] all  
 perfections P 84 youngest] quantest TCD flatteries] flatterers  
 P, TCD 86 though] what's P 87 We have Ed We have 1635-69  
 88 straight line,] straight-lace P attribute, Ed attribute 1635  
 attribute, 1639-69 91 These] Those TCD 98 With earth] om  
 TCD but] om 1650-69 99 thoughts] through P

'Till

'Till flow acceſſe hath made it wholly pure, 105  
 Able immortall clearneſſe to endure  
 Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtaine,  
 Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe  
 No more can impure man retaine and move  
 In that pure region of a worthy love 110  
 Then earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,  
 And leave his nature to converſe with fire  
 Such may have eye, and hand, may ſigh, may ſpeak,  
 But like ſwoln bubbles, when they are high't they break  
 Though far removed Northerne fleets ſcarce finde 115  
 The Sunnes comfort, others thinke him too kinde  
 There is an equall diſtance from her eye,  
 Men periſh too farre off, and burne too nigh  
 But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright  
 From the firſt Rayes, to his laſt oppoſite 120  
 So able men, bleſt with a vertuous Love,  
 Remote or neare, or howſoe'r they move,  
 Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,  
 There is no Emptineſſe, but all is Ioy  
 He much profanes whom violent heats do move 125  
 To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion, *Love*  
 Love that imparts in every thing delight,  
 Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite  
 Why love among the virtues is not knowne  
 Is, that love is them all contract in one 130

105 wholly] holy *TCD* 106 endure] endure *1635* 108 waight]  
 weights *P, TCD* 109 impure] vapoie *P* 114 when they're higheſt  
 break *P, TCD* break] break *1635-39* brak *1650-54* brake *1669*  
 115 *In edd new par begins wrongly at 113, and so Chambers and Grolier*  
 fleets] Isles *1669* 116 comfort, *1635-54* sweet comfort, *1669*  
 others] yet some *1669* 119 But as the aire takes all funbeams equall  
 bright *P* 120 the firſt Rayes, *1635-54* the Raies firſt, *1669, TCD*  
 the riſe firſt *P* 121 able men *P* able man, *1635-54* happy man, *1669*  
 happy['s] man *Grosart and Chambers* 123 Then *1669, P, TCD*  
 There *1635-54, Chambers and Grolier* 125 violent *P, TCD* valiant  
*1635-69* 126 Love *Ed* Love *1635-54* Love, *1669* 127  
 imparts] impoits *1669, TCD* 128 Is fain'd, which appetite *P*  
 Is thought the manſion of ſweet appetite *TCD* Is fancied *1635-39* (*reſt*  
*of line left blank*) Is fancied in the Soul, not in the fight *1650-54* Is  
 fancied by the Soul, not appetite *1669* 130 Is, that] Is, 'cauſe *TCD*  
 contract in *1650-69, P* contracted *1635-39, TCD*



## III

*Elegie*

Death be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,  
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow,  
 The executioner of wrath thou art,  
 But to destroy the iust is not thy part  
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grieve denounce, 5  
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce  
 From out the Christall palace of her breast,  
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest,  
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God threats,  
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) 10  
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,  
 To joy that it through many dangers fought,  
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke  
 The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock  
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey, 15  
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay,  
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,  
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures,  
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,  
 When her best soule inhabits it again 20  
 Goe then to people curst before they were,  
 Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.  
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares  
 Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,

Elegie *Ed* Elegie on the Lady Markham By L C of B *RP31*  
*do* By C L of B *H40* Elegie on Mistris Boulstred 1635-69 *given as*  
*continuation of Death I recant &c O'F, P no title, B (at foot of page F B)*  
*See Text and Canon &c* 2 flow, *Ed* flow, 1635-69 growe, *B,*  
*Cy, H40, O'F, P* 5-6 comming, 1650-69 comming 1635-39  
 state, 1650-69 state 1635-39 denounce, pronounce *B, Cy, H40,*  
*P* denounces, pronounces 1635-69 12 To joy that 1635-69  
 To joy what *H40* To joye, that *B* fought, *Ed* fought, 1635-69  
 22 spoyles of weare *B, Cy, H40* (beare), *P* soules to beare,  
 1635-69 *See note* 24 hers, *H40, P* hei, 1635-69 weares,  
*Ed* weares 1635-54 weares 1669

The

The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, 25  
 Which wils our foules in these streams waſht ſhould be,  
 And on our hearts, her memories beſt tombe,  
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome  
 Blinde were thoſe eyes, ſaw not how bright did ſhine  
 Through fleſhes miſty vaile the beames diuine 30  
 Deaſe were the eares, not charm'd with that ſweet ſound  
 Which did i'th ſpirit inſtructed voice abound  
 Of ſint the conſcience, did not yeeld and melt,  
 At what in her laſt A&t it ſaw, heard, felt  
 Weep not, nor grudge then, to haue loſt her ſight, 35  
 Taught thus, our after ſtay's but a ſhort night  
 But by all foules not by corruption choaked  
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be inuoked  
 Calme the rough ſeas, by which ſhe ſayles to reſt,  
 From ſorrowes here, to a kingdome ever bleſt, 40  
 And teach this hymne of her with joy, and ſing,  
*The grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting*

30 the *B, Cy, H40, P* thoſe 1635-69 31 not 1635-69 that *B,*  
*Cy, P* 32 Which did 1635-69 Did *H40* Did not *B, Cy, P* ſpirit  
 inſtructed *MSS* ſpirits inſtructed 1635-69 34 ſaw, heard, felt *B,*  
*Cy, H40, P* ſaw and felt 1635-69 38 rais'd 1635-69 rais'd  
*Chambers* 39 ſhe ſayles 1635-69 ſhee's ſayl'd *B, H40* ſhee's fled  
*Cy, P* reſt, 1650-69 reſt 1635-39 40 here, 1650-69 here  
 1635-39 bleſt, *Ed* bleſt 1635 bleſt, 1639-54 bleſt 1669 41 And  
 preach this Hymn which hers (ſhe *Cy, P*) with joy did ſing, *B, Cy,*  
*H40, P* ſing, 1650-69 ſing 1635-69

## IV

*Psalm 137*

Probably by Francis Davison

## I

**B**Y Euphrates flowry fide  
                     We did bide,  
 From deare Juda farre absented,  
 Tearing the aire with our cryes,  
                     And our eyes,  
 With their streames his streame augmented

5

## II

When, poore Syons dolefull state,  
                     Desolate,  
 Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,  
 And the Temple spoil'd, which wee  
                     Ne'r should see,  
 To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd

10

## III

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,  
                     Up wee hung  
 On greene willowes neere beside us,  
 Where, we sitting all forlorne,  
                     Thus, in scorne,  
 Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us

15

*Psalm 137 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verse) differnt from Those usually sung in the Church Composd by Francis Davison esq<sup>r</sup> deceased and other Gentlemen Manuscribd by R Crane Addl MS 27407, Harl MSS 3357 an 16930*  
 our cryes] with mournful cries *Crane* 6 his] the *Crane*  
 forlorne] foe forlorne *Crane*

4 with

16 all

## IV

IV

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,  
     And your groanes 20  
 Under Syons ruines bury,  
 Tune your harps, and sing us layes  
     In the praise  
 Of your God, and let's be merry

V

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes? 25  
     And our groanes  
 Under Syons ruines bury?  
 Can we in this Land sing Layes  
     In the praise  
 Of our God, and here be merry? 30

VI

No, deare Syon, if I yet  
     Do forget  
 Thine affliction miserable,  
 Let my nimble joynts become  
     Stiffe and numme, 35  
 To touch warbling harpe unable

VII

Let my tongue lose singing skill,  
     Let it still  
 To my parched rooffe be glewed,  
 If in either harpe or voice 40  
     I rejoyce,  
 Till thy joyes shall be renewed

22-3 To your Harpes sing us some layes

To the praise *Crane*

24 merry ] meriy, 1633-39 25-6 moanes groanes] interchanged  
*Crane*

31-2

if I faile

To bewaile *Crane*

42 renewed ] renewed 1633

VIII

## VIII

Lord, curfe Edom's traiterous kinde,  
     Beare in minde  
 In our ruines how they revell'd  
*Sack, kill, burne,* they cry'd out still, 45  
     *Sack, burne, kill,*  
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd

## IX

And, thou Babel, when the tide  
     Of thy pride 50  
 Now a flowing, growes to turning,  
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,  
     And shall fall  
 To as low an ebbe of mourning

## X

Happy he who shall thee waste,  
     As thou hast 55  
 Us, without all mercy, wasted,  
 And shall make thee taste and see  
     What poore wee  
 By thy meanes have seene and tasted 60

## XI

Happy, who, thy tender barnes  
     From the armes  
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,  
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,  
     Ruthlesse stones 65  
 With their braines and blood befmeering

43 curfe] plague *Crane* 45 ruines] Ruine *Crane* revell'd *Ed*  
 revell'd, 1633-39 52-3 shall shall] shalt shalt *Crane*  
 59-60 What by thee  
 Wee (poore wee) have &c *Crane*

V

*On the blessed Virgin Mary*

Probably by Henry Constable

IN that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free  
From that which others doth of grace bereave,  
When in their mothers wombe they life receive,  
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee

To match thee like thy births nobilitie, 5  
He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,  
By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,  
And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe weare,  
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things, 10  
If men such high respects unto you beare,  
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,  
What honour can unto that Queene be done  
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

---

VI

*On the Sacrament*

HE was the Word that spake it,  
Hee tooke the bread and brake it,  
And what that Word did make it,  
I doe beleeeve and take it

On the *C<sup>c</sup>* 1635-69, A10, B, O'F, S, S96 also among Spiritual Sonnets  
by H C in *Harl MS* 7553 6 thy spouse A10, B his spouse  
1635-69 12 to B of 1635-69 Kings,] kings, 1635  
On the *C<sup>c</sup>* 1635-69

VII

## VII

*Absence*

That time and absence proves  
 Rather helps than hurts to loves

Probably by John Hoskins

Absence heare my protestation  
 Against thy strengthe  
 Distance and lengthe,  
 Doe what thou canst for alteration  
 For harts of truest mettall 5  
 Absence doth joyne, and time doth settle

Who loves a Mistris of right quality,  
 His mind hath founde  
 Affections grounde  
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality 10  
 To harts that cannot vary  
 Absence is present, time doth tary

My Sences want their outward motion  
 Which now within  
 Reason doth win, 15  
 Redoubled by her secret notion  
 Like rich men that take pleasure  
 In hidinge more then handling treasure

*Absence The Grove (1721) do or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J H), L74, O'F, P, S, S96 (the text here printed) also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (PR) 1602 and (a maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658*  
 1 heare *B, S96, Grove* heare thou *Cy, HN, L74, PR, S, WR* 3  
 Distance] Disdayne *HN* 4 you can *PR* yee dare *HN* 5 For  
 hearts where love's refined *WR* 6 Are absent joynd, by tyme com-  
 bined *WR* 7 might *S96* such *Grove, HN, L74, PR* 8 He soon hath  
 found *PR* 10 all] *om WR* 11 To] That *WR* 12 present]  
 presence *B* tary] carry *WR* 13 motion] motions *PR* 16 by  
 notion ] in notions *PR* in notion *HN* 18 hidinge]  
 finding *Grove*

By

By absence this good means I gaine  
 That I can catch her 23  
 Where none can watch her  
 In some close corner of my braine  
 There I embrace and there kisse her,  
 And so enjoye her, and so misse her

# VIII

## Song

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke

S Oules joy, now I am gone,  
 And you alone,  
 (Which cannot be,  
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,  
 And carry thee with me) 5  
 Yet when unto our eyes  
 Absence denyes  
 Each others sight,  
 And makes to us a constant night,  
 When others change to light, 10  
*O grieve no way to grieve,*  
*But let believe*  
*Of mutuall love,*  
*Thus wonder to the vulgar prove*  
*Our Bodies, not wee move* 15

19 means] mean *WR* 23 There I embrace and there kisse her, *S96*  
 There I embrace her, and &c *L74* There I embrace and there I kisse  
 her, *B, O'F, WR* There I embrace and kisse her, *Grove, HN, PR* 24  
 and so misse her *B, Cy, HN, L74, O'F, S96, WR* while none misse her  
*Grove* I both enjoy and misse her *PR*

Song 1635-69, *O'F* also in the Poems &c (1660) of the Earle of  
 Pembroke and S<sup>r</sup> Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS 777, where  
 it is signed E of Pembroke i now] when 1660, *L77*

Let



Let not thy wit beweepe  
Wounds but sense-deepe,  
For when we misse  
By distance our lipp-joying blisse,  
Even then our soules shall kisse,  
Foolles have no meanes to meet,  
But by their feet  
Why should our clay,  
Over our spirits so much sway,  
To tie us to that way?  
*O give no way to griefe, &c*





## APPENDIX C

### A

SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY  
ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE  
IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR  
HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO  
DONNE BY MODERN  
EDITORS

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### I

POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS 25707

*A Letter written by Sr H G and J D alternis  
vicibus*

SInce ev'ry Tree beginns to blossome now  
SPerfuminge and enameling each bow,  
Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow  
For since one old poore funn serves all the rest,  
You sev'rall funns that warme, and light each brest 5  
Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest  
And that you two may see your vertues move,  
On better matter then beames from above,  
Thus our twin'd souls send forth these buds of love  
As in devotions men Joyne both there hands, 10  
Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,  
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,  
And each for others faith and zeale stand bound  
As safe as spirits are from any wound,  
Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found 15

*A Letter written &c A25 published by Chambers, who completes the names  
2 bow, Ed bow A25 9 twin'd A25 twined Chambers 10 hands,  
Ed hands A25 12-13 commands, bound Ed command  
bound, A25*

Admit our magique then by which wee doe  
 Make you appeere to us, and us to you,  
 Supplying all the Muses in you twoe

Wee doe confider noe flower that is sweet,  
 But wee your breath in that exhaling meet, 20  
 And as true types of you, them humbly greet

Heere in our Nightingales we heere you finge  
 Who foe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,  
 And fave us from the feare of Autumns finge

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothes see, 25  
 Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as thee  
 That keepe untoucht her first virginite

Did all St Edith nunns descend againe  
 To honor Polesworth with their cloystred traine,  
 Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne 30

Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,  
 Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke  
 Those drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke

For t'were in us ambition to write  
 Soe, that because wee two, you two unite, 35  
 Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

### *O Frutefull Garden.*

**O** Frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,  
 Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde  
 O thou which haste, made him that first made thee,  
 O neare of kinne to all the Trinetie,  
 O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more, 5  
 Went in, and out, yet never opened doore,

25 Anchors *Chambers* Anchos *A25* 29 traine, *Ed* traine *A25*  
 31 inke, *Ed* inke *A25*  
 O Frutefull Garden *A25* [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
 MARY] *Chambers* 6 out, *Ed* out *A25*

Whose

Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit  
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit,  
O bread of lyfe which sweld'fte up without Leaven,  
O bridge which joynst together earth and heaven, 10  
Whoseeyessee me through thesewalles, and throughe glasse,  
And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe  
Behould a little harte made greate by thee  
Swellinge, yet shrinkinge at thy majestie  
O dwell in it, for where foe ere thou go'fte 15  
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoſte

*To my Lord of Pembroke*

FYe, Fye you sonnes of Pallas what madd rage  
Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?  
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confesse,  
For as Love greater growes, foe hee growes lesse  
Hee that disdaines, what honor wynns thereby, 5  
That he feeles not, or triumphes on a fly?  
If love with queasie paine thy stomack move,  
Soe will a flutt whome none dare touch, or love  
If it with sacred straines doe thee inspire 10  
Of Poetrie, foe wee maye want admire  
If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate  
Can out doe that and make men desperate  
Yealdinge to us, all woemen conquer us,  
By gentlenes we are betrayed thus  
We will not strive with Love that's a shee beaste, 15  
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jest,  
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene  
Undone, so have I some fainte lover seene  
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,  
And wee lesse feele the thinge then feare the name, 20

8 merrit, *Ed* merrit, *A25* 9 Leaven, *Ed* Leaven *A25*  
To my Lord of Pembroke *A25, Chambers* 3 confesse, *Ed* confesse  
*A25* 5 disdaines, *Ed* disdaines *A25* 6 fly? *Ed* fly, *A25*  
19 tame, *Ed* tame *A25*

Love is a temperate bath, hee that feeles more  
 Heate or could there, was hott, or could before  
 But as Sun beames which would but norishe, burne,  
 Drawne into hollow Chrifall, foe we turne  
 To fire her bewties Luftre willingly, 25  
 By gatheringe it in our falſe treacherous eye  
 Love is nor you, nor you, but I a balme,  
 Sword to the ſtuff, unto the wounded balme  
 Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,  
 If it be nothing, who can leffen it? 30

*Of a Lady in the Black Maſque*

**W**Hy choſe ſhee black, was it that in whitenes  
 Shee did Leda equal? whoſe brightnes  
 Muſt ſuffer loſs to put a bewtie on  
 Which hath no grace but from proportion  
 It is but Coullor, which to looſe is gayne, 5  
 For ſhee in black doth th'Æthiopian ſtaine,  
 Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature  
 Her rareneſs not in Coullor is, but feature  
 Black on her receaves ſoe ſtrong a grace  
 It ſeemes the fitteſt beautie for the face 10  
 Coullor is not, but in æſtimation  
 Faire, or foule, as it is ſtild by faſhion  
 Kinges wearinge ſackcloath it doth royall make,  
 Soe black⟨ne⟩s from her face doth beautie take  
 It not in Coullor but in her, inheres, 15  
 For what ſhe is, is faire, not what ſhe weares,  
 The Moore ſhall envye her, as much, or more,  
 As did the Ladies of our Court before  
 The Sunn ſhall mourne that hee had weſtwarde beene,  
 To ſeeke his Love, whilſt ſhee i'th North was ſeene 20

27 I a balme, *A25* Aye a calm, *Chambers conjectures*  
 Of a Lady &c *A25, Chambers* 10 face *Ed* face *A25*  
 13 make, *Ed* make *A25* 14 black⟨ne⟩s *Chambers* blacks *A25*  
 16 weares, *Ed* weares, *A25*

Her blacknes lends like lustre to her eyes,  
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifyes  
Hell, synne, and vice their attributes shall loofe  
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choofe,  
As like themselves, Common, and most in use 25  
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse

---

II

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS

〈Life〉

THIS lyfe it is not life, it is a fight  
That wee haue of y<sup>e</sup> earth, y<sup>e</sup> earth of vs,  
It is a feild, where sence & reason fight,  
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus,  
It is a iorney where wee do not goe, 5  
but fly w<sup>th</sup> speedy wings t'our blisse or woe  
It is a chaine y<sup>t</sup> hath but two smale links  
Where〈with〉 o<sup>r</sup> graue is to o<sup>r</sup> bodie ioyned,  
It is a poyfined feast wherein who thinks  
To tast ioyes cup, y<sup>e</sup> cup of death doth find 10  
It is a play, presented in heauens eye  
Wherein o<sup>r</sup> parts are to do naught but dye

---

〈My Love〉

MY love doth fly w<sup>th</sup> wings of feare  
And doth a flame of fire resemble,  
w<sup>ch</sup> mounting high & burning cleere  
yet ever more doth wane & tremble

〈Life〉 *Ed* no title, *Bur* 2 vs, *Ed* vs *Bur* 3 feild, *Ed*  
feild *Bur* 4 discus, *Ed* discus *Bur* 6 woe *Ed* woe *Bur*  
8 Where〈with〉 *Ed* where *Bur* ioyned, *Ed* ioyned *Bur*  
〈My Love〉 *Ed* no title and no punctuation, *Bur* 4 wane *Ed*  
weane *Bur*

My



My loue doth see & still admire,  
 Admiring breedeth humblenes,  
 blind loue is bold, but my desire  
 the more it loues p<sup>re</sup>sumes y<sup>e</sup> lesse  
 My loue seeke no reward or glory  
 but w<sup>th</sup> it self it self contenteth,  
 is never fullaine, never sory,  
 never repyneth or repenteth  
 O'who the funne beames can behold  
 but hath some passion, feeles some heat,  
 for though the sunn himself be cold  
 his beames reflecting fire begett  
 O y<sup>t</sup> myne eyes, ô that myne hart  
 Were both enlarged to contayne  
 the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,  
 whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne,  
 this bowre vnfit for such a gueste,  
 but since she makes it now her Inn,  
 Would god twere like her sacred breast  
 most fayre w<sup>th</sup>out, most rich w<sup>th</sup>in

< O Eyes ! >

O Eyes, what do you see?  
 O eares what do you heare?  
 that makes y<sup>e</sup> wish to bee  
 All eyes or else all eare?  
 I see a face as fayre  
 As mans eye ever saw,  
 I here as sweet an ayre  
 as y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> rocks did draw,

12 never *Ed* ne're *Bur*

< O Eyes ! > *Ed* no title and no punctuation, *Bur*

I with, when in such wife  
I see or heare y<sup>e</sup> fame,  
I had all Argus eyes  
or else y<sup>e</sup> eare(s) of fame

•10

〈Silence Best Praise〉

Cōmend her? no I dare not terme her fayre,  
Nor sugred sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne,  
fuffice it y<sup>t</sup> she is w<sup>th</sup>out compare,  
but how, I dare not tell lest she should frowne  
but those parts 〈least〉 w<sup>ch</sup> others make theyre pryde, 5  
and feed there fancies w<sup>th</sup> deuised lyes,  
giue me but leaue to pull my faint asyde,  
and tell her in her eare that she is wife  
to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,  
for why tis common to there sex & kind, 10  
but making choice of natures better part  
my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind  
But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,  
So manners makes me fylent in her prayse

12 eare(s) *Ed* eare *Bur*

Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,  
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,  
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris

Virgil *Aen* iv 181-3

〈Silence Best Praise〉 *Ed* no title, *Bur* 1 fayre, *Ed* fayre *Bur*  
2 sweet, tall, browne, *Ed* no stops, *Bur* 3 compare, *Ed*  
compare *Bur* 4 frowne *Ed* frowne *Bur* 5 〈least〉 *Ed*  
left *Bur* pryde, *Ed* pryde *Bur* 6 lyes, *Ed* lyes *Bur* 7  
asyde, *Ed* asyde *Bur* 8 wife *Ed* wife *Bur* 9-10 art, kind,  
*Ed* no commas, *Bur* 10 common] cōmō *Bur* 12 mind *Ed* mind  
*Bur* 13 vertue(s) *Ed* vertue *Bur* bayes, *Ed* bayes *Bur*

〈Beauty

〈 *Beauty in Little Room* 〉

**T**Hose droffy heads & irrepurged braynes  
 w<sup>ch</sup> sacred fyre of loue hath not refined  
 may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes  
 because shee is of body smale combined  
 Not diving to y<sup>e</sup> depth of natures reach, 5  
 W<sup>ch</sup> on smale things doth greatest guifts bestow  
 small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach  
 W<sup>ch</sup> little are yet great in vertue grow,  
 of flowers most part y<sup>e</sup> least wee sweetest see,  
 of creatures having life & fence y<sup>e</sup> annt 10  
 is smalt, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,  
 frugall & provident for feare of want  
 Wherefore who sees not natures full intent ?  
 she made her smale to make her excellent

〈 *Loves Zodiake.* 〉

**I** That y<sup>e</sup> higher half of loutes  
 Round Zodiake haue rune,  
 And in the signe of crabbed chaunce  
 My Tropick haue begun,  
 Am taught to teach y<sup>e</sup> man is blest 5  
 Whose loutes lott lights fo badd,  
 as his solstitium soonest makes  
 And so growes Retrograde

〈 *Fortune, Love, and Time* 〉

**W**Hen fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,  
 Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme  
 These powres at higheft then began to vary,  
 and cast him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme,  
 They prun'd theire wings, and tooke theire flight in rage,  
 fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age 6

〈 *Beauty in Little Room* 〉 *Ed no title, Bur* 5 depth *Ed depht Bur*  
*reach, Ed reach Bur* 6 bestow *Ed bestow Bur* 8 grow, *Ed*  
*grow Bur* 11 bee, *Ed bee Bur* 13 intent ? *Ed intent Bur*

〈 *Loves Zodiake* 〉 *Ed no title, Bur*

〈 *Fortune, Love, and Time* 〉 *Ed no title and no punctuation, Bur*

Foolles

Fooles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)  
Witt, fayth, and loue must begg, must brybe, must dy,  
These are the actors and the world's the stage,  
Desert and hope are as but standers by 10  
True lovers fit and tune this restless song,  
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong

---

*< Life a Play >*

What is o<sup>r</sup> life? a play of passion  
o<sup>r</sup> mirth? the musick of diuision  
O<sup>r</sup> mothers wombs the tiring houses bee  
Where we are drest for liues short comedy  
The earth the stage, heauen y<sup>e</sup> spectator is, 5  
Who still doth note who ere do act amisse  
O<sup>r</sup> graues that hyde vs, frō the all-seeing sun,  
Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done

---

*A Kisse*

O What a blisse  
is this?  
heaven is effected  
and loues eternity contracted  
In one short kisse 5  
For not tymes measure  
makes pleasure  
more full  
tedious and dull  
all ioyes are thought 10  
y<sup>t</sup> are not in an instant wrought

*< Life a Play > Ed no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of  
interrogation, Bur*

*A Kisse Bur 8 full Ed full Bur*

Cupī<d>s

Cupī<d>s blest and higheft spheare

• is heare

heere on his throne

in his bright imperial crowne

15

hee fitts

Those witts

That thinke to proue

that mortals know

in any place below

20

a bliffe so great

so fweet

Are heretiques in loue

Thefe pleasures high

now dye,

25

but still beginning

new & greater glory wiſhing

gett freſh ſupply

No ſhort breath'd panting

nor faynting

30

is heere,

fuller and freer

more pleaſinge is

this pleaſure ſtill, & none but this

Heer'es no bluſh nor labor great,

35

no ſweat,

Heres no payne

nor repentance when againe

Loue cooles

O fooles

40

That fondly glory

in baſe condition

of ſenſual fruition,

you do miſtake

& make

45

y<sup>r</sup> heaven purgatory

12 Cupī<d>s *Ed* Cupīs *Bur* 27 new *Ed* now *Bur* 28  
 ſupply *Ed* ſupply *Bur* 31 heere, *Ed* heere *Bur* 35 great,  
*Ed* great *Bur* 39 cooles *Ed* cooles *Bur* 43 fruition, *Ed*  
 fruition *Bur*

*Epi*

*Epi B Jo*

TEll me who can when a player dies  
In w<sup>ch</sup> of his shapes againe hee shall rise?  
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne  
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne  
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,  
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmigs is God 5

---

*Epi Hen Princ Hug<sup>o</sup> Holland*

LOe now hee shineth yonder  
A fixed starr in heaven,  
Whose motion is vnder  
None of the planetts feaven,  
And if the sofi should tender  
The moone his loue and marry, 5  
They never could engender  
So fayre a starr as Harry

---

III

POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS

*<The Annuntiation  
Additional Lines >*

NAture amaz'd sawe man without mans ayde  
Borne of a mother nursed by her a mayd,  
The child the Parent was, the worke the word,  
No word till then did such a worke afford

*Epi B Jo (i.e. Epitaph Ben Ionson) Bur no punctuation*  
*Epi Hen Princ Hug<sup>o</sup> Holland Bur no punctuation*  
*<The Annuntiation Additional Lines > Ed these lines run straight*  
*on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F 2 a mayd]*  
*Norton supplies a mayd, Ed mayd O'F 3 was, word, Ed no*  
*commas, O'F*

Twas

Twas lesse from nothing the world's all to growe 5  
 Then all-Creato<sup>rs</sup> height to stoope so lowe  
 A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,  
 T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder  
 Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere  
 To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare 10  
 Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love  
 Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above  
 Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,  
 Through meane shewes into maiesty wee looke  
 Sinnes price seemd payd with brasse, fewe sawe the gold,  
 Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold 16  
 His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,  
 Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels sung his glory  
 Hee, so farr of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,  
 The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes 20  
 His Circumcision bore finne, payne, and shame,  
 Young blood new budd, hence bloomd a fauours name  
 His paynes and pafsion bredd compafsion, wonder,  
 Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent asunder  
 His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face 25  
 Shewd a rich Jewell shining through the case,  
 Cast thus, since man at gods high presence trembles  
 Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe resembles  
 The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may dyme,  
 A little babe in shallow heart may swim 30  
 Hee heavens wealth to a poore stable brings,  
 Th'oxestall the Court unto the king of kings  
 No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terror  
 This light tells with our tongue, and beares o<sup>r</sup> erro<sup>r</sup>  
 Pure infant teares, moist pearle adorn'd his cheeke, 35  
 Afsignd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke  
 Hee first wept teares, then blood, a deare redemption,  
 This bought what Adam sould, that seemd preemption

6 lowe *Ed* lowe *O'F* 7 wonder, *Ed* wonder *O'F* 8 thunder  
*Ed* thunder *O'F* 13 brooke, *Ed* brooke *O'F* 21 shame, *Ed*  
 shame *O'F* 23 wonder, *Ed* wonder *O'F* 24 trembling, *Ed*  
 trembling *O'F* 26 case, *Ed* case *O'F* 27 trembles *Ed* trembles  
*O'F* 28 resembles *Ed* resembles *O'F* 29 dyme, *Ed* dyme *O'F*  
 31 brings, *Ed* brings *O'F* 35 cheeke, *Ed* cheeke *O'F* 37 redemp-  
 tion, *Ed* redemption *O'F* 38 preemption *Ed* preemption *O'F*

Clare

Cleare droppe, deare feede, the corne had bloody eares,  
 Rich harveſt reaped in bloud and fowne in teares  
 Who this Corne in theyr hart nor threſh, nor lay,  
 Breake for finnes debt, unthrifty never pay  
 Uſe wealth, it waſtes, a ſtayd hand heapes the ſtore,  
 But this the more wee uſe wee have the more,  
 Uſe, not like ufury whoſe growth is lending, 45  
 Rich thoughts this treaſure keepe and thrive by ſpending,  
 Th'expenſe runnes circular, turning returning,  
 Such love no hart confumes, yet ever burning

*Elegy To Chaſt Love*

CHAſt Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes  
 Without the thought of luſt From thence no harmes  
 Enſue, no diſcontent attende thoſe deeds  
 So innocently good w<sup>ch</sup> thy love breeds  
 Th'approche of day brings to thy ſence no feares, 5  
 Nor is the black nights worke waſhd in thy teares,  
 Thou taſt no care to keepe thy lover true,  
 Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new  
 To hold him in, who with like flame of love  
 Muſt move his ſpirit too, as thine doth move, 10  
 w<sup>ch</sup> ever mounts aloft with golden wings  
 And not declines to lowe deſpiſed things  
 Thy foule is bodyd within thy quiet breſt  
 In ſafety, free from trouble and unreſt  
 Thou fearſt no ill becauſe thou doſt no ill, 15  
 Like miſtreſs of thy ſelfe, thy thought, and will,

39 eares, *Ed* eares *O'F* 41 lay, *Ed* lay *O'F* 43 ſtore, *Ed*  
 ſtore *O'F* 44 more, *Ed* more *O'F* 45 Uſe, lending, *Ed*  
 no commas, *O'F* 46 ſpending, *Ed* ſpending *O'F* 47 returning,  
*Ed* returning *O'F* 48 confumes, *Ed* confumes *O'F*  
 Elegy To Chaſt Love *O'F* 5 feares, *Ed* feares *O'F* 6  
 teares, *Ed* teares *O'F* 7 true, *Ed* true *O'F* 9 in, *Ed* in *O'F*  
 10 move, *Ed* move *O'F* 15 ill, *Ed* ill *O'F* 16 will, *Ed*  
 will *O'F*

Obey



Obey thy mind, a mind for ever such  
 As all may prayse, but none admire too much  
 Then come, Chast Love, choyse part of womankind  
 Infuse chast thoughts into my loving mind

20

*Upon his scornefull Mistresse Elegy*

**C**Ruell since that thou dost not feare the curse  
 W<sup>ch</sup> thy disdayne, and my despayre procure,  
 My prayer for thee shall torment thee worfe  
 Then all the payne thou couldst thereby endure  
 May, then, that beauty w<sup>ch</sup> I did conceive 5  
 In thee above the height of heavens course,  
 When first my Liberty thou didst bereave,  
 Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force  
 Chayne thousand vassalls in like thrall with mee,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> in thy glory mayst thou still despise, 10  
 As the poore Trophies of that victory  
 Which thou hast onely purchas'd by thine eyes,  
 And when thy Triumphs so extended are  
 That there is nought left to bee conquered,  
 Mayst thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care 15  
 Weepe that thine Hono<sup>rs</sup> are so limited,  
 So thy disdayne may melt it selfe to love  
 By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> to thy selfe above the rest must prove  
 In all th'effects of love paynefully strange, 20  
 While wee thy scorned subjects live to see  
 Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee

Upon his scornefull Mistresse O'F no title, B, which adds note, This hath  
 relation to 'When by thy scorne' See The Apparition, p 191 2  
 despayre B disdayne O'F procure, Ed procure O'F 6 course,  
 Ed course O'F 7 bereave, Ed bereave O'F 8 force Ed force  
 O'F 9 Chayne B Stay O'F mee, Ed mee O'F 10 despise, Ed  
 despise O'F 12 eyes, Ed eyes O'F 14 conquered, Ed conquered  
 O'F 16 limited, Ed limited O'F 18 change, Ed change O'F  
 20 strange, Ed strange O'F

< Absence >

〈 Absence 〉

W Onder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sence,  
You that have taught my soule to love aright,  
You in whose limbes are natures chief expence  
Fitt instrument to serve your matchlesse spright,  
If ever you have felt the miserie 5  
Of being banish'd from your best desier,  
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,  
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for fier  
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects  
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe, 10  
And haste their ebb by your divine aspect  
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe  
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder  
You keepe my bodie and my soule asunder

FINIS

〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉

F AIRE eies do not think scorne to read of Love  
That to your eies durst never it presume,  
Since absence those sweet wonders do〈th〉 remove  
That nourish thoughts, yet sence and wordes consume,  
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue, 5  
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,  
To utter that I have conceal'd so long  
By doing what you did yourself require  
Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise  
As to have power his owne tale for to tell, 10  
For childrens greifes do yield the loudest cries,  
And cold desires may be exprest well  
In well told Love most often falsehood lies,  
But pittie him that only sighes and dies

FINIS

〈 Absence 〉 〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉 *Ed whole sonnets without titles in*  
*L74 the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B, O'F, S96*  
〈 Tongue-tied Love 〉 12 cold desires] coldest Ayres O'F

〈 Love,

---

〈 Love, if a God thou art 〉

**L**ove if a god thou art  
 then evermore thou must  
     Bee mercifull and just,  
 If thou bee just, ô wherefore doth thy dart  
 Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart? 5  
  
 If mercifull, then why  
     Am I to payne reservd  
     Who have thee truely serv'd,  
 When shee that by thy powre sets not a fly  
 Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty? 10  
  
 Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,  
 Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee

---

〈 Great Lord of Love 〉

**G**reate Lord of love, how busy still thou art  
 To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!  
 Is't not enough that thou didst twice before  
     It so mangle  
     And intangle 5  
     By fly arts  
     of false harts  
 Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more  
  
 Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice  
 To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes 10  
 When I am waking, but that absent so  
     They invade mee  
     To perswade mee,  
     When that sleepe  
     Oft should keepe 15  
 And lock out every fence of woe

〈 Love if a God thou art 〉 〈 Great Lord of Love 〉 〈 Loves Exchange 〉  
*all without titles in O'F punctuation mainly the Editor's*

If

If thou perswade mee thus to speake, I dye  
And shee the murdresse, for she will deny,  
And if for silence I bee prest, Her good

Yet I cherish

20

Though I perish,

For that shee

Shall bee free

From that foule guilt of spilling bloud

---

*< Loves Exchange >*

1 **T**O sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart  
were madnesse

I doe not sue, nor can admitt,  
(Fayrest) from yo<sup>u</sup> to have all yet,  
Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart  
But fadnesse

5

2 Hee who receaveth all can have no more,  
Then seeing

My love by length of every howre  
Gathers new strength, new growth, new power  
You must have dayly new rewards in store  
Still beeing

11

3 You cannot every day give mee yo<sup>r</sup> hart  
For merit,

Yet if you will, when yours doth goe  
You shall have still one to bestow,  
For you shall mine, when yours doth part,  
Inherit

15

4 Yet if you please weele find a better way  
Then change them,

20

For so alone (dearest) wee shall  
Bee one and one another all,  
Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may  
Estrange them

## Song

NOW y'have killd mee with yo<sup>r</sup> fcorne  
 Who shall live to call yo<sup>n</sup> fayre?<sup>2</sup>  
 What new foole muft now bee borne  
     To prepare  
 Dayly facrifice of fervice new, 5  
 Teares too good for woemen true?<sup>2</sup>  
     Who shall forrow when yo<sup>n</sup> crye  
     And to please yo<sup>n</sup> dayly dye?<sup>2</sup>  
     Men fucceeding shall beware  
     And woemen cruell, no more fayre 10

## 2

Now y'have killd mee, never looke  
     Any left to call yo<sup>n</sup> trewe,  
 Who more madd muft now bee tooke  
     To renewe  
 My oblations dayly, loft?<sup>2</sup> 15  
 Vowes too good for woemen chaft!<sup>1</sup>  
     Who shall call yo<sup>n</sup> fweete, and fweare  
     T'is yo<sup>r</sup> face renews the yeare?<sup>2</sup>  
     Men by my Death shall beleewe,  
     And woemen cruell yet shall greeve 20

## Love, bred of glances

LOVE bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes  
 Like Childrens fancies, fone borne, fone dyes  
     Guilte, Bitternes, and fmilinge woe  
     Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers foe,  
 As the fonde Sence th'unwary foule deceives 5  
 With deadly poifon wrapt in Lily leaves

Song O'F punctuation mainly Editor's

Love &c {True Love} Chambers, who prints from RPII7 no title,  
 O'F, P, S96 (from which present text is taken) 2 borne B, P, O'F, S96  
 bred Chambers 4 Doth S96 does B, O'F doe P 5 As] And  
 Chambers

But

But harts fo chain'd as Goodnes fands  
With truthe unfain'd to couple hands,  
    Love beinge to all beauty blinde  
    Save the cleere beauties of the minde, 10  
There heaven is pleas'd, continuall bleffings sheddinge,  
Angells are guefts and dance at this blest weddinge

---

*To a Watch restored to its Mystres*

Goe and Count her better howers  
For they are happier than oures  
The day that gives her any blifs,  
Make it as long againe as 'tis  
The hower shee smyles in, lett it bee 5  
By thy acte multiplyde to three  
But if shee frowne on thee or mee,  
Know night is made by her, not thee,  
Be swifte in such an hower & soone,  
See thou make night, ere it be noone 10  
Obey her tymes, whoe is the free  
Faure Sunne that governes thee & mee

---

*< Ad Solem >*

Wherefore peepst thou, envious daye?  
We can kisse without thee  
Lovers hate the golden raye,  
Which thou bearest about thee

7 as Goodnes] 'tis goodnes *Chambers* 8 hands, *Ed* hands *S96*  
10 minde, *B* minde *S96* 11 There heav'n is *O'F, P, S96* Where  
Reason is *Chambers* sheddinge, *Ed* sheddinge *S96* 12 this] his  
*Chambers*

To a Watch &c *B*, where note below title says none of J D and poem  
is signed W L

<Ad Solem> *Ed* no title, *Add MSS* 22603, 33998, *Egerton MS* 2013,  
*Harleian MS* 791, *S, TCD(II)* printed *J Wilson* *Cheerful Ayres* (1659),  
*Grosart and Chambers* text from *Eg MS* 2013 punctuation partly *Editor's*  
2 kisse] live *E20*

Goe and give them light that forowe 5  
 Or the faylor flyinge  
 Our imbraces need noe morowe  
 Nor our bliffes eying

We shall curfe thy curyous eye  
 For thy soone betrayinge, 10  
 And condemn thee for a spye  
 Yf thou catch us playinge  
 Gett thee gone and lend thy flashe  
 Where there's need of lending,  
 Our affections are not ashes 15  
 Nor our pleasures endinge

Weare we cold or withered heare  
 We would stay thee by us,  
 Or but one anothers feare  
 Then thou shouldst not flye us 20  
 Wee are yongue, thou spoilst our pleasure,  
 Goe to sea and slumber,  
 Darknes only gives us leasure  
 Our stolne joyes to number

< If She Deride >

Greate and goode if she deryde mee  
 Let me walke Ile not despayre,  
 Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee  
 One as greate, lesse prowd, more faire  
 They that seeke Love to constraîne 5  
 Have theire labour for their paine

9 curyous *A22, A33, H79, S, TGD* envious *E20* 19 one anothers  
 feare *TGD* one another fear *E20* one anothers sphere *A22, A33, S*  
 23 gives] lends *A22, A33*

< If She Deryde > *Chambers* no title, *S* also, *Chambers reports*, in *C C C*  
*Oxon MS 327, f 26* printed by *Grosart and Chambers*

They

They that strongly can importune  
And will never yeild nor tyre,  
Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune  
But such gaine Ile not defyre 10  
Where the prize is shame or synn,  
Wynners loofe and loofers wynn  
Looke upon the faythfull lover,  
Griefe stands paynted in his face,  
Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover 15  
That they are his onely grace  
Hee must weepe as children doe  
That will in the fashon wooe  
I whoe flie these idle fancies  
Which my dearest rest betraye, 20  
Warnd by others harmfull chances,  
Vfe my freedome as I may  
When all the worlde says what it cann  
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann<sup>1</sup>

---

*< Fortune Never Fails >*

What if I come to my mistris bedd  
The candles all ecclipst from shyninge,  
Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head  
Or shoue my selfe a coward by declyninge?  
Oh noe 5  
Fie doe not foe,  
For thus much I knowe by devyninge,  
Blynd is Love  
The dark it doth approve,

11 Where the prize is *Chambers* Where they prize this ('t' struck  
out) *S* Where they prize is *Grosart* 14 Teares and sighs] *Chambers*  
*reverses*

*< Fortune Never Fails > Grosart no title, RP31, S also, Chambers*  
*reports, in C C C Oxon MS 327, f 21 printed Grosart and Chambers, and,*  
*last two verses only, Simeon*



- To pray on pleasures pantinge, 10  
     What needeth light  
     For Cupid in the night,  
     If jealous eyes be wantinge
- Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,  
     To shroude all the faire proceedings 15  
     Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,  
     To favor all their servants meetings  
     Venture I say  
     To sport and to play,  
     If in place all be fitting, 20  
     Though she say fie  
     Yet doth she not denie  
     For fie is but a word of tryall  
     Jealofie doth sleepe,  
     Then doe not weepe 25  
     At force of a faynt denyall
- Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,  
     Then to to bould were I to venter  
     Who loves deserves to live in a princes grace,  
     Why stand you then affraid to enter? 30  
     Lights are all out  
     Then make noe doubt  
     A lover bouldly maye take chufinge  
     Bewtie is a baite  
     For a princely mate 35  
     Fy, why stand you then a mufinge?  
     You'll repent too late  
     If she doe you hate,  
     For loves delight refusinge

10 pantinge,] hauntinge RP31 14 she badd S she bidd Grosart  
 she bids Chambers the bould RP31 19 and to play RP31, S and  
 play Grosart and Chambers 26 faynt] fair Chambers 28 weie] was  
 RP31 29 princes] Princess Chambers 33 lover] woer Chambers  
 chufinge] a choosing Chambers

To His Mistress

- 1 BEELEEve yo<sup>r</sup> Glasse, and if it tell you (Deare)  
 Yo<sup>r</sup> Eyes inshrine  
 A brighter shine  
 Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare  
 The milkie skye 5  
 The Crimfon dye  
 Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus sett,  
 More Glory then hee owes appears But yet
- 2 Be not deceived with fond Alteration 10
- As Cynthias Globe,  
 A snow white robe  
 Is sooneft spotted, a Carnation dye 15  
 Fades, and discolours open'd but to Eie
- 3 Make use of youth, and bewty whilest they flourish  
 Tyme never sleepes,  
 Though it but creeps  
 It still gets forward Do not vainly nourish 20  
 Them to selfe-use,  
 It is Abuse,  
 The richest Grownds lying wast turne Boggs and rott,  
 And foe beinge useles, were as good were not
- 4 Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers side, 25  
 Upon whose Bancks  
 Grow milke-white Ranks  
 Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,

To His Mistress *Le Prince D'Amour* (1660) no title, S (absence text)  
 printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers punctuation partly Editor's 1 if  
 it tell] it will tell Chambers 9 deceived] deceiv'd S 16 open'd]  
 opened S 24 were not] as not *LePD'A*

Which

- Which downward bend  
And nothing tend 30  
Save their owne Bewties in the Glaffie streame  
Looke to yo<sup>r</sup> felfe Compare yo<sup>r</sup>felfe to them
- 5 In show, in bewtie, marke what followes then  
Sommer must end,  
The sunn must bend 35  
His Longe Absented beames to others then  
Their spring being croft  
By wynters frost  
And sneap'd by bytter storms against w<sup>th</sup> nought boots,  
They bend their prowde topps lower then their roots
- 6 Then none regard them, but w<sup>th</sup> heedles feet 41  
In durt each treads  
Their declyned heads  
So when youthe wasted, Age, and yo<sup>n</sup> shall meet,  
Then I alone 45  
Shall sadly moane  
That Interviewe, others it will not move,  
So light regard we, what we little Love  
FINIS

### *A Paradoxe of a Painted Face*

Not kisse? By Jove I must, and make impressiō  
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Session  
Vpon my flesh and blood our kisses shall  
Outminute Time and without number fall

31 the Glaffie S a Glaffie LePD'A their Glaffie Chambers 32  
to them S with them Chambers 36 then] when Chambers 39  
sneap'd Ed snep'd S swept LePD'A snipped Chambers

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face H39, S, S96, TCD (II) Pembroke and  
Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart  
(from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier) text from  
S96 punctuation partly Editor's

Doe

Doe I not know these Balls of blushing Red 5  
 That on thy Cheekes thus amorouslie are spread?  
 Thy snowy necke, those veynes upon thy Browe  
 Which with their azure crincklinge sweetly bowe  
 Are artificiall? Borrowed? and no more thine owne  
 Then Chaines which on St George's Day are showne, 10  
 Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this  
 I idole thee, and beg a luscious kisse  
 The fucus, and Ceruse, which on thy face  
 Thy Cunnunge hand layes on to add new Grace,  
 Detaine me with such pleasing fraude, that I 15  
 Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie  
 Much like a painter that upon some Wall  
 On which the radiant Sun-beames use to fall  
 Paints with such art a Gilded butterflye  
 That filly maides with slowe-moved fingers trye 20  
 To Catch it, and then blush at their mistake,  
 Yet of this painted flye most reckonyng make  
 Such is our state, since what we looke upon  
 Is nought but Coullor and Proportion  
 Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies 25  
 As Gypfies in your cunnunge Lotteries,  
 That is more false, and more Sophisticate  
 Than are Saints reliques, or a man of state  
 Yet such being Glazed by the sleight of arte,  
 Gaines admiration, winninge many a Harte 30  
 Put case there be a difference in the molde,  
 Yet may thy Venus be more Chaste, and holde  
 A dearer treasure oftentimes we see  
 Rich Candian wines in woodden Boules to bee  
 The odoriferous Civet doth not lie 35  
 Within the muskat's nose, or eare, or eye,  
 But in a safer place, for prudent nature

8 azure crincklinge *Sg6* azure winckles *P and R* azure twinklinge *S*  
 azur'd wrinklins *TCD* azure wrinkles *Chambers* 15 Detaine]  
 Deceive *H39, P and R, LePD'A, TCD, Chambers* pleasing] cunning *TCD*  
 18 radiant *Sg6* cadent *H39, TCD, LePD'A, Grosart, and Chambers*  
 splendent *P and R* 21 then] yet *Sg6* 32 Chaste] choise *P and R,*  
*LePD'A, TCD*

Gives

In drawinge us of various formes and stature  
 Givēs from the curious shop of hir rich treasure  
 To faire parts comelines, to baser, pleasure 40  
 The fairest flowers, which in the Springe doe growe  
 Are not so much for use, as for the shewe,  
 As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe  
 Of all pīde flowers that diaper the earthe,  
 Please more with their discoloured purple traine 45  
 Then wholesome potheearbs which for use remaine  
 Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kifs  
 For that the colours which he weares are his?  
 A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear  
 Because the fente is borrowed elsewhere? 50  
 The roabes and vestiments, which grace us all  
 Are not our owne, but adventitīall  
 Time rifles Natures beauty, but flye Arte  
 Repaires by cunninge this decayinge parte  
 Fills here a wrinkle, and there purles a veyne, 55  
 And with a nimble hand runs o're againe  
 The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,  
 And makes Deformity to be no crime  
 As when great men be grip't by sicknes hand,  
 Industrious Physicke pregnantly doth stand 60  
 To patch up foule diseases, and doth strive  
 To keepe theire tottering Carcasses alive  
 Beautie is a candlelight which every puffe  
 Blowes out, and leaves nought but a stinking snuffe  
 To fill our nostrills with, this boldelie thinke, 65  
 The cleereft Candle makes the greateft stincke,  
 As your pure fode and cleereft nutryment  
 Gets the most hott, and nose stronge excrement  
 Why hange we then on thinges so apt to varie,  
 So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie? 70

39 shop] shape S96    11ch] largest S96    large P and R, Grosart, and  
 Chambers    45 discoloured] discovered H39 but discoloured is here  
 variegated    53 rifles] rifled S96    55 purles] fills S    purls is  
 embroiders as with gold or silver thread    67 cleereft] choicest P and R  
 cleaneft S    finest Chambers    68 most hott] most stronge S96

That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr  
(Slight hanfells of diseases) spoile and marr  
But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,  
And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smooth face,  
Then they become forlaken, and doe shoue 75  
Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe  
Nature but gives the modell, and first draught  
Of faire perfection, which by art is taught  
To speake itselfe, a compleat form and birthe,  
Soe stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe 80  
Jove grante me then a reparable face  
Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace  
Pigmaliions painted statue I coulde love,  
Soe it were warme and softe, and coulde but move

*Sonnett*

MAdam that flea that Crept between your breasts  
I envied, that there he should make his rest  
The little Creatures fortune was soe good  
That Angells feed not on so pretious foode  
How it did sucke how eager tickle you 5  
(Madam shall fleas before me tickle you?)

Oh I can not holde, pardon if I kild it  
Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it  
Ran from my Ladies Brest Come happie flea  
That dide for suckinge of that milkie Sea 10

72 hanfells *H39* houfes *S, S96, Chambers* touches *P and R* caufes  
*LePD'A* 73 beauties] brav'ries *H39* 79 To speake itselfe *TCD*,  
*P and R* Speake to itselfe *S, S96* Speake for itselfe *H39* To make it  
selfe *Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers*

Sonnett *O'F, S96* no title, *S* On A Flea on His Mistres's Bosom  
*Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from Simeon)* text from *S96* 7 I can not  
holde] I not hold can *Chambers* kild *Ed* killed *Chambers* kill *S96*

Oh

Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,  
 About hir Hart, about hir anywhere,  
 I would vowe (Dearest flea) thou shouldst not dye,  
 If thou couldst fücke from hir hir crueltye

*On Black Hayre and Eyes*

**I**F shaddowes be the pictures excellence,  
 And make it seeme more lively to the fence,  
 If starres in the bright day are hid from sight  
 And shine most glorious in the masque of night,  
 Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack 5  
 Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,  
 Or that your heavenly beauty which exceeds  
 The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,  
 The damaske coullour of your cheekes and lipps  
 Should suffer by theu darknesse an eclips 10  
 Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett  
 And compassed within a foyle of Jett  
 Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde  
 So bright a funne to shine without a shade  
 It seemes that Nature when she first did fancie 15  
 Your rare compofure studied Necromancie,  
 That when to you this guift she did impart  
 She used altogether the black art  
 By which infused power from Magique tooke  
 You doe command all spiritts with a looke 20

13 vowe] now *Chambers* Dearest Sg6 deare S, O'F, *Chambers*  
 thou] that thou *Chambers*

On Black Hayre and Eyes *Add MS 11811, on which text is based in several MSS including A25, TCD (II), L77 printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers 2 it A21, H60, TCD them A11 things L77 4 shine H39, TCD seem A11, Grosart, and Chambers 8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, H39, TCD, Grosart, and Chambers 9 The damaske coullor of] That chery colour of H39, TCD Or that the chernes of Some MSS 12 compassed] compof'd A11 foyle] field Chambers 19 tooke] book Grosart and Chambers 20 all spiritts] like spirits Grosart and Chambers*

Shee

Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,  
 And mayde your hayre the chaines wherewith shee ties  
 Rebelling hearts those blew veines which appeare,  
 Winding Meander about either spheare,  
 Misterious figures are, and when you list 25  
 Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,  
 And every word which from your Pallett falleth  
 In a deep charme your hearer's heart inthrallcth  
 Oh! If in Magique you have skill so farre,  
 Vouchsafe me to be your familiar 30  
 Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd  
 To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,  
 And as by heads of springs men often knowe  
 The nature of the streames that run belowe,  
 So your black haire and eyes do give direction 35  
 To make me thinke the rest of like complexion  
 That rest where all rest lies that blesteth Man,  
 That Indian mine, that fraight of Magellan,  
 That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,  
 With swelling sayles and raviht senses enters 40  
 To a new world of blisse Pardon, I pray,  
 If my rude muse presumeth to display  
 Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepass  
 In praying sweetnesse which I ne're did tast,  
 Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may  
 Though hid from light perfume there is a day 46  
 The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks  
 Sometimes as well as he that shootes att prickes,  
 And if I might direct my shaft aright,  
 The black mark would I hitt and not the white 50

25 figures] fables *AII* 26 commandeth] commands *AII* 29  
 you have skill *L77, TCD, &c* your power *AII* you have power *Grosart*  
*and Chambers* 33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men  
 often) know *L77, TCD, and other MSS* 34 streame runs *L77, &c*  
 44 did] shall *TCD and other MSS* 47 sticks] strikes *Grosart and*  
*Chambers* 49 direct *L77, TCD, &c* ayme *AII, Grosart, and Chambers*



*Fragment of an Elegy*

And though thy glasse a burning one become  
 And turne us both to ashes on her urne,  
 Yet to our glory till the later day  
 Our dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray  
 And when the world shall in confusion burne, 5  
 And Kinges and peasantes scramble at an urne,  
 Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then  
 Will at her beames catch fire and live againe  
 But this is fence, and some one may-be glad  
 That I so good a cause of sorrow had, 10  
 Will wish all those whome I affect may dye  
 So I might please him with an elegie  
 O let there never line of witt be read  
 To please the living that doth speake thee dead,  
 Some tender-harted mother good and mild, 15  
 Who on the deare grave of her tender child  
 So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne  
 As out of dust would mould him up againe,  
 And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place  
 Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face, 20  
 And every lymne, as if that they wer striving  
 To flatter hir with hope of his reviving  
 Shee should read this, and hir true teares alone  
 Should copping forth these sad lines on the stone  
 Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart 25  
 That passeth by should of his teares impart  
 So great a portion, that if after times  
 Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,  
 When any shall remove thy marble hence,  
 Which is lesse stone then hee that takes it thence, 30  
 Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell  
 Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well

Fragment of an Elegy From P, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical  
 epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney punctuation Ed

But

But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,  
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repaire  
And weepe beside thy grave with cypresse croud, 35  
To see the second world of beauty dround,  
And add sufficient teares as they condole  
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule  
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee,  
But such a losse should have no elegie 40  
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,  
Who rightly grieves admittes no comforter  
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence  
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,  
And not a friend of his ere shed a teare 45  
To see him for thy sake distracted there,  
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee  
That could runne mad with griefe for loosing thee  
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a friend  
But to bewaile his too untimely end, 50  
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come  
But to sitt weeping on a senselesse tombe,  
That hides not dust enough to count the teares  
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,  
I that have trusted those that would have given 55  
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven  
Ten times the vallow Judas had of yore,  
Onely to sell him for three peeces more,  
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine  
Yet weepe for thee, and till the cloudes shall daigne 60  
To throw on Egypt more then Nile ere sweld,  
These teares of mine shalbee unparell'd  
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene crost,  
Hath teares at will to mourne for what he lost,  
He that hath trusted and his hope appeares 65  
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares,  
But hee unhappy man whose love and trust  
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,  
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)  
'Tis easier to runne mad then 'tis to weepe, 70  
And

And yet I can Fall then yee mournfull showes,  
 And as old time leades on the winged howers,  
 Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett  
 To count their ages from the plague of sweat,  
 From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when 75  
 Men were affrayd to talke of it againe,  
 And in their numerations be it fayd  
 Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,  
 And when that other fell a comett rose  
 And all the world tooke notice of my woes 80  
 Yet finding them past cure, as doctores fly  
 Their patientes past all hope of remedy,  
 No charitable soule will once impart  
 One word of comfort to so sicke a heart,  
 But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard, 85  
 Men of my shadow almost now affeard  
 Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,  
 And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee  
 Sad lines go yee abroad, go saddest muse,  
 And as some nations formerly did use 90  
 To lay their sicke men in the street, that those,  
 Who of the same disease had scapt the throwes,  
 Might minister releefe as they went by  
 To such as felt the selfsame malady,  
 So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land, 95  
 And if ye light into some blessed hand,  
 That hath a heart as merry as the shine  
 Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,  
 Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,  
 And his experience worke a remedy 100  
 To those sad fittes which (spight of nature's lawes)  
 Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause  
 But this must never bee, nor is it fitt  
 An ague or some sickenes lesse then itt  
 Should glory in the death of such as hee, 105  
 That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.  
 Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'st dy  
 At no lesse rate then for an empery

Some

Some maffy diamond from the center drawne,  
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne, 110  
Should (beaten into duft) bee drunke by him  
That wanted courage good enough to fwimme  
Through feas of woes for thee, and much despife  
To meet with death at any lower prize,  
Whilst greefe alone workes that effect in mee, 115  
And yet no greefe but for the losse of thee  
Fortune now doe thy worft, for I have gott  
By this her death fo ftrong an antidote,  
That all thy future cloffes fhall not have  
More then an angry fmile, nor fhall the grave 120  
Glory in my laft day thefe lines fhall give  
To us a fecond life, and we will live  
To pull the diftaffe from the hand of fate,  
And fpinn our own thrides for fo long a date,  
That death fhall never feize uppon our fame 125  
Till this fhall perifh in the whole world's frame

---

*< Farewel, ye gilded follies >*

**F**arewel ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles,  
Farewel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles,  
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,  
Honour the darling but of one fhort day  
Beauty (th'eyes idol) but a damasked skin, 5  
State but a golden prifon, to keepe in  
And torture free-born minds, imbroidered trains  
Meerly but Pageants, proudly fwelling vains,

*< Farewell, Ye Gilded Follies > Ed variously titled, Add MS 18220,  
C C C Oxon MS 324, Egerton MS 2603, Harleian MS 6057 printed  
in Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannah's  
Courtly Poets Grosart prints from MS Dd 643 in Cambridge University  
Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version text from Walton  
2 ye glorious] ye chriftall Ar8, E26, H60 the chriftall WI 6 keepe  
Ar8, E26, H60 live Walton 8 proudly] proud Walton*

And blood ally'd to greatnefs, is a loane  
 Inherited, not purchafed, not our own 10  
 Fame, honor, beauty, ftate, train, blood and birth,  
 Are but the fading bloffomes of the earth

I would be great, but that the Sun doth ftill  
 Level his rayes againft the rifing hill  
 I would be high, but fee the proudeft Oak 15  
 Moft fubject to the rending Thunder-ftroke,  
 I would be rich, but fee men too unkind  
 Dig in the bowels of the richeft mine,  
 I would be wife, but that I often fee  
 The Fox fufpected whilft the Afs goes free, 20  
 I would be fair, but fee the fair and proud  
 Like the bright fun, oft fetting in a cloud,  
 I would be poor, but know the humble grafs  
 Still trampled on by each unworthy Affe  
 Rich, hated, wife, fufpected, fcorn'd, if poor, 25  
 Great, fear'd, fair, tempted, high, ftill envied more  
 I have wifh'd all, but now I wifh for neither,  
 Great, high, rich, wife, nor fair, poor I'll be rather

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,  
 Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair, 30  
 Fame fpeak me fortune's Minion, could I vie  
 Angels with India, with a fpeaking eye

9 a loane *Ed* a lone *Walton* but loane *MSS* 18 mine *E26*,  
*CCC* mind *Walton*, *A182*, *H60*, *WI* minds *Grosart* and *Chambers*

19-20 I would be wife but that the fox I fee  
 Suspected guilty when the Afs goes free  
*A182, E26, H60, Grosart, and Chambers*

21-2 I would be fair, but fee that Champion proud  
 The bright fun often fetting in a cloud  
*WI and MSS*, but with The worlds bright eye or fair eye

31-2 could I vie  
 Angels with India, *Walton*, *A182*, *E26*, *H60*  
 could I joy  
 The bliffe of angells, *CCC*  
 could I vie (vey *Grosart*)  
 The blisse of angells, *Grosart* and *Chambers*

Command

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb  
 As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue  
 To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master 35  
 In the loofe rhimes of every Poetafter,  
 Could I be more then any man that lives,  
 Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives,  
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign  
 Then ever fortune would have made them mine, 40  
 And hold one minute of this holy leasure,  
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye filent groves,  
 These guefts, these Courts, my soul most dearly loves,  
 Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing 45  
 My cheerful Anthems to the gladfome Spring,  
 A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,  
 Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face  
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,  
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears, 50  
 Then here I'll fit and figh my hot loves folly,  
 And learn t'affect an holy melancholy  
 And if contentment be a stranger, then  
 I'll nere look for it, but in heaven again

43 ye filent groves, *Walton* the filent Groves, *WI* ye carelefs groves,  
*H60* the carelefs grove, *CCC* ye careless groans, *Grosart and Chambers*  
 44 These are the courts my soul entire loves, *A182* These are my guefts,  
 this is the court I love, *CCC* These are my guests, this is that courtage  
 tones, *Grosart and Chambers* the court age loves, *Ash* 38 46 My  
 Anthem, be my Selah gentle Spring *A182* Mine anthems, be my cellai,  
 gentle spring *Grosart and Chambers* 48 wherein] In which *Walton*  
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 prove *A182*



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